

The Ladies' Bazaar.

Edited by

MRS S. T. MARTYN.



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THE

LADIES' WREATH:

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AN

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL.

EDITED BY

MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

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1851.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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|--|---|
| — Tecumseh and Gen. Harrison. | — Clara and Lucy. |
| — Jasmine, Strawberry, Tulip, Mignonett. | — Damask Rose (or Rosa Damascena.) |
| — Curiosity. | — Biebrich Castle on the Rhine. |
| — Rose, Ivy, Myosotis. | — Crythruniam Americanum. |
| — View from Hyde Park. | — Mrs. Myra C. Gaines. |
| — The School Girl. | — Poppy. |
| — The Greek Patriots. | — Falconry. |
| — Passion Flower. | — Yellow Rose |
| — Zulima. | — Mrs. Otis. |
| — White Lily. | — American Woodbine. |
| — The Attack on the Palais Royal. | — Musicians at the Asian Valley of Sweet Waters |
| — Cactus. | — Lily of the Valley and Balsom Flower. |

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TECUMSEH.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

SEE ENGRAVING.

IN periods of time, beyond which the memory of the white man does not run, there was, in that section of the North American continent now mapped as Georgia, and in that sunny valley of fruits and flowers, through which the beautiful Savannah courses, a powerful tribe of Indians, known by the name of the Shawanies. They were a peculiarly fierce and lawless race, and by their constant aggressions upon the neighboring tribes, at last provoked such a degree of hostility, that a rude alliance was formed to drive them out of the country. Some six powerful nations combined in this determination to deliver themselves from a common foe. The Shawanies were sagacious as well as chivalrous. They foresaw the storm which was ready to burst upon them, and, fully conscious of their utter inability to withstand such an onset, they very shrewdly sent word to the allies, that they thought of emigrating to the north, in search of new hunting grounds, and solicited permission to depart in peace. Their request was joyfully granted; and these stern robbers, taking with them their wives and their children, wandered up the valley of that most beautiful stream which now separates Georgia from South Carolina, crossed the Alleghanies and launched their birch canoes upon the crystal waters of the Ohio. Leisurely, month after month, gliding down this stream, living upon the fish taken from the river, and the game which fed upon the banks, they came to the mouth of the Scioto. Following up the windings of this tributary of the Ohio, they found a valley of unusual loveliness opened before them; full of all those charms of meadow, prairie, forest, hill and dale, and placid waters, which constitute the earthly elysium of the Indian. Fish and fowl and game were abundant. It was their Canaan. Here they pitched their tents, and, in the enjoyment of barbarian plenty, reared their wigwams and kindled their council fires.

When the canoes of the Shawanies, some ninety years ago were first paddled up this stream, the face of a white man had rarely

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been reflected from its waters. It was an unbroken wilderness, where the bear roamed in silence and the panther cried in the solitudes of the forest. Now the Indian and his game have both disappeared, and this stream is fringed with highly cultivated farms and beautiful villages, and along its smiling shores is heard the hum of as busy, as prosperous, as happy a population as earth has ever known. The Shawanies, in the midst of peace and plenty, rapidly increased in population, and their little villages nestled in every romantic glen, and crowned every commanding headland. The unsophisticated Indian, by instinctive taste, ever selected his abode in spots of peculiar beauty.

With prosperity the corsair spirit of the Shawanies returned. They were impatient for the excitement of the battle, the ambuscade, the midnight attack—the conflagration, and the rich booty of the horses, and gay caparisons of the vanquished, and above all of the glory of scores of scalps dangling as the ornaments of their bridles. Their young men formed war parties, and ranged the country to great distances in search of adventure and spoil and renown.

On the banks of the Scioto, the wife of a noted Shawanie warrior, added three children to the tribe, at one birth. One of these children soon died. The other two, Tecumseh and Elskwatawa or the Prophet, have attained a celebrity unsurpassed by any other aboriginal inhabitants of this land. Though Tecumseh, the hero of our present story, was decidedly the master-spirit of the two, his brother, as a pretended Prophet, exerted a superstitious influence over the Indians which greatly facilitated the ambitious designs of one of the bravest warriors and most eloquent orators whose name history has recorded. Indian traditions say that Tecumseh engaged in his first fight with a hostile band of neighboring Indians when a mere boy. The yells of the combatants, the ghastly wounds which were given and received, the dead bodies which strewed the ground, with the scalps torn from their brows, so terrified his young heart, that he turned his back, and ingloriously fled from the field, while his brother valiantly kept his ground. Tecumseh was sadly mortified by this act of juvenile weakness, and soon, by his reckless daring, retrieved his credit, and attained the commanding position, to which invincible courage alone could elevate an Indian warrior.

The wave of European emigration was now beginning to roll along the Eastern declivities of the Alleghanies, and many of the tribes of the red men had been driven before it from their hunting grounds, and had found a temporary refuge in that fairest of all fair lands veined by the Mississippi or its majestic tributaries. But the Alleghanies presented no barrier to the encroachments of the pale faces. The sound of the hated ax was heard in the forest. The cabin of the white settler, erected in the clearing, deformed the fair face of nature. The clatter of the mill fell all discordant, on the ear of the moccasoned Indian, whose solemn spirit exulted in those mournful voices of nature, which the wilderness ever speaks to the soul.

Tecumseh reflected long and deeply upon the waning glories of his race. He became a student, not of books, but of his own thoughts. The paddle lay listless in his hand as he floated upon the lake, in solitude, lost in reverie. His majestic form might be seen, upon the bluff or the crag, painted against the evening sky, as he gloomily looked over the vast expanse of prairie and forest, the silent and beautiful home of the red man, and saw in painful vision his countrymen fleeing from their homes before the pale faces. By moonlight he wandered alone in pathless solitudes and *thought*. And when his frail wigwam reeled to and fro in the midnight storm, his restless mind, with ardent aspirations to the Great Spirit, sought wisdom and strength to resist the invaders. His soul became eloquent. He gathered the chieftains around the council fire, and in calm, intense and burning words, roused them to phrenzy.

"This land," said he, "belongs to the red men. The Great Spirit gave it them. It belongs not to one, but to all. The pale faces pretend to buy it. None but *all* can sell it. The pale faces have driven us over the mountains. The graves and the hunting grounds of our fathers they now have. They are driving us farther and farther towards the setting sun. We will yield no more. We will dig up the hatchet. The Great Spirit will help his children."

The young men shouted the war-whoop. The old warriors brandished their spears and were eager for the foray. Thoughtless, impetuous, and unconscious of the resistless power of the white man, they could be roused and led like children. Tecum-

seh was a thinker, a statesman, a tactician. He had reflected deeply, he had studied the power of the whites. He knew the fearful odds arrayed against him. And he formed in his mind combinations and schemes of grandeur, which would have done honor to the intellect of Napoleon. He knew that it would be impossible to restrain the ardor of the young braves—that they, incapable of appreciating the magnitude of his plans, would expend their valor in midnight attacks upon lonely cabins, and in now and then cutting off a feeble settlement. While still maturing his vast designs, in cooperation with his brother the Prophet, of a union of all the Indian tribes in the war of extermination, he was vigilant in heading any party to weaken the whites in any point. Fortunate was that boat which could descend the Ohio and escape the sleepless vigilance of Tecumseh and his men. Often as a boat was swept by the current around some headland, or glided in the channel near the thicket of some wooded island, the crack of the rifle was heard, and Tecumseh and his painted warriors burst from their ambuscade upon the hardy and dauntless voyagers, and many a tragic scene of violence and carnage was witnessed on those silent waters, in the blaze of day and in the gloom of night, which no pen can ever record. The name 'Tecumseh' became a terror in every cabin and in every log hamlet. The lone settler would start from his pillow at night, as he heard the shrill, portentous war-whoop in the depths of the forest. With rifle in hand he springs to the door. The barn is in flames. Dusky forms are dancing around, and hastening, with torches, to his dwelling. In the morning nought remains but smouldering ruins, and the blackened corpses of the slain. Tecumseh and his men have been there. But ere the rising sun looks down upon the ruin, they are far away in the pathless wilderness, where no foot can track them. A few days pass, and in another point, a hundred miles distant, the ear of sleep is startled by the war-whoop of Tecumseh, and the blackness of night is illumined by the glare of conflagration; and the silence of the wilderness is broken by the clamor of onset and the shrieks of the dying. In an hour stillness and death reign over the scene of desolation, as in single file, with noiseless tread, the successful marauders are stealing away to hiding places which the white man cannot penetrate; or in their bark canoes are paddling to regions where the eagle's eye could hardly find them.

In all these conflicts, Tecumseh would have no share of the spoil. A loftier purpose than the love of gain inspired his spirit. He was proud in the highest degree. Earthly glory, that infirmity of every strong mind, not raised above the trivial scenes of time by religion, was his idol. And the patriotic desire to arrest the repulsion and extirpation of his race was the undying object of all his concentrated energies, and all his glowing ambition. Tecumseh was a scholar, not of books, but of facts, of nature and of thought. He was capable of profound combinations, and in the most forcible language and with the most glowing imagery, could give utterance to his conceptions. The solitude of the Indian's life, the stern melancholy of the Indian's temper, the mental and physical energy requisite for a life of constant warfare against the beasts of the forest, and the cunning and treachery of more merciless men, were all promotive of that intellectual stimulus which rescues even the savage from the degradation of the mere animal. And those statesmen, of the highest note, who met Tecumseh in council, soon felt that they were in the presence of a commanding intellect, as acute in mental vision and as sagacious in judgment as themselves.

This dreadful warfare, for several years, desolated the frontier, and there was no settlement and no dwelling beyond the Alleghanies safe from attack. At times the white men took signal vengeance, but their wary foes generally succeeded in eluding their pursuers. As their homes could be abandoned in an hour, they were ever ready for flight. There was always in the United States, among the leading minds of the nation, a disposition to sympathize with the Indians, and to deplore their hard but inevitable fate. It was impossible that Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, those gardens of fertility and beauty, should forever remain the hunting ground of savages. The Indians, by a destiny which no human precaution could prevent, must pass away.

In the summer of 1810, a strong effort was made to conciliate the Indians by entering into a treaty with them. Gen. Harrison, then Governor of Ohio, sent word to Tecumseh that he would like to meet him in council at Vincennes, a small military post upon the Wabash. This stream, now the boundary between the two populous and powerful States of Indiana and Illinois, was then far beyond even the frontiers of civilization. A long journey of

months, over mountains, across rivers, and through forests was requisite to reach it from the Atlantic States. The Shawanies, now a powerful tribe and spread over a wide range of hunting grounds, had for many years wandered freely along this valley, in pursuit of game, and by the right of occupancy they regarded it as their undisputed home. There was no little hazard in meeting the wily and vengeful chieftain in his own forests, and surrounded by his own warriors. Gen. Harrison, having himself but a small force, sent word to Tecumseh that he must bring with him but thirty of his braves.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of August, when this Indian chief, whose renown had not only filled this land, but had passed to the shores of England, was seen approaching the Fort, in all the imposing pomp of barbarian array. He came in the pride of a monarch, mounted on a superb war-horse, and surrounded by three hundred followers, also well mounted, and decorated with those gay trappings, which make the costume of the Indian the most picturesque in the world. Not a little consternation was excited as this powerful military band thus unexpectedly filed into the little town. The whites grasped their weapons in anticipation of an immediate attack. The Indians, however, made no hostile demonstrations, but quietly, though with every precaution against surprise, encamped. When Tecumseh was asked why he had brought with him so formidable a body-guard, he replied, with haughty composure, "I know the treachery of my foes too well to trust myself in their power."

The council at Vincennes has not attracted much attention from the historian, and yet it was an event fraught with the utmost importance. It was to settle the question whether the most terrible border warfare which was ever waged, should continue to drench the virgin soil of the wilderness with blood, or whether peace should spread her olive-branch over smiling fields and happy villages. Far away in the remote forest, on the banks of a majestic stream, which had flowed in silence, between the overhanging woods, for countless ages, the strange council, of United States Commissioners and wild Indians, was convened. White hunters, hardy settlers, iron-nerved dragoons from the States, and painted chieftains with their nodding plumes, and vagabond Indians as wild as the wolves whose skins partially covered them,

were straggling, in motley groups, around the log fortress, all ready to grasp their weapons, and at any moment, to repel an attack which each one apprehended.

Tecumseh, with his retinue all armed to the teeth, came proudly to meet Governor Harrison and his suite. The high born dignity of these aristocrats of the forest, at times shone out with a lustre which has never been eclipsed at St. James or Versailles. At this council, by some oversight, no chair had been provided for this hero of a hundred battles. Though perhaps he had never sat upon a chair, his quick eye, glancing upon the seats provided for the white men, instantly detected the neglect, and his countenance expressed the indignity. Gov. Harrison perceived the displeasure of the chief, and at once suspecting its cause, ordered a chair to be brought. The interpreter presented the chair to the offended warrior, and said to him, "Your father wishes you to be seated." Tecumseh, haughtily elevating himself to his loftiest stature, looked down upon the interpreter, and, waving the chair from him, in tones of profound contempt, replied—"My father! The *sun* is *my* father; and the earth is my mother; and I will repose upon her bosom." And with a mien of dignity which at once satisfied the commissioners that they had a *man* and not a savage to meet, he disposed himself upon the ground after the custom of his fathers. The beautiful engraving which accompanies this number of the Wreath, is intended to illustrate this scene so characteristic of the pride and the instinctive delicacy of the perceptions of the Indian. The artist has given too juvenile an appearance to Gov. Harrison and his formidable opponent in the cabinet and in the field.—They were both more mature in years than the engraving represents them.

150984 The native orators of the forest have often risen, in council, to sublime strains of eloquence, which have rarely been excelled in any legislative halls. In this interview, Tecumseh was by no means eclipsed in sagacity, in argument, or in power of expression by his illustrious antagonist. The views of the hostile parties were, in this case, so diametrically opposed that it was impossible that there should be any compromise. All that the United States Commissioners wanted was to obtain an undisputed title to the lands of the Indians. And the one thing which the Indians had resolved to defend with the energies of despair, was their hunting ground.

Tecumseh listened to the claims of General Harrison at times with the most intense excitement and indignation. And when they were coolly told that the United States had already purchased the valley of the Wabash of another tribe, and were in reality lawful owners of the soil, Tecumseh could restrain his excited spirits no longer. Leaping upon his feet and grasping his war-club, he shouted, "It is false." Every Indian at the instant sprang from the ground and grasped his weapons. This momentary ebullition of feeling, however, soon passed away, and they resumed their habitual aspect of stoicism.

There was much of frankness and magnanimity in the course which Tecumseh pursued at this conference. He stated distinctly his grievances. He declared openly his determination to fight to the last degree of desperation, if the pale faces continued their aggressions upon the lands of the Indians, under the pretence of having purchased them of individual chiefs, who had no right to sell. Gen. Harrison, finding that no arguments could move the indomitable will of Tecumseh, told him that he would report his demands to the President of the United States, but that he was sure that they could not be granted.

"Well, then," replied Tecumseh, "since the great chief is to settle the question, I hope the Great Spirit will put wisdom enough into his head, to induce him to abandon the design of defrauding us of our lands. It is true that he is so far off, that he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I have to fight it out."

Thus the unsuccessful conference was dissolved, and Tecumseh, with a few trusty followers, went to the South to communicate his spirit of resistance to the southern tribes. During his absence, his brother the Prophet was imprudently induced to hazard the engagement which proved so disastrous to the Indians at Tippecanoe, on the higher waters of the Wabash. Tecumseh returned almost frantic with indignation at the fault of his brother, and at the moral and physical loss he had incurred. Just at this moment the English sought him as an ally, in their last war against their brethren in the United States. Eagerly he embraced the alliance. He plied every possible energy of his vigorous mind to repair the disaster of Tippecanoe, and to rally around his banner every Indian tribe west of the Alleghanies. This design he

pursued with sleepless vigilance. He visited in person the council fires of Indian warriors even upon the western banks of the Mississippi. He explored the shores of Lake Superior, Huron and Michigan, to breathe his own indomitable spirit, into the soul of every brave roaming through those wilds. No fatigues wearied him. No discouragements depressed him. No danger intimidated him. In this enterprize he displayed the very highest traits of energy and of heroism. By these Herculean efforts he succeeded in assembling the most powerful Indian forces which were ever known to have been collected. No Indians were ever more fearless in battle than the warriors led by Tecumseh. His brother, the Prophet, had inspired them with the belief that their cause was peculiarly sacred in the eyes of the Great Spirit—that he looked down with smiles upon his children, contending, even to death, for the majestic mountains, the placid lakes, the smoothly flowing rivers, and the gorgeous, the sombre, the magnificent forests, which he had entrusted to their keeping. It was indeed a cause worthy of the conflict. Even in the midst of all the luxuries of our high civilization, the spirit, wearied at times with the strife of life, turns to the wigwam in the defiles of the mountains, to the nestling leaves of the autumnal forest, to the bark canoe floating upon the silvery lake in the solemn stillness of the summer's afternoon or by pensive moonlight; and, forgetful of the blessings of refinement and intellectual culture, and unmindful of the monotony and the listlessness of savage life, almost envies the lot of the free sons of the wilderness; and gives its assent to the complaint of the regal son of David, that "in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Scenes of horror, which no pen can ever describe, again desolated our wide-spread western frontier. The flames of burning cabins glared every where upon the clouds at night. The shrieks of women and children, falling beneath the blows of the tomahawk, awoke in the stillness of the forest the responsive cry of the birds of solitude.

The detestable Proctor, a British officer whose name is embalmed in infamy, was now leading the armies of England, with their Indian allies, in this horrible warfare. He had encamped with a powerful force upon the River Thames, a small stream in Upper Canada which empties into the Lake St. Clair. Proctor had with

him eight hundred British regulars, and his strong ally Tecumseh was there with two thousand of his chosen warriors. It was on the fifth of October, 1813, when Gen. Harrison, with an army of twenty-five hundred militia-men, arrived in sight of the enemy in their strong encampment. The celebrated battle of the Thames immediately ensued. The most rancorous hatred glowed in the bosoms of the combatants on either side. The conflict was short, sanguinary and decisive. The British soldiers were immediately routed, and almost every man taken prisoner. Tecumseh and his men, with frightful yells and demoniac fury, plunged upon the Americans as if neither bullets nor swords could hurt their bodies. The strife was too terrible for endurance. Suddenly Tecumseh fell. His voice of command was hushed. There was a momentary pause among the children of passion who followed him—a cry of anguish and despair, and the dark savages fled, with wailings, in every direction, into the forest. The body of the warrior was found, in the midst of the slain, pierced by a shot, which vague rumor says was fired from the pistol of Colonel Johnson.—Among the thousand shots which that day flew thick and fast, it is impossible to tell whose ball struck the chieftain. On the banks of the Thames, beneath a little mound, overhung by oaks and willows, repose the earthly remains of this storm-tossed spirit. The Indians often make reverential visits to the spot, and sacredly guard it from desecration. The English government, with its characteristic magnanimity, granted a pension to the widow and the family of the renowned chief, which pension, it is said, is still paid. Such was the career of Tecumseh. His nobility was his own. His faults were those of his position. He was an Indian of noble mould, on whose character was almost miraculously engrafted many of the graces, intellectual and moral, of the most accomplished of the sons of civilization.

MORNING HYMN

BY DR. A. COLES.

God, my security!
Let me in purity,
Warble my matin hymn while it's yet dark;
Shame to humanity,
Brutes that are vanity,
Jubilant wake with the worshipping lark.

Father! in joyful mood,
Musical gratitude,
Fain would I pour to Thee fervent and sweet;
Thank Thee in verity,
Bless in sincerity,
Wonder, and worship, and wait at Thy feet.

Thou—whose benignity,
Hellish malignity
Baffling, with sleep refresheth the world—
Hear, from unnumbered things
Infinite worshippings,
Now while the banner of day is unfurled:

Foremost, thou Star of Love!
Meek as a turtle dove—
Sweetly prelusive begin the soft lay;
Ere from thy fragrant nest,
Far to thy evening rest,
Viewless through heaven thou wingest thy way.

Constellar Mysteries!
One knows your histories,
Countless and boundless ye rose at His call—
Boast His ubiquity,
Greater antiquity,
Always and everywhere, "God all in all."

Queen of serenity,
Grace and amenity!
'Walking in brightness' and blessing the earth—
Aye in thy wandering,
Fondly be pondering,
Proofs of his matchless and manifold worth.

Glories of Paradise!
Spread o'er the eastern skies,
Flaming the firmament, flashing afar;

MORNING HYMN.

Keen shafts of Dawning Light,
Shot through the heart of Night
Piercing my spirit's gloom, tell whence ye are.

Type of Divinity !
Over infinity
Throwing a mantle of beauty and light—
Joy of the Universe !
Everywhere praise rehearse
Speak of his goodness and wisdom and might.

Bluest Ethereal !
Bright Immaterial !
The infinite Heavens encompassing all—
Cope of Immensity !
Sound with intensity
Praises to God from your echoing wall.

Praise Him who gave thee birth—
Star-watched and smiling Earth !
Bosomed in azure and Bride of the Sky—
Folded and fondly prest,
Close to his bending breast,
Mingling your blandishments ever on high.

Forms of all excellence !
Raptures of soul and sense !
Visions and voices various and sweet !—
Flowers and Dew-drops sheen !
Meadows and Mountains green !
Pay Him the tribute ye owe at His feet.

Airy profundity !
Round this rotundity
Shedding on all benediction and balm—
All Winds with Ocean loud !
Flood, Fall and Thunder Cloud !
Lift up together the powerful psalm.

Praise Him, the Fount of Life !
Atoms with feeling rife !
Bubbling Ephemera, however mean !
Join the rapt Seraphim,
Musical Cherubim,
Glorified Saints to the Hallowed Unseen.

Rolling in silentness,
Awful and fathomless,
Complex, unspeakable, infinite Whole !
Publish through Depth and Height.
Whence all creating might—
Being and beauty and knowledge and soul.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Edward Bolton had purchased himself a farm, and taken possession thereof. Once, while examining the premises, before deciding to buy, he had observed a light wagon moving along on the extreme south edge of the tract of land included in the farm, but it had occasioned no remark. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived with his family at their new home. On the morning that followed, while Mr. Bolton stood conversing with a farm hand who had been on the place under the former owner, he observed the same vehicle passing across the portion of his land referred to.

"Whose wagon is that, Ben?" he asked, in the tone of a man who felt that another had trespassed upon his rights.

"It is Mr. Halpin's," was replied.

"Halpin, who owns the next farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"He takes a liberty with my premises that I would not like to take with his," said Mr. Bolton, who was annoyed by the circumstance. "And there he is himself, as I live! Riding along over my ground as coolly as if it belonged to him. Verily, some men have the impudence of old Nick himself!"

"They always go by that road," replied Ben. "At least, it has been so ever since I have worked on the farm. I think I once heard Mr. Jenkins, from whom you bought, tell some body that Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way across this one."

"The right of way across my farm!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton with strongly marked surprise. "We'll see about that! Come! Go with me. I want to take a look at that part of my forty acres."

And Mr. Bolton strode off, accompanied by Ben, to take more particular note of the extreme south edge of his beautiful tract of land. The shape of this tract was somewhat in the form of a triangle with the apex at the southern boundary, near the verge of which ran a stream of water. Beyond this stream was a narrow strip of ground, some thirty feet wide, bounded by the fence enclosing the land belonging to another owner. Its length was not more than two hundred feet. It was along this strip of ground

that Mr. Bolton had observed the wagon of Mr. Halpin pass. The gate opening upon his premises was at one end, and, now for the first time, he discovered that there was a gate at the other end, opening from his farm to that of Mr. Halpin—while the ground was cut up with numerous wheel-tracks.

"Upon my word, this is all very fine," said Mr. Bolton. "The right of way across my farm! We'll see about that! Ben, do you get four good rails and put them firmly into the gate posts on Mr. Halpin's side. Throw the gate over into his field!"

Ben looked confounded at this order.

"Do you understand me?" said Mr. Bolton.

"Yes, sir. But——"

"But what!"

"There's no other way for Mr. Halpin's folks to get to the public road."

"That's none of my business. They've no right to make a public highway of these premises. You heard what I said."

"Yes, sir."

"Then let it be done."

"Obey orders if you break owners," muttered Ben, as Mr. Bolton turned and marched away with long and hasty strides. "But, if there isn't a nice tea party some where about these diggins' before to-morrow morning, my name isn't Ben Johnson."

Before reaching his house, Mr. Bolton's excitement had cooled a trifle, and it came into his mind that, *possibly*, he might have acted a *little* hastily. But, the order had been given to cut off the right of way, and he was not the man to "make back tracks" in any thing.

"Do you see that, Edward?" said Mrs. Bolton, as her husband entered the house, pointing to a table on which stood a pitcher of sweet cream and two pounds of fresh butter. "Mrs. Halpin sent these over, with her compliments this morning. Isn't it kind in her?"

Mrs. Bolton's countenance was glowing with pleasure.

"I always heard that she was a neighborly, good woman," added Mrs. Bolton.

"I don't think much of her husband," returned Mr. Bolton, coldly, as he passed from the room after pausing there for only a moment. He could not look at the lumps of golden butter and

the pitcher of cream without feeling rebuked, and so he got away as quickly as possible.

"Have you done as I directed?" said Mr. Bolton, with knit brows, on meeting Ben, some time afterwards, returning from the part of the farm where he had left him.

"Yes, sir," was the answer of Ben.

"What did you do with the gate?"

"I threw it into the field, as you told me."

"You didn't break it?"

"No, sir."

"Very well."

"There'll be trouble, Mr. Bolton," said Ben.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Halpin's a very determined man."

"So am I," replied Mr. Bolton.

"Mr. Dix says the right of way belongs to Mr. Halpin, and no mistake."

"When did he say so?"

"Just now. He came down from his house when he saw me at work, and asked what I was doing; and when I told him, he said you were wrong, and would only get yourself into trouble.—That Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way through yours."

"Tell Mr. Dix, when you see him again, not to meddle in my affairs," replied Mr. Bolton. "I am entirely competent to manage them myself. I want no assistance."

As Mr. Bolton turned from Ben, on uttering this speech, he saw Mr. Dix, who owned another farm that adjoined his, approaching the place where he stood.

"I want none of his interference," muttered Bolton to himself. Then forcing a smile into his face, he met his neighbor with a pleasant greeting.

"You will excuse me," said Mr. Dix, after a few words had passed between them, "for a liberty I am about to take. I saw your man, a little while ago, closing up the gate that opens from your farm into Mr. Halpin's."

"Well!" Mr. Bolton's brows contracted heavily.

"Are you aware that his farm has the right of way through yours?"

"No, sir."

"Such, however, let me assure you, is the case. Mr. Halpin has no other avenue to the public road."

"That's his misfortune; but, it gives him no license to trespass on my property."

"It is not a trespass, Mr. Bolton. He only uses a right purchased when he bought his farm, and one that he can and will sustain in the courts against you."

"Let him go to court, then. I bought this farm for my own private use; not as a highway. No such qualification is embraced in the deed. The land is mine, and no one shall trespass upon it."

"But, Mr. Bolton," calmly replied the other, "in purchasing, you secured an outlet to the public road."

"Certainly I did; but not through your farm, nor that of any one else."

"Halpin was not so fortunate," said Mr. Dix. "In buying his farm, he had to take it with a guaranteed right of way across this one. There was no other outlet."

"It was not a guarantee against my ownership," doggedly replied Mr. Bolton.

"Pardon me for saying that in this, you are in error," returned the other. "Originally both farms were in one. That was subsequently sold with a right of way across this."

"There is no such concession in the deed I hold," said Bolton.

"If you will take the trouble to make an examination in the clerk's office in the county court, you'll find it to be as I state."

"I don't care any thing about how it was originally," returned Bolton with the headiness of passionate men when excited. "I look only to how it is now. This is my farm. I bought it with no such concessions, and will not yield it unless by compulsion. I wouldn't be the owner of a piece of land that another man had the right to enter."

"That little strip of ground," said Mr. Dix, "which is of but trifling value, might be fenced off as a road. This would take away all necessity for entering your ground."

"What!" said Bolton, indignantly. "Vacate the property I have bought and paid for? I am not quite so generous as that. If Mr. Halpin must have a right of way, let him obtain his right by purchase. I'll sell him a strip from off the south side of my farm wide enough for a road, if that will suit him. But, he shall not use one inch of my property as a common thoroughfare."

Mr. Dix still tried to argue the matter with Bolton, but the latter had permitted himself to get angry, and angry men are generally deaf as an adder to the voice of reason. So the neighbor who called in the hope of turning the new occupant of the farm from his purpose, and thus saving trouble to both himself and Mr. Halpin, retired without effecting what he wished to accomplish.

It would be doing injustice to the feelings of Mr. Bolton to say, that he did not feel some emotions of regret for his precipitate action. But, having assumed so decided a position in the matter, he could not think of retracing a step that he had taken. Hasty and positive men are generally weak-minded, and this weakness usually shows itself in a pride of consistency. If they say a thing, they will persevere in doing it, right or wrong, for fear that others may think them vacillating, or, what they really are, weak minded. Just such a man was Mr. Bolton.

"I've said it, and I'll do it!" That was one of his favorite expressions. And he repeated it to himself, now, to drive off the repentant feelings that came into his mind.

At dinner time, when Mr. Bolton sat down to the table, he found, placed just before him, a print of the golden butter sent to his wife on that very morning by Mrs. Halpin. The sight annoyed and reproved him. He felt that he had been hasty, unneighborly, and, it might be, unjust; for as little gleams of reflection came breaking in one after another upon his mind, he saw that a right of way for Mr. Halpin was indispensable, and that if his deed gave it to him, it was a right of which he could not deprive him without acting unjustly. Passion and false reasonings would, it is true, quickly darken his mind again. But they had, in turn, to give place to more correct views and feelings.

"Just try some of that butter. It is delicious!" said Mrs. Bolton, soon after they were seated at the table.

"I don't care about butter at dinner-time," replied Mr. Bolton, coldly.

"But just try some of this. I want you to taste it," urged the wife. "Its flavor is delightful. I must go over and see Mrs. Halpin's dairy."

To satisfy his wife, Mr. Bolton took some of the butter on his plate. He would rather have thrown it out of the window.

"Now try it on a piece of bread," said Mrs. Bolton. "I declare!

You act as if you were afraid of the butter. What's the matter with you?"

There was no reason why Mr. Bolton should not do as his wife wished—at least no reason that he could give to her. It wouldn't do to say—

"I won't touch Mrs. Halpin's butter because I've cut off her husband's right of way across my land. I have nailed up the only outlet there is from his property to the public road."

No, it wouldn't do to say that. So, nothing was left for Mr. Bolton but to taste the delicious butter.

"Isn't it very fine!" said his wife, as she saw him place it to his lips.

"Yes, it's good butter," replied Mr. Bolton, "very good butter." Though in fact, it was far from tasting pleasant to him.

"It's more than very good," said Mrs. Bolton, impatiently.— "What has come over you? But, wait a little while, and I'll give you something to quicken your palate. I've made some curds—you are so fond of them. If you don't praise the sweet cream Mrs. Halpin so kindly sent over this morning, when you come to eat these curds, I shall think—I don't know what I shall think."

The dinner proceeded, and, at length, the dessert, composed of curds and cream, was served.

"Isn't that beautiful?" said Mrs. Bolton, as she poured some of the cream received from Mrs. Halpin into a saucer of curds which she handed to her husband.

Bolton took the curds and ate them. Moreover, he praised the cream; for, how could he help doing so? Were not his wife's eyes on him, and her ears open? But, never in his life had he found so little pleasure in eating.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Bolton, after she had served the curds and said a good deal in favor of the cream, "that I promise myself much pleasure in having such good neighbors. Mrs. Halpin I've always heard spoken of in the highest terms. She's a sister of Judge Caldwell, with whose family we were so intimate at Haddington."

"You must be in error about that?"

"No. Mrs. Caldwell often spoke to me about her, and said that she had written to her sister that we talked of buying this farm."

"I never knew this before," said Mr. Bolton.

"Did'nt you! I thought I had mentioned it."

"No."

"Well, its true. And, moreover, Mrs. Caldwell told me, before we left, that she had received a letter from her sister in which she spoke of us, and in which she mentioned that her husband had often heard you spoken of by the Judge, and promised himself great pleasure in your society."

Mr. Bolton pushed back his chair from the table, and rising, left the room. He could not bear to hear another word.

"Is my horse ready, Ben?" said he, as he came into the open air.

"Yes, sir," replied Ben.

"Very well. Bring him round."

"Are you going now?" asked Mrs. Bolton, coming to the door, as Ben led up the horse.

"Yes. I wish to be home early, and so must start early."

And Bolton sprung into the saddle.

But for the presence of his wife, it is more than probable that he would have quietly directed Ben to go and re-hang the gate, and thus re-establish Mr. Halpin's right of way through his premises. But, this would have been an exposure of himself to his better half that he had not the courage to make. So he rode away. His purpose was to visit the city, which was three miles distant, on business. As he moved along in the direction of the gate through which he was to pass on his way to the turn-pike, he had to go very near the spot where Ben had been at work in the morning. The unhinged gate lay upon the ground where, according to his directions, it had been thrown; and the place it formerly occupied was closed up by four strong bars, firmly attached to the posts.

Mr. Bolton did'nt like the looks of this at all. But it was done; and he was not the man to look back when he had once undertaken to do a thing.

As he was riding along, just after passing from his grounds, he met Mr. Dix, who paused as Bolton came up.

"Well, neighbor," said the former in a tone of mild persuasion, "I hope you have thought better of the matter about which we were talking a few hours ago."

"About Halpin's right of way through my farm, you mean?"

"Yes. I hope you have concluded to re-open the gate, and let things remain as they have been, at least for the present. These

offensive measures only provoke anger and never do any good." Bolton shook his head.

"He has no right to trespass on my premises," said he, sternly.

"As to the matter of right," replied Mr. Dix, "I think the general opinion will be against you. By attempting to carry out your present purpose, you will subject yourself to a good deal of odium; which every man ought to avoid if possible. And in the end, if the matter goes to court, you will not only have to yield this right of way, but be compelled to pay costs of suit and such damages as may be awarded against you for expense and trouble occasioned Mr. Halpin. Now let me counsel you to avoid all these consequences, if possible."

"Oh, you need'nt suppose all this array of consequences will frighten me," said Mr. Bolton. "I don't know what fear is. I generally try to do right, and then, like Crocket, 'go ahead.'"

"Still, Mr. Bolton," urged the neighbor mildly, "don't you think it would be wiser and better to see Mr. Halpin first, and explain to him how much you are disappointed at finding a right of way for another farm across the one you have purchased? I am sure some arrangement, satisfactory to both, can be made. Mr. Halpin, if you take him right, is not an unreasonable man. He'll do almost any thing to oblige another. But, he is very stubborn if you attempt to drive him. If he comes home and finds things as they now are, he will feel dreadfully outraged; and you will become enemies instead of friends."

"It can't be helped now," said Mr. Bolton. "What's done is done."

"It is not yet too late to undo the work," suggested Mr. Dix.

"Yes it is. I'm not the man to make back tracks. Good day, Mr. Dix!"

And speaking to his horse, Mr. Bolton started off at a brisk trot. He did not feel very comfortable. How could he? He felt that he had done wrong, and that trouble and mortification were before him. But, a stubborn pride would not let him retrace a few wrong steps taken from a wrong impulse. To the city he went, transacted his business, and then turned his face homeward, with a heavy pressure upon his feelings.

"Ah me!" he sighed to himself, as he rode along. "I wish I had thought twice this morning before I acted once. I need'nt have been so precipitate. But, I was provoked to think that any one claimed the right to make a public road through my farm.—

If I'd only known that Halpin was a brother-in-law to Judge Caldwell. That makes the matter so much worse."

And on rode Mr. Bolton, thinking only of the trouble he had so needlessly pulled down about his ears.

For the last mile of the way, there had been a gentleman riding along in advance of Mr. Bolton, and as the horse of the latter made a little the best speed, he gained on him slowly until, just as he reached the point where the road leading to his farm left the turnpike, he came up with him.

"Mr. Bolton, I believe," said the gentleman, smiling, as both in turning into the narrow lane, came up side by side.

"That is my name," was replied.

"And mine is Halpin," returned the other, offering his hand, which Mr. Bolton could but take, though not so cordially as would have been the case had the gate opening from his farm into Mr. Halpin's been on its hinges. "I have often heard my brother-in-law, Judge Caldwell, speak of you and your lady. We promise ourselves much pleasure in having you for neighbors. Mrs. Halpin and I will take a very early opportunity to call upon you.—How is all your family?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Mr. Bolton, trying to appear polite and pleased, yet half averting his face from the earnest eyes of Mr. Halpin.

"We have had a beautiful day," said the latter, who perceived that, from some cause, Mr. Bolton was not at ease.

"Very beautiful," was the brief answer.

"You have been into the city," said Mr. Halpin, after a brief pause.

"Yes, I had some business that made it necessary for me to go in town."—Another silence.

"You have a beautiful farm. One of the finest in the neighborhood," said Mr. Halpin.

"Yes, it is choice land," returned the unhappy Mr. Bolton.

"The place has been a little neglected since the last occupant left," continued Mr. Halpin. "And since your purchase of it, some ill disposed persons have trespassed on the premises. Day before yesterday as I was passing along the lower edge of your farm,—you know that, through some ill-contrivance, my right of way to the public road is across the south edge of your premises. But, we will talk of that some other time. It's not a good arrangement at all, and cannot but be annoying to you. I shall make

some proposition before long about purchasing a narrow strip of ground and fencing it in as a road. But, of that another time.—We shall not quarrel about it. Well, as I was saying, day before yesterday, as I was passing along the lower edge of your farm, I saw a man deliberately break a large branch from a choice young plum tree, in full blossom, near your house, that only came into bearing last year. I was terribly vexed about it, and rode up to remonstrate with him. At first, he seemed disposed to resent my interference with his right to destroy my neighbor's property.—But, seeing that I was not in a temper to be trifled with, he took himself off. I then went back home, and sent one of my lads over, in company with a couple of good dogs, and put the property in their charge. I found all safe when I returned in the evening."

"It was kind in you—very kind!" returned Mr. Bolton. He could say no less. But, oh! how rebuked and dissatisfied he felt.

"About that right of way," he stammered out, after a brief silence, partly averting his eyes as he spoke. "I—I——"

"Oh, we'll not speak of that now," returned Mr. Halpin cheerfully. "Let's get better acquainted first."

"But, Mr. Halpin—I—I——"

They were now at the gate entering upon Mr. Bolton's farm, and the neighbor pushed it open and held it for Bolton to pass through. Then, as it swung back on its hinges, he said, touching his hat politely—

"Good day! Mrs. Halpin and I will call over very soon;—perhaps this evening, if nothing interfere to prevent. If we come we shall do so without any ceremony. Make my compliments, if you please, to Mrs. Bolton."

"Thank you! Yes—yes! Mr. Halpin—I—I——. Let me speak a—a——"

But Mr. Halpin had turned his horse's head, and was moving off towards the place of entrance to his own farm.

Poor Bolton! What was he to do? Never had he felt so oppressive a sense of shame—such deep humiliation. He had reined up his horse after passing through the gate, and there he still stood, undetermined, in the confusion of the moment, what to do.—Briskly rode Mr. Halpin away; and only a few moments would pass before he discovered the outrage perpetrated against him, and that by a man for whom he had entertained the kindest feelings in advance, and even gone out of his way to serve.

"Oh, why did I act with such mad haste!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, as he thought this, and saw but a moment or two intervening between him and the bitterest humiliation. He might repair the wrong, and, in his heart he resolved to do it. But, what could restore to him the good opinion of his neighbor? Nothing! That was gone forever.

So troubled, oppressed, and shame-stricken was Mr. Bolton, that he remained on the spot where Mr. Halpin had left him, looking after the latter until he arrived at the place where an obstruction had been thrown in his way. By this time, the very breath of Bolton was suspended. Unbounded was his surprise, as he observed Mr. Halpin leap from his horse, swing open the gate, and pass through. Had he seen aright! He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Mr. Halpin had closed the gate, and was on the other side, in the act of mounting his horse.

"Have I done right?" said a voice at this moment.

Bolton started, and, on looking around, saw Mr. Dix.

"Yes, you have done right!" he returned, with an emotion that he could not conceal: "and from my heart I thank you for this kind office. You have saved me from the consequences of a hasty, ill-judged, ill-natured act—consequences that would have been most painful. Oblige me still further, Mr. Dix, by letting this matter remain with yourself, at least, for the present. Before it comes to the ears of Mr. Halpin, I wish to let him see some better points in my character."

To this Mr. Dix pledged himself. After repeating his thanks, Mr. Bolton rode away a wiser and a better man.

When Mr. Halpin, some weeks afterwards, made reference to the right of way across Mr. Bolton's land, and asked if he would not sell him a narrow strip on the south edge of his farm to be fenced off for a road, the latter said—

"No, Mr. Halpin, I will not *sell* you the land; but as it is of little or no value to me, I will cheerfully vacate it for a road if you are willing to run the fence."

And this was settled, most amicably, a matter that bid fair, in the beginning, to result in a long and angry disputation, involving loss of money, time, and friendly relationships. Ever after, when disposed to act from a first angry impulse, Mr. Bolton's thoughts would turn to this right of way question, and he would become cool and rational in a moment.

THE CRUSHED MOUSE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I BEAR the trouble in my heart, of one
 Who hath extinguished life;—yet not the sin
 Of malice preconceived. And I confess
 Without the form of witnesses,—or weight
 Of circumstantial evidence, to spread
 Close covered guilt before the jury-box
 Where sit the twelve grave burghers, puzzled sore
 Between the lawyers, and the bench, to give
 A righteous verdict.

Now, the facts are these:—
 The time of rest drew near,—and as becomes
 A careful housekeeper,—I took my round
 To see the bolts well drawn, and windows safe
 That all might sleep secure. A closet door
 Was left ajar,—and somewhat hastily
 I closed the latch. But when the morrow came,
 Lo! in its crevice caught, a tiny mouse
 Lay pressed and lifeless.

And I did the deed!—
 'Twas all in vain, to stroke its silken coat,
 And praise its thin, transparent ears, and lay
 Its fairy paw in my warm hand, and wish
 The heart might beat once more,—for I had forced
 The life that God had given, out of that cell
 Which all man's wisdom ne'er could reconstruct
 Or vivify.

Yes, I,—whose care it was,
 To keep a conscience pure from stain of blood,
 Save of some gorged mosquito,—or perchance
 In childhood's thoughtless hours,—some gadding fly,
 I, who had bade the spiteful wasp go free,
 Whose sting still quivered from my swollen arm,
 Swept down the web, and let the spider go,
 Spared the piratical black ant, that wrecked
 My cupboard's wealth,—I, who had turned aside
 That even the hateful snake might pass unharmed,
 And won from shouting boys, the hunted toad,
 Marked out for torture,—gave all monstrous things,
 Cockroach, and dragon-fly, and poplar worm,
 Wide passport,—had at once destroyed the boast
 Of a whole life.

Yes, I had rent the mesh
 Of subtlest net-work nerves, and in those veins

Stunched the warm tide, that on from brain to heart,
Bore innocent joy.—

And what was thine offence,
Poor martyred mouse ?—

Merely to taste of what
We well could spare, and rear in secret nook,
Thy light-heeled offspring.—But 'tis vain to mourn
Thy fate, or my misdeed.

And so farewell,—
Slight atom of a much enduring race,
Entrapp'd by cats and men. The feline claw
Bared of its velvet, hath been ever swift
To clutch thine ancestors.

Scarce might they snatch
The silent rapture of the nibbled cheese,
In some dark pantry, ere the whiskered foe
With glaring eyeballs from his ambush sprang,
Awful as Jeffreys,—to condemn unheard,
To spurn the plea for mercy, sport with pain,
And like a demon, glut himself with blood.
Say, ye who read the future,—Statesmen wise !
Who 'mid the wonders of our age have seen
The imprisoned water moving like a god,
And on the trembling wire, the human thought
Darting from zone to zone, and ancient crowns
Fall from anointed brows,—is there no time
In this world's history, when the scale shall turn—
And the oppress'd and uncomplaining mouse,
Find some oasis, where the savory cheese
Shall swell like mountains and no cat be near ?

SONNET.—BY CAROLINE MAY.

Fear not, O timid mortal. Though the way
Be dark, the battle fierce, and foes without
To foes within raise a victorious shout,
And Satan boasts that thou shalt be his prey ;
Although thy stolen weapons scattered lay
On the steep path, and thou can'st not go back
To find them in the dread and dangerous track.
Yet faint not, but pursue, through night and day,
Fixing thine eye on Hope's pale star-like ray ;
Holding the shield of Faith close to thy heart,
Resolved, ere that shall go, with life to part ;
Trusting in Him who with one word can slay
Thy enemies, who "will subdue" for thee
"All thy iniquities," and set thy spirit free.

CONSTANCE BRANDE;
OR, THE ARTIST LOVER.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

CHAP. I.—THE HOME IN THE TYROL.

"It is the land of happy shepherd homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
With their bright hearth-fires mid the twilight glooms,
From bowery lattice through the firwoods shining;
A land of legends and wild songs, entwining
Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
In such a land there dwells a power combining
The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast,
And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its rest!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE Tyrol, one of the most mountainous countries of Europe, forms the central gate of the immense crescent of the Alps, whose snowy peaks, stretching from the Ligurian Gulf to the Adriatic Sea, tower in lofty grandeur over the beautiful gardens of Italy on the one side, and shadow the fertile valleys of Germany on the other. The Tyrolese peasantry have ever been distinguished for their loyalty, bravery, and love of liberty, and their country, forming as it does, the partition between three great nations and two distinct climates, combines in itself the rude, grand, and often harsh characteristics of Swiss scenery, with the finished, mellow, and lovely contour of the Italian landscape. The views in the Tyrol, as they successively meet the eye of the traveler, present a more pleasing picture, than the eternal silence and unapproachable grandeur of Mount Blanc, the hoary monarch of Savoy, with its limitless fields of ice, or the naked heads of the Shreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the huge mountain of the forest of the Grisons. Throughout the whole range of the Northern Tyrol, which comprises the richest and most flourishing portion of the country, the beholder sees every where a realization of his dream of Arcadia. Amidst sunny hills, luxuriant meads, green pastures and lengthened avenues of fig and chestnut trees, are seen colossal ruins, exhibiting the departed grandeur of baronial castles, or shaded country seats, and lordly chateaux. Intermingled with these

mansions of the rich, are the *chalets* of the peasantry, some of them perched like the eyrie of the eagle on cliffs almost inaccessible, others surrounded with green fields or cultivated meadows, vine-clad, and full of smiling beauty.

The river Lech, which runs with rapid course from the mountains of the interior, long formed the boundary between Bavaria and Suabia. Both sides of the mountains, from the Lech to the Salza, are studded with lakes, the banks of some, surrounded with luxuriant meadows, and lofty mountain forests, crowned with picturesque villages—while the margin of others remains in its primitive loneliness, the solemn stillness broken only by the rippling undulations of the water, the roaring of the wind through the pines, or the scream of the eagle, as he soars to his home amid the clouds.

At a short distance from the old town of Schongau, the Widden, a small tributary, comes rushing down a dark and deep ravine to unite with the Lech, forming at the point of its *embouchure* a small peninsula of unrivalled beauty. Its natural terraces almost equal in loveliness, the far-famed Isola Bella of the Lago Como, and groves of ilex, fir and chesnut, stretching away in every direction, impart to a scene otherwise pastoral in its beauty, an air of solemnity and seclusion, better suited to the surrounding scenery. In this charming spot, is situated the ancient and half ruined castle of Steinau, crowning the highest point of the peninsula, and commanding a view of the country for many leagues around.—The general aspect of the castle is more venerable than picturesque, though the advantages of its location could hardly be surpassed. It seems at first sight, to be composed of a pile of roofs and towers, facing in different directions, not at right angles, but standing out, so as to command the most extensive prospect of the valleys and hills around. These towers are all surmounted by high black roofs, slightly curved inward, giving thus a Moorish character to the whole building. Like most feudal castles, it is built around a large courtyard, from which the beholder looks up to irregular ranges of windows and carved masonry, all worn and gray with the ravages of time. Such, however, is the fertility of the clime, that every where wild flowers with their brilliant blossoms are waving from the hoary heights, leaves of bright green, and the twigs and sprays of a thousand different plants are shoot-

ing up from the crevices of the old mortar ere it crumbles from the walls. Around the cornice of heavy masonry which encircles the roof of the square towers at the south and west of the building, is thrown a rich drapery of fern and ivy, mingled with flowers of delicate hue and texture, forming altogether a garland of beauty and life, which seems to mock the hoar austerity of the ruins beneath.

The castle and dependencies of Steinau, formerly belonged to the Lords of Griefenstein, but time and the chances of war had swept away the branches of that once powerful family, so that toward the close of the last century, its sole representatives were the Baroness Marstetten, an old and feeble woman, and her orphan grandchild, the young Constance Brande. With a retinue of servants suited rather to their present fortunes than to their rank and lineage, these two females inhabited the southern part of the castle, this being the least dilapidated portion, and lived in great retirement, associating only with a few of the neighboring nobles, who having known the family in prosperity, looked with sympathy and respect on their changed condition.

In her own house, Constance Brande had no companionship, for the time of the Baroness was spent either in reciting her prayers and reading an old illuminated missal, or in paying visits of ceremony at the castles of Rodenswald and Weineck, in which, to her great chagrin, the young girl was expected to accompany her.—True, in both these noble families young people were to be found, whose age rendered them suitable companions for Constance, but so different were their tastes and pursuits from her own, that she had little pleasure in their society. What was it to her that the Countess Isabel had just returned from the fair at Landsberg with jewels, and silks and velvets, the like of which had never before been seen in Schongau? She cared for none of these things, but if, in escaping from the thrice told story, she sought refuge in the scantily furnished library, there was young Max of Rodenswald sure to follow her, ridiculing her for a bookworm and urging her to a gallop over the hills, a race on the green-sward, or a sail on the silver Lech. In these exhilarating sports, gladly would she have participated with any other than Max for her companion, for both frame and soul were full to overflowing of the "*vis vitæ*" sometimes so powerfully developed in the children of the sunny

South. She was beside a very Atalanta in the chase, but, alas ! the golden apple in this case had no charms in her eyes, for with true feminine instinct she had discovered that the feelings with which she was regarded by the young man were such as she could never return. Gladly therefore after each visit, she sought again her own quiet apartment, and resigned herself anew to the guidance of her tutor, a studious and simple-hearted old man, who for his board and clothing, gladly undertook to introduce the young lady of Steinau into the vestibule of the temple of wisdom. But Albert Hofer soon found to his amazement, that the mind with which he had to deal, was not to be satisfied with the crumbs of knowledge he was about to dispense. Her clear and acute intellect seemed intuitively to grasp at elementary principles, and dearly she loved, while her slow minded teacher was busying himself with primary truths, to startle him with some abstruse question or proposition so far in advance of his instructions, that he would gather up his ideas and hasten forward, that he might not lose sight of her altogether. Those were pleasant hours, spent by the scholar and his child pupil in a retired apartment of the castle, where none ever came to interrupt them, save Annette Volchen, the attendant and foster sister of Constance, who was quite jealous of the time thus bestowed by her beloved mistress.

But let it not be supposed that Constance of Steinau was in truth what her rude admirer had often called her—a bookworm. Her soft and exquisitely rounded cheek had never grown pale over the midnight lamp, and no one who saw her bounding over her native hills, or scaling the precipices of the Stierbau with the speed and grace of the chamois, would have suspected her of any dangerous propensity for literature. There was however in her heart a deep fountain of latent enthusiasm which only needed to find its appropriate channel, to pour itself out in a living, fertilizing tide of energy and action ; and often as her ardent spirit drank in the wild beauty of the scenery about her, she longed to expand the folded wings of the soul, and soar away to some more congenial atmosphere of light and freedom and joy. But to no living being was this inner temple of thought and feeling ever opened. To those around her, she was only an untamed, perchance a wayward child, and bitterly did the Baroness Marstetten lament that this sole daughter of her house and heart, must grow up like an

unpruned vine, without those finishing graces which the good sisters of the Convent of the Annunciation in Vienna were wont to impart to their noble *eleves*. Of what avail was the proud name inherited from a long line of ancestry, or the beauty which was becoming every day more marked in its character, if her child must be buried alive in an old castle in the valley of the Lech? An unforeseen event relieved the good lady from a portion at least of these anxieties.

When Constance was nearly sixteen, the Baron Rodenswald, in making his triennial visit to Munich, resolved on taking his family to pass the winter in that city, and with the caprice of a petted child, the Countess Isabel declared it impossible for her to exist so long without her beloved Constance. An invitation was tendered accordingly, which was accepted with eager gratitude on the part of the Baroness, and by Constance with a mixture of timid apprehension and delightful anticipation. But on reaching Munich, all her embarrassments were forgotten in the perfect happiness of finding herself surrounded by such varied forms of grace and beauty, as every where met her admiring eyes. In this ancient and regal city, justly styled the Florence of Germany, Constance beheld for the first time those *chef d'œuvres* of art—

“Which seen, become a part of sight,
The guiding star of memory,”

to the impassioned soul, feeling in itself the inspiration of genius, and beholding in these wonderful creations, the true exponents of its own unfathomable desires. Too young still to mingle in general society with her gay friend, she was permitted to wander at will through those matchless galleries, of painting and sculpture, the Pinacotheca and the Glyptotheca, attended by a maiden aunt of Isabel, to whom her raptures, though unintelligible, were a source of endless amusement.

Thus weeks and months passed away, until just before the contemplated return of the family to Schongau, the celebrated Mara, then in the zenith of her fame, came to Munich for one night only. Constance, with whom the love of music, though unconfessed, was a controlling passion, accompanied her friend to the concert-room in a fever of expectation never before experienced. That evening formed an era in her existence. As the tones of the

unequalled songstress rose and swelled through the vast hall, a flood of new and delicious emotions swept over her soul, which seemed bathed in the glorious "rain of melody" falling around her. Her speaking countenance reflected like the opal, every shade of feeling expressed in the strains to which she listened, and those who looked upon her then, never afterward forgot the music breathing through that face, or the play of those perfect features, as she resigned herself wholly to the entrancing enjoyment, forgetful of every thing beside.

On reaching home, she flew to the apartment of the Countess, and throwing her arms round her neck exclaimed—

"Congratulate me, dear Isabel, for I have found to-night a new world of life and enjoyment. I have found what I have thirsted for in vain—the means of uttering myself, in tones that shall waken an echo in every human heart. I too am a singer," and she drew up her slight form proudly, and to its full height, "there is that within me which whispers of power that thus only can find adequate expression."

How could the gay worldling thus addressed, be expected to understand the enthusiast before her?

"You, Constance," she replied in a tone almost sarcastic, "surely you are dreaming. Why, I never heard you attempt even a single note in my life. Mara has driven you crazy."

"It may be so," she said quietly, and drawing back into her usual reserve, as she felt the total want of sympathy in her companion, "I have been so filled with ecstasy this evening, that my brain may well be turned. But I will no longer keep you from repose," and kissing Isabel, she left the apartment.

But no sleep visited the couch of the young girl that night.—Vague, wild hopes, wishes and imaginings, troops of aerial visitants dainty as Ariel, and roused by a spell more potent than that of Prospero, flocked about her pillow, driving afar the sweet influence of slumber, and leaving but one definite impression, the fixed purpose of cultivating the talent which had hitherto lain dormant in her possession.

"If the gift of song be indeed mine," she said, "and something tells me that it is so, the precious boon shall not be wasted by my neglect. If I can make others happy as I have been made this night, would not such a power be something for which to live, for which even to die?"

From that hour Constance Brande was in soul an *artiste*. She carried back with her to Steinau, a treasured hoard of pleasant recollections, but first among them all, were the remembered tones of Mara, and the purpose then formed. Albert Hofer had been in his youth a good musician, and he still retained sufficient skill to impart to his fair pupil the rudiments of musical science. But it was not long before the scholar had learned all that the master had to teach, and with an appetite that grew by what it fed upon, was earnestly entreating for the instruction he confessed himself unable to bestow. Indeed as the old man gazed on the youthful being before him, he could hardly restrain his wonder at the transformation so suddenly effected. Instead of a child—lovely indeed, but untamed and impulsive, he saw a woman, thoughtful, earnest, with the fire of genius deepening the crimson of her fair cheek, and kindling with new lustre her dark spiritual eyes; while the energy of her purpose unconsciously imparted to her manner the dignity and repose of perfect womanhood. But all his previous emotions seemed tame, to the astonishment with which he heard that voice of thrilling sweetness, poured out in a gush of bird-like song, which seemed to load the very air with melody. He had stolen unperceived into the room, when Constance, believing herself alone, had forgotten the arpeggios she was practising, and was breathing aloud some favorite aria she had heard at Munich.—Tears of delight filled his eyes as he listened, and when the strain ceased, he exclaimed in a voice which trembled with deep feeling—

“Constance—child—why have I never known of this before? How is it that you have concealed from me until now, this wondrous power?”

“For the best of reasons, my dear tutor, because until recently it was not known even to myself. I have indeed loved this divine art, too well perhaps to make a parade of my feelings about it, and often when alone among the hills, I have sung the airs of my country with none but the wild goats for listeners. Sometimes my rude efforts pleased even myself, and at such moments I have fancied there was within me a soul of music waiting only some Promethean touch to waken it into life and energy. But never until at Munich, I heard that glorious Mara, did the full consciousness of my own powers take possession of my being. Since then, I have been as it were absorbed, entranced with this one bright

idea, and if at times I have seemed to you, my worthy tutor, negligent and ungrateful, you now know the reason, and will I am sure pardon your poor Constance."

The good old man was overcome by the winning sweetness of her manner, and taking the delicate hand she had laid on his arm, he kissed it reverentially as he replied—

"Never, dear young lady, have you been aught but the best of pupils, the kindest of friends, to an unworthy instructor. That a high destiny awaits you, I cannot doubt, but wherever your lot may be cast, the blessings of one heart will attend you, and may the remembrance of all you have been to a childless, desolate old man, cheer your pathway, as your goodness has cheered mine."

* * * * *

Spring and summer had passed away since the return of the Baroness from Munich, and the hills were once more clad in the sober livery of autumn. The day had been dark and lowering, and gusts of wind and rain had swept through the valley, but as Constance stood at a window which commanded the course of the Widden, the sun shone suddenly through the clouds, lighting up the deep ravine with an effect almost startling, and crowning with glory, the cloven crest of the Stierbau at the extremity of the glen. Soft purple mists were slowly rolling up from the sides of the hills which rose like barriers on either hand—the impetuous river darkly wound its way at their feet, and at the left, as if guarding the pass, a majestic mass of richly colored rocks presented every variety of tint as the rays of the sun fell obliquely upon them. The heart of the young enthusiast swelled as she gazed, and hastily equipping herself for a walk, she proceeded to her favorite point of observation, an old pine bridge, thrown across the Widden where its course was broken by a huge rock, over which it fell foaming into the gulf below. There she loved to sit listening to the roar of the torrent, and watching the eddy of the boiling waters. While the grouping of the tall, dark pines, the bare trunks of some, the blighted tops of others, and the rich foliage of the most flourishing, presented to her artistic eye, a combination of beauties of which she never wearied.

On reaching this spot, Constance saw near the seat she usually occupied, a cap and portfolio, the latter lying open, and containing an unfinished sketch of the scene before her. At the same mo-

ment a low, tremulous groan fell upon her ear, repeated, though more faintly, at intervals. Advancing to the edge of the ravine, she saw with a thrill of horror, a form, apparently inanimate, lying far down among the rocks, just where the stream was turned aside from its channel by a projecting point of land, on which grew a small clump of fern and alder bushes. To descend to this spot, to sprinkle with water the lips and brows of the sufferer, and to chafe his cold hands in her own, was the work of a moment. But when in spite of her exertions, the same death-like pallor overspread his countenance and his breath came still more faint and gaspingly, the terrified girl knew not what to do. "He will die," she exclaimed, "without immediate succor, and here in this lonely spot, there is no one to come to my assistance. Yet stay—Pierre may be within call"—and inspired by the thought, she flew up the steep, rough path with the speed of a fawn, to the goatherd's cottage, where fortunately, she found a little group of peasants who had been driven by the storm to take shelter under its roof. The wounded man was borne by them to the castle, and placed under the care of Albert Hofer, whose knowledge of surgery was sufficient to enable him skilfully and tenderly to minister to his wants. The injuries he had sustained were principally internal, and for some days his life was in imminent peril, but youth and a good constitution, aided by the careful nursing of the good tutor, finally triumphed, and at the end of a fortnight, he was able to see and thank his preservers for their generous hospitality. He was a young man of about twenty-five, clad in the student dress of Germany, with a countenance which though pale from recent illness, was full of the light and warmth of genius. When in repose, its expression might have been called stern, for care or thought had already traced furrows on his high, broad forehead, shaded by masses of raven hair, and his dark eyes, with their overhanging brows of jet seemed to read the soul, but in conversation, his features lighted up, and the smile that then played round his mouth was so winning in its expression that a child would instinctively have clung to him for comfort and protection.

In brief but energetic terms, he thanked the Baroness for the kindness he had experienced at her hands, and then turning to Constance he added with one of those beaming smiles that make their way at once to the heart—

"This good man has told me what I owe to you. If I do not thank as I ought, the preserver of my life, it is because I can find no language in which to express my sense of such a benefit."

There was surely nothing in these simple words to send the blood in torrents to the cheek and brow of the young girl, or to cause her heart to beat so wildly, yet such was the effect they produced upon her. Something in the manner of the stranger—in the eagle glance that rested on her, and the musical tones that addressed her, seemed to reveal a heart in unison with her own; and that electric thrill which in finely constituted natures, like an internal sense—

"Informs congenial spirits when they meet,"

rendered it impossible for her to frame a common-place reply to his address. Happily the stately Baroness came to her relief, by enquiring the nature of the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to their guest.

"I was weary of study," he said, "and being passionately fond of drawing from nature, started from Dresden some weeks since, for a tour of observation through your romantic country. Ever since I entered it, I have been wild with delight, but never till I saw the valley of the Lech, had I imagined scenery so grand and yet so beautiful, so full of charms for the heart of the poet and the eye of the painter. This morning I left Schongau to follow the course of the Widden from the foot of the Stierbau to its junction with the Lech, but the storm delayed me, and I was compelled to remain for some hours at a *chalet* among the hills. I had taken advantage of the first gleam of sunshine, to complete a sketch of the pine bridge, when wishing to obtain a better view, I incautiously stepped out on a jutting rock, which gave way, and precipitated me to the spot, where I was found and rescued by an angel of mercy. But I can hardly regret an accident which has terminated so happily, by exhibiting to me the Tyrolean character in all its nobleness and hospitality."

"We have been so occupied with the danger of our guest," said the Baroness, turning to Albert Hofer, "that I have not thought to enquire by what name I may have the honor of addressing him."

There was a slight shade of embarrassment in the manner of the stranger as he replied after a moment's hesitation—

"I am known simply as Carl, until by doing something worthy

of the name I bear, I can win and wear it, with honor to myself and others."

It was a charmed life, led by Constance for many weeks after the stranger was well enough to leave his room and visit the other apartments of the castle. He was an accomplished musician as well as painter, and possessing a strong intellect and highly cultivated mind, united with the utmost gentleness of disposition, and simplicity of manners, it was no wonder that to the inexperienced young girl, whose acquaintance with the sex was so limited, he seemed almost like a being from another sphere. It was long before she could be prevailed on by her tutor, to sing one note in his presence, but when she saw the delight, the rapture with which he listened to her voice, her heart swelled with a proud sense of possession she had never before known. That she, so young, so secluded, so untaught, could give pleasures to a being like Carl, that she could draw tears of pleasure from those searching, unfathomable eyes, this was bliss beyond all of which she had hitherto conceived. And Carl—ardent and enthusiastic as herself—his whole soul engrossed with a passionate love of music and its kindred arts—how great was his astonishment on finding amid the mountains of the Tyrol, a bird of such rare plumage and enchanting melody? Little did he dream, as he hung over her for hours, guiding her voice through the intricate mazes of Mozart or Beethoven, thinking only of the genius which could thus without an effort, appropriate their ideas, and weave them into more beautiful forms of harmony, little did he dream that those strains were sinking into his own heart, leaving there an impression never more to be effaced. The repeated visits of Max of Rodenswald, whose jealousy of the stranger became every day more apparent, and whose manner to Constance seemed to the sensitive German even rudely significant, served at last to awaken him from his security, and reveal to him the true state of his affections. Hitherto, absorbed in his own pursuits, he had seen little of female society, and had learned to believe the whole sex, heartless, frivolous, and designing. Now, for the first time, he was thrown into intimate companionship with a mind fresh, unhackneyed in the ways of the world, ardently devoted to his favorite art, and possessing capacities of no ordinary kind for excelling in it. And this spirit, so congenial with his own, was enshrined in a form more beautiful than any he had yet seen,

and looked out from eyes of violet hue, expressing every shade of emotion, from the melting glance of affection, to the sparkle of indignation,—

——“like the sunshine that flashes on steel,”

was it strange then, that ere he was aware, that one bright image was enshrined in the deepest recesses of his heart?

Still, in all those hours of endearing intercourse, when heart met heart so frankly, not one word of love was ever spoken by him. Not for the wealth of worlds, would he if he could, have won Constance Brande to share his destiny now, for he was poor, and had his fortune yet to achieve, but years hence, when the vision of fame that now lured him onward had become a reality—when his name should be a household word—how gladly then, would he hasten to her feet, and entreat her to share with him the wealth and honors, thus rendered doubly valuable in his sight! Often indeed, as they walked, or read, or sang together, and her heart was innocently laid open before him, rich with noble sentiments and generous affections, was he sorely tempted to break over his self-imposed restraint, and ask for the love that would have made earth a Paradise. But the young German was the very soul of honor, and true to his own sense of duty and obligation, he resolutely refused to obey the pleadings of his heart, and prepared to leave Steinau, after a residence of more than three months, without betraying in words, the affection with which his heart was overflowing.

But was she, the lady of his love, still “fancy free?” If it were not so, the secret so sedulously guarded from every human eye, shall be safe in our keeping, for we prize too highly that delicacy which would not “unsought, be won,” to unveil even the guileless heart of Constance Brande for public inspection. After the departure of Carl, her life flowed on in its usual quiet tenor, and if at times, some hidden emotion caused her cheek to glow, and her eye to kindle when the name of the German was casually mentioned, none ever knew that he was more to her than a passing acquaintance, whose memory would soon fade away forever.

It was midwinter when Carl left Steinau, and spring with laughing brow and balmy breath had again returned to bless the earth, and still Max of Rodenswald came not to the castle.—

The Baroness, who felt the infirmities of age fast increasing upon her, was vexed and impatient at this apparent neglect, and severely censured her grandchild for the coldness with which his advances had been received.

"I am old, and must soon leave you," she would say, "and you well know that my heart is set on seeing you the wife of the heir of Rodenswald before I die. Not one cent of the little pittance we now enjoy, will be yours after my death—even this ancient abode of our family must pass away to strangers. What then will become of you, my child, delicately reared as you have been, cast penniless and friendless on a cold and cruel world? As the mistress of Rodenswald, a life of ease and respectability is before you, but I tremble to think what may be your fate, should you wilfully throw away the establishment thus offered you."

In vain did Constance with tears assure her, that destitution in its worst form was preferable to the living death which a union without affection would entail upon her. In vain did she represent to her that with youth and health, and the consciousness of talent, in her possession, she had no fears for the future. Bred in the narrow and exclusive school of the aristocracy of that period, the Baroness could see nothing in any form of labor, but degradation and misery, and the idea that a daughter of her noble house should stoop to the exercise of her talents as a means of support, was painful in the extreme.

Great, therefore, was her joy, when young Max appeared at Steinau, accompanied by his father, and prepared to urge his suit to the utmost. The proposition was made by the father, with a condescending politeness which was intended to encourage the recipient of his goodness, and received by the Baroness with ill concealed delight. What then was the surprize of both, when Constance, who had been formally summoned, and informed of the honor in store for her, gently but firmly declined the proposed alliance. Excess of wonder at first took from her auditors the power of speech. Never before was such a thing known in the Tyrol. Never before had maiden dared to think and act for herself, in opposition to the will of her natural guardians. Never before had a proposal so fraught with advantage and honor on one side, and condescension on the other, been so madly, blindly refused. At length, the torrent of invectives, expostulations, threats

and commands burst forth, nearly overwhelming Constance, who meekly bowed her head to the storm, but at its close, quietly repeated the negative she had before given. Then the scene became so painful, that Max, who dearly loved the poor girl, begged the privilege of seeing her alone, that he might plead his cause himself, where all other considerations had failed. It was difficult to appease the towering wrath of the Baron, sufficiently to gain a hearing for his request, but the happiness of a life was at stake, and for once Max of Rodenswald found courage to maintain a stand in opposition to the will of his father.

When she found herself alone with her lover; when she heard his timid supplication for a return of his love, and saw his usually impassive features convulsed with emotion, as he dwelt on the influence her nature must exert over his, then for a moment the resolution of Constance wavered. But it was for a moment only.

"It cannot be," she said in a broken voice, "our union would be un-blessed of God, should I consent to be yours, for though as a friend I esteem you, there is no love in my heart for you, and without love, of what avail would be the possession of this worthless hand?"

"But you might in time learn to love—you would learn to love me, Constance, when you saw every thought of my heart devoted to you, and felt that our destinies were indeed one. I would make your life, sweet Constance, like a fairy tale, every wish of yours should be a law to me, and you would find happiness in the blessings you could bestow on others." Constance shook her head sadly, and the young man hastily resumed—

"Can it be that your heart is given to another? Has the poor, puny stripling whom you saved among the rocks, months since, dared?"—

"Hold, sir," exclaimed the indignant girl, "you presume on my pity, in daring thus to address me. Were my heart indeed given to him whom you stigmatize in this cowardly manner, I might well glory in my choice; but it is no preference for another that prompts my present decision. It is enough that I love you not, can never love you, and that no earthly consideration shall ever induce me to give my hand without my heart. If you would retain even my respect, let this subject never again be mentioned between us. The heir of Rodenswald, will not find it difficult to select one to share his honors and estate, more worthy of that proud position than the poor Constance of Steinau."

"You do me foul wrong, Constance, by such a supposition, but I will not again sue like a beggar for the mercy you scornfully deny. The time may come, when you will regret having wilfully cast away a love so true as mine. Farewell, madame, I will no longer intrude upon you a presence so unwelcome."

And thus they parted, to meet no more on earth as friends, for from that day, an interdict was laid on his whole family by the proud and vindictive Baron, which effectually closed every avenue to reconciliation. But though Constance shed bitter tears as she thought of the wreck of long cherished hopes she had been compelled to make, not one feeling of regret, ever entered her heart. Toil, privations, loneliness, an early death, all were preferable to marriage without love, and under the influence of her gentle reasonings, she had the happiness of finding that her simple hearted tutor, and even the more worldly Baroness were gradually becoming reconciled to what they at first termed her "childish folly"

To be continued.

A SYMBOL.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

OVER the still deep rose the morning sun,
 Like Ocean's monarch from his Triton's cave
 A little moment, ere his race begun,
 Two kindled orbs their mingling glories gave;
 And ever up as the great Splendor run,
 Down—down his image sunk into its grave.
 Till now, far past their mutual horizon,
 They speed to mingle in the Western wave.
 And such is Life. The Sunrise of our birth
 Reveals Heaven wedded to the nether sphere,
 Still lower seeming sinks the life of earth,
 As the divine Soul mounts in proud career,
 Till, from the torn wave soaring to the sky,
 The Earth-life joins once more its immortality.

THE ROCK AMID THE SEA.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

I well remember, in years gone by,
Long years they seem to me,
I sailed by the base of Ailsa crag,
In the stormy northern sea.
That stern old king of the mural crown,
On his ocean throne sublime,
Who has battled the tempests of the world,
Since the dawning day of time.

And the mountain waves came thundering on,
Still reckless of past defeat,
But the old king stood in his quiet strength,
And dashed them at his feet.
In his quiet strength the old king stood,
While the waves below him rolled,
And looked through the drifting clouds to heaven
As he looked in the days of old.

And there that gray old rock shall stand
And hold the storm at bay,
Still guiding the ocean wanderer on
Along his dangerous way—
When Scotia's shore is seen no more
And Arran's iron bands,
The seaman steers to the sea-fowl's home
Where that rock in the ocean stands.

And I thought, when I gazed on that strong old rock,
Far off in the raging flood,
Of the mighty heart of the righteous man,
Who rests on the word of God;
The storms that trouble a wicked world
May surge to his very brow,
But Ailsa's crag, oh man of God,
Shall sooner be moved than thou!

What cares he for the thought of men,
What recks he of their frown,
His soul on the rock of ages based,
And virtue his knightly crown—
They may brand his name with a felon's shame,
And scatter his dust in the sea,
But the billows will break on his noble soul,
As they break, old crag, on thee!

And thou, stern mocker of the storm,
 On thy ocean throne sublime,
 Shall totter and fall and disappear
 In the dying day of time.
 But when the tempest that wrecks the world,
 Shall scatter thy dust in air,
 The ark of truth shall ride the storm,
 And the righteous man be there.

THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE, AND FATHER ACHILLI.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

It is now two years, since the brave citizens of Paris, wearied with a degrading and tyrannical oppression, awoke from their lethargy, and arising to a new life, trampled in the dust the last throne of France. It is two years since the eyes of oppressed Europe, of all the nations aspiring after a better state, social and political, were turned toward Paris as to the true sanctuary of universal liberty, believing firmly that the promises of France were neither falsehoods nor poetic and enthusiastic phrases, but made in good faith—and hoping that the new Republic would speedily march to the succor and emancipation of the nations groaning in servitude. Already decrees had gone forth from the voice of the people, to rescue Italy from the yoke of foreign tyranny, but while the zealous republicans of France were preparing to cross the Alps on this holy errand, the poet Lamartine advised not only to delay the expedition, but also to lay aside the red standard under which the popular legions had conquered and torn down the throne of Louis Philippe, and unfortunately for the cause of humanity, the magical voice of the poet was heard and obeyed. Lamartine, whose genius was better adapted to the lyre than to the council chamber or the battle field, was unwilling to hoist the red flag because it had “made the tour of the *Champ de Mars*!” The half republican poet forgot, or was willingly ignorant of the fact, that France owes all she has of liberty to those memorable days, in which while the red flag waved triumphantly, the aristo-

cratic and priestly power were humbled together, the troops of foreign ruffians gathered under the walls of Paris were confounded, and a new era created, in which the reign of freedom would have been universal, but for the treachery of the leaders of the people.

The voice of Lamartine prevailed—the red flag gave place to the tri-colored standard, and under the shadow of this new *republican* banner, the principal cities of France were put at once in a state of siege. The sovereign people returned to a state of servitude, and in July, 1848, that same heroic and generous populace, by the means of Russo-aristocratic gold, and by the hands of tri-colored republicans, were slain by scores in the streets of the ensanguined capital. Lamartine fell, and with him the African Cavaignac, gold triumphed, and a man who had done nothing for France, Louis Napoleon, became the monarchical president of the French republic.

Louis Napoleon commenced his career by deceiving Hungary—betraying Germany, threatening Switzerland, and abandoning unfortunate Poland and Ireland; and as if this infamy were not enough, he coalesced with the potentates of Europe, and sent the republicans of France to strangle at its birth the young republic on the banks of the Tiber. Which flag, I ask, was most disgraced and disgraceful, that raised by Lamartine, and which was carried in mockery about the seven hills of the eternal city, or the red banner which “made the tour of the Champ de Mars?” Let the French nation answer me.

We come now to a point of fact. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and the prisoner of Ham, have any or all of them done any thing for the real good of France? The actual political state of that country is now even worse than before the revolution of 1848. Persecutions for political opinion are the order of the day—exiled strangers are persecuted or driven away—the press is under a rigid censorship—public *reunions* are forcibly dispersed—all places of profit are filled by royalists and Bonapartists, and under the emblem of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, those true republicans are hunted out and condemned, who wish to make their country the refuge of the unfortunate, and the national arms the vindicator and avenger of the suffering and oppressed.

More than four hundred French republicans now confined for political offences in the fortress of Ham, beside those detained at

Brest, are incarcerated and refused a trial in which they might be proved either guilty or innocent. Such proceedings recall the days of the famous Bastile, and of the Holy Inquisition. The tribunals of Versailles, composed of servile politicians, careful only to keep their places, condemn to the galleys, men dear to their country as virtuous citizens, and as if imprisonment were not sufficiently oppressive to those noble champions of democracy, add to it exile in a distant and unhealthy climate, under the burning sun of Africa. Those barbarous regions will become the tomb of true French republicans. Truly it is strange to see a Napoleon condemning those who have helped to raise him to his elevated position, to perish in that same climate, which was selected by the English oligarchy, as the grave of Napoleon the warrior !

By the revolution of 1848, the French nation should have cleansed themselves from the stains left upon them by their kings, from the dismemberment of Poland to the time of Louis Philippe. France, as the living soul of European civilization, ought to fulfil the mission assigned her by Providence—that of the emancipation of suffering Europe. How has she done this ? Not by the abandonment of Poland, by the treaties of 1813, not by the invasion of Spain in 1823, the occupation of Ancona in 1831 ; not by her ignoble conduct in the affair of the Orient in 1840 and '50 ; not by the desertion of Cracow, and now, as a republic, not by electing an ambitious prince instead of a republican citizen to the chief office in her gift, thus making herself an instrument in the hands of crowned tyrants to assassinate the youthful Republic of Rome !—Future generations will find it difficult to believe, that a Republic could have destroyed a sister Republic, animated neither by revenge nor the desire of conquest, but simply to re-establish a power the most odious, criminal and sacrilegious of all—the temporal power of the Popedom ! But the blood shed in Rome in the cause of Italian emancipation, is too precious to remain always unavenged.

Among the most innocent and excellent of the victims of Popish cruelty and French treachery, is Father Giacinto, or Jacinthus Achilli, a converted priest, whose labors during the brief continuance of the Roman republic, were unceasing and successful. This good man, we are happy to learn, has escaped from the malice of his enemies, and is now in safety beyond their reach. As his

history is not generally known, and much interest has been excited in this and other Christian countries in his fate, I shall give a short account of his life and character previous to his imprisonment in Rome for the faith he held.

The Rev. Giacinto Achilli was born in Viterbo in 1803, and had hardly reached the age of sixteen, when he assumed the Dominican habit in his own country, and in 1821 was ordained priest at Lucca, where he enjoyed the special favor of the reigning Duke. Soon afterward he returned to Viterbo, and there his talents, his knowledge, his eloquence, and his excellent character, attracted universal esteem. The Vicar General of the Province had the greatest confidence in him, and immediately raised him to a post of honor and influence in the Dominican Order. In 1826 he was appointed public professor of philosophy in the Lyceum, and he was the first to occupy the chair of Biblical Literature instituted by his means, thus early manifesting that love for the word of God which has since led to his separation from the Church of Rome. In 1833 he left Viterbo, carrying with him the love and veneration of all his fellow citizens, and departed for Rome, having been elected rector of schools, and primary Professor in the College of Minerva in that city. He was also appointed visitor of the Dominican convents in the Roman and Tuscan States, an office which he held until 1835, when he left Capua, and soon after was elected Prior of the Dominican Convent in Naples.

At this time, his pulpit eloquence and his dissertations from the professorial chair, attracted so much attention, that a lithographic likeness was taken of him, and widely circulated. But becoming convinced, that the doctrine of transubstantiation was not taught in the Scriptures, he came out openly against it, and his preaching became so decidedly Protestant in manner, that he was suddenly called to Rome, and confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He was treated, however, with much gentleness, and every means made use of to induce him to retract his positions, and enter again into the communion of the church, of which he had been until then, the ornament. He was at length set at liberty, under strict *surveillance*, but managed to escape and fly to the Ionian Islands, from whence he wrote at once to the Pope, plainly declaring himself a Protestant. This was in 1841. Subsequently he became Professor of Theology in the Protestant College of Malta, and in

1848 went to England, where he remained until the flight of the Pope in December of the same year. The revolution and consequent liberty of opinion in Rome, induced him to return to that city in February, 1849. During the existence of the Republic, he occupied himself in distributing Bibles, and in receiving crowds of people who thronged his house from morning to evening, to receive instructions and explanations of the Holy Bible. He never preached publicly until the Constitution, granting full religious liberty, was proclaimed—and though he naturally sympathized with the brave Romans, took great pains to withdraw himself from all the political movements which were daily taking place.

When the city was taken by General Oudinot, he wrote to his friends, that they had nothing to fear for him while the French flag waved in Rome, that his mission had been so innocent, and so distinct from politics, that no one could harm him, and that though he must of course fly before the Pope should return, until then he was secure, as no religious persecutions would be tolerated under the banner of France. He was soon undeceived. At eleven o'clock of the night of the 29th of July, four officers of the secret police presented themselves at the Borghese Palace where he was residing, accompanied by a company of *French Chasseurs*, and arrested him in the name of the Prefect of police, and led him to the Inquisition, where he was confined in a damp and fetid subterranean cell. The English Consul, Mr. Freeborn, endeavored with his accustomed generosity to procure his liberation, but in vain. Dr. Achilli was a Roman subject and priest. Mr. Freeborn at last succeeded in obtaining his removal to the Castle of St. Angelo, where he remained in strict confinement, without the privilege of seeing or communicating with his friends. Meanwhile a secret process was commenced which is not yet concluded, and probably sentence would have been pronounced without informing the unfortunate prisoner even of what he stood accused.

When the news of his arrest reached England, his numerous friends petitioned the French Governor, who at once ordered an examination of the case to be made. But the Cardinals falsely asserted that he had not been arrested on account of his religion, but for criminal conduct, and they circulated throughout Europe to his great injury, the most unfounded slanders.

Two of the intimate friends of Dr. Achilli, proceeded to

Rome with these stories. The most thorough researches were made at Viterbo, where the supposed crime had never been heard of, and the name of Achilli was remembered with the greatest affection and respect. The Roman authorities then changed their ground, and openly declared that he "was arrested and would be punished for his apostacy as a priest and a brother of the order ; that he was a Roman subject who had done much harm to religion, and would if spared do much more, and that no foreign power could interfere to prevent their proceedings !" All this, under the shadow of the French flag ! They denied the calumnies they had circulated, and stood firm in the incontestible right of the holy office to "examine, judge, and punish." His two friends vainly implored permission to see him. The request was made to Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, the French commandant, by whom it was referred to the Cardinal Vicar ; he in his turn referred it to the Pope, who sent back an unqualified refusal. Soon after, one of his companions in captivity, a protegee of the Pope and of Cardinal Lambruschini, who had been imprisoned for stealing medals from the Vatican, denounced Dr. Achilli for preaching the Gospel in prison, and he was condemned to more rigid and solitary confinement.

General Baraguay has interested himself much in this case, but the position of the French in Rome is such a false one, that his hands are virtually tied, and the most that he can do, is to arrange matters so that the Reverend Father may *escape* from his confinement. But is this *all* France should do ? After her name, her soldiers, and her flag have been employed in carrying into effect the mandates of the holy office, should she not rather have brought the innocent out openly, and in virtue of her acknowledged authority delivered him from those who are thirsting for his blood ?

Dr. Achilli had been summoned before a French tribunal in Rome, ostensibly to give evidence on the trial of a Roman patriot, charged with promoting a riot on the Corso on the entrance of the French. On the first day the witness was carefully returned ; on the second, he "*escaped*" in a French military uniform. He is now in London, where his distinguished talents and great virtues have gained him numerous friends, and where he intends to consecrate his life to the work of preaching the Gospel among the Italian refugees of that great metropolis.

E C C E H O M O !

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

BEHOLD the Man ! His head with thorns surrounded,
Which once a glory like the sun, did wear ;
That sacred head, for our transgressions wounded,
Bleeding and pierced, is bowed in anguish there.

Behold the Man ! The human and divine,
In those pale lineaments, serenely blending,
Where through the flesh, such rays of Godhead shine,
As heaven's own brightness, to the scene are lending.

Behold the Man ! A more than mortal sorrow,
Speaks through the dimness of those languid eyes ;
Whose upturned gaze, seeks strength and hope to borrow,
From silent converse with his native skies.

Behold the Man ! Darkness hath settled o'er him,
Shrouding creation in its funeral pall ;
Jehovah's arm is bared in wrath before him,
And all his thunderbolts, around him fall.

Behold the Man ! In that dread hour of anguish,
When vengeance held o'er earth and heaven her sway ;
Did the strong pulse of love grow faint and languish,
Or mercy from her errand turn away ?

Behold the Man ! Life's purple tide is flowing
Faint and more faint, with every gasping breath ;
But love unquenched within his breast is glowing,
In its fixed purpose, stronger still than death.

Behold the Man ! The latest pang is over,
'Tis finished ! was his last victorious cry ;
And angel bands around the conqueror hover,
His radiant escort to a throne on high.

Behold the Man ! No mortal eye may gaze
Upon the splendors that surround him now ;
E'en the bright cherubim that chant his praise,
Veiling their faces, at his footstool bow.

Behold the Man ! No more subdued and shrouded,
In full effulgence flashes the divine ;
And in that clear serene, undimmed, unclouded,
Earth's ransomed myriads rejoicing, shine.





Painted by J. M. W. Turner.

Engr'd by E. G. Durnel.

CURIOSITY.

form

XUM





Painted by J. C. Smith. Engraved by J. C. Smith.

Rose, Ivy, Myosotis

CHIVALRY.

BY C. W. TOLLES.

"A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
Who since the time that he firste began
To ride oute, had loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honor, fredom and curtesie;
Full worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto had he ridden no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethnesse,
And ever honored for his worthinesse."—CHAUCER.

CHIVALRY! the common magazine of the poet and the poet-aster, the antiquarian, the novelist, and the daydreamer! The battle-field of historians and essayists! Asserted by some to have been the youth of civilization—by others, the decrepit childishness of barbarism. By some claimed as a wise invention of the age—by others regarded as the fitful ebullition of an erratic fancy. For centuries the ambition of every youth, the praise of every lady, the employment of every noble. Song delighted in lauding it: history's pen was busy narrating its deeds: philosophy left its solemn studies to gaze awhile delightedly upon it. Millions of gaily equipped knights have swept across the plains of Europe exulting under its banners. The deserts of Palestine have glittered with its insignia. But the bones of those knights are entombed—their sepulchre forgotten. Institutions pass away like men.—Chivalry with its glory—its panoramic realities—has vanished. Its symbols are uninterpreted—its ritual is forgotten—its ceremonies like antiquated furniture, which though massive and carved, is obsolete, are tossed aside, while new assume their place. That which pulsed the heart of Europe for centuries can be told in a few words. The armorial scutcheons of thousands of knights to which honor and life were devoted, are become pictures for the amusement of schoolboys. The reality of chivalry's romantic era is extenuated to a web for the poet, the fascinating regret of an unsophisticated youth, or a languishing maiden, the ridicule of an utilitarian, the clap-trap of the stage, when brandishing huge

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wooden swords and wearing tin helmets, some Warwick or Hotspur fences in the most approved modern fashion.

Did troubadours sing, did knights combat, did ladies smile, did religion bless for nought? Was the genius of the world employed for three centuries in generating an immense actual burlesque? Were all men acquiescent performers? Did the labor of ages erect only an evanescent, profitless edifice like the ice palace of Queen Catharine? Was chivalry a grand mistake—a collusive self-stultification of all men—a huge obstruction thrown into the stream of progress like the rafts in our western rivers? Or was it a beautiful practical mythology—an apotheosis of sentiments—a superhuman incarnation of heroism? These are the extremes of opinion on the subject, and both have found advocates.

We do not intend to garland chivalry with unlimited and indiscriminating panegyric. We cannot represent it as little better than a parade of 'fantasticals' on a holiday. There is a golden mean in opinion as well as in social position. So long a time has elapsed since the existence of chivalry; so diverse have been the opinions and representations of commentators upon it; so doubtful is the testimony of history as to its customs and immediate effects upon contemporary generations, that it is folly to form unqualified prejudices in favor or against it.

We will implicitly believe the antiquary, when he exhibits helmets, coats of mail and two-edged swords, concerning their age, their owners, and the doughty deeds of which they have been partakers. But we want none of his semi-fabulous, and marvellous confirmatory narratives regarding any supernatural qualities, which antiquarian veneration supposes them to possess. We claim the capacity and the right to judge of these according to the known properties of metals. So in reading history—in judging motives—in scrutinizing the intrigues and involutions of courts—in analyzing character—in estimating the effects of a man or an institution upon contemporaneous or subsequent society—we must not be led like a stranger in a dark cave by the hand of a guide; we must light a torch for ourselves. We must adopt some general and immutable law of human nature, to which all phenomena can be referred. So also the elements of chivalry, the extent of its influences, its deeds, its paraphernalia, its rise and decline, we will submissively receive from the historian. But whether these

elements were consonant with the sympathies of the universal human heart, and therefore calculated to excite devotion and to produce beneficial effects ; whether that influence tended to promote civilization ; whether those deeds by smiting down the rocky intrenchments of powerful rapacity removed obstructions to the sunlight, or only the barriers of the destroying torrent ; whether that paraphernalia was likely to be the gorgeous robes of Freedom newly attired, or only the splendid trappings of tyranny flaunting impudently before the eyes of ignorant millions, seducing their gaze while the chains were securely riveted upon their limbs ; whether its rise was a demand of the age for security, or only a new scheme of man's oppressors for exalting might over right ; whether its decline was another march in the advance of progress, or a suppression of the efforts for liberty and happiness, we are not to receive from the dictation of partizans to one opinion or the other. They must be calculated according to the wants of the age ; according to the operations which they would have upon any human nature placed in the same circumstances ; upon ourselves. He who would read history aright, must "sit solidly at home and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and the government in the world ; he must transfer the point of view to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and if England or Egypt have any thing to say to him, he will try the case."

Human nature is always the same. Disguise it as we will, under the different robes of Antiquity, Greek, Roman, Chivalry, King, Queen, Lord or Peasant, the original and essential humanity with all beauties and faults is apparent. The student with his eyes charmed under the influence of his own ideal fancies, sublimates and etherializes every thing in the past. It is sacred ground to him. It would be sacrilege to suppose that all those great minds, and all those brilliant actions with which he communes till the glow of enthusiasm stirs up the innermost depths of his quiet and placid bosom—were but men like ourselves—were but the offspring of love or hate—desperation at a coquette's duplicity, or revenge for some opprobrious epithet. We form as false ideas of history, reading it through this translucent and magnifying medium, as did the London cockney of country life, who supposed the swains and their wives and daughters always talked in the poetical language of pastoral idyls.

Doubtless there were good knights and bad, noble and mean, puissant and puny, courageous and craven, chivalrous and selfish, courteous and brutal, manly and foppish. To some the description of Marmion would be appropriate :

“ Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalwart knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.”

Others were “carpet knights,” who could better display their accomplishments in a lady’s boudoir, than on a field of battle.— Every character of the present age would doubtless find a duplicate in the age of chivalry. Could we reanimate the motionless remains of the knightly era ; could we call forth from their resting place, upon the tombs in many a Gothic abbey and in the sands of Asia, the statues and bones of gallant knights—could we vivify them—decorate them with all the armor and insignia of chivalry—put the steed beneath them—the lance into their hand—the spur upon their heel ; could we bid the squires sound the trumpets and unfurl the banners ; as knight after knight emerged from the distant darkness like a stern bronze statue, and assumed his place among the gathered millions ; as we saw the brilliancy, the animation, the variety of the pageant, it would enchant us like the first view of the theatre, a novice. But let the eye become familiarized to the extended scene—let the mass be resolved into individuals. Follow the chiefs to their discussions—the Condottieri to their mercenary calculations—the veterans to their rude camp jests—the youths to their vulgar obscenities and licentious anecdotes—“ we should find them boisterous, revengeful, bilious, and dishonest fellows ; vulgar in attire, awkward in harness, covered with salve patches on their arms and legs, where they were galled with their iron mail, and leaving their scores unpaid, all the way from France and Britain even to the Holy Land,”—we should be most likely to hurry them all back into their graves like ghosts at cock-crowing, or Roderick Dhu’s men into the furze at the second blast of his horn. Sir Walter Scott is probably the best delineator of knightly character. His knights are *men*—not demigods—not hollow statues, iron Memnons, continually speak-

ing heraldic technicalities, and eternally bragging of their ladye loves. In this respect he differs on one side from the host of ballad mongers, romancers, legendaries and modern novelists; and on the other from Cervantes and Butler. The latter, however, wrote with a specific object. Don Quixote was a fitting edict for the abrogation of a superannuated system. Hudibras with his pedantry, his grossness, his lazy spring-halt steed and ridiculous squire, a mere vehicle for satire upon the age.

The affirmative beneficial effects of chivalry may at first appear impalpable and indefinite. Beneficent ingredients both in nature and society are often passive. It is only by ejecting them that the deficiency becomes apparent. We do not appreciate the horrid breadth and depth of the chasm till the bridge is removed and it gapes uncovered. Let us suppose chivalry never to have had an existence. Let us enquire what would the age have done without it; what could have supplied its place.

The age in which chivalry arose was probably a short time posterior to the death of Charlemagne. The empire of that illustrious monarch had been divided and subdivided among his degenerate and imbecile successors. The chords of unity that bound its various members, which he had collected and concentrated in his own hands, were now scattered, and but loosely connected to the thrones of many petty kings. Society was in disorder. It resembled confused and irregular crowds dispersing in all directions after having been held in one place by a great orator. In lieu of one great, dominant, central government, hundreds of tyrannical barons controlled small circles around their own castles. They oppressed the poor—they entertained feuds with each other—they practiced civil warfare—they waylaid and plundered travellers—they subjugated the peasantry and villages, and formed the feudal institution. The age needed either some great man or some great institution to which the eyes of all coincidently should look. The former did not appear—what should constitute the latter? The church? This possessed in some measure the requisite elements. But the church at that period had not assumed the superior and prominent position which it subsequently attained. It could modify but not control. It was itself compelled to seek the protection of the temporal princes. Monasteries ceded their lands to the neighboring barons, and received them again as fiefs. A pope like the

vigorous and aspiring Leo Tenth, had not yet arisen to assert the supremacy of the papal chair. The feudal system was incompetent and unfitted to supply the wants of the age, since it was selfish, limited, hostile to all change or elevation among the lower orders, and insubordinate to any recognized head. The nobles, possessing neither inclination nor opportunity for intellectual improvement, were warlike and adventurous. The pleasures of the chase alone could not gratify the activity of their natures. The people, discontented and numerous, were unable in their low state of agriculture to subsist on the land, and needed employment and support. A great active institution was required.

"It was then that some poor nobles, probably suffering themselves from the oppression of more powerful lords, but at the same time touched with sincere compassion for the wretchedness they saw around them, first leagued together for the holy purpose of redressing wrongs and defending the weak." The scheme caught the imagination of the youthful and the ardent. The church consecrated it. Opulence dignified and enriched it. Power acknowledged it. The feudal lords, instead of domestic tyrants and exacting masters, became courteous knights and generous leaders. The harsh features of feudalism were softened by the urbanity of chivalry. The gruff tone of defiance and assault changed into the gallant challenge to knightly combat. Perhaps chivalry was the development of the native benevolence of the heart hitherto concealed or diverted and corrupted by circumstances. Perhaps it was but one of those singular phenomena which often happen in the world, when men of little philanthropy and no religion, under the impulse of a singular enthusiasm for benefitting their fellow-creatures, gratify their love of glory and the dictates of their passions without at all suspecting it. Whatever may have been the cause, chivalry absorbed the praise of all, and remodelled society.

We can best obtain a knowledge of its comparative merits—of the nature of its concomitants, by placing it in juxtaposition with the institution of some preceding age.

The classic era is one to which the student reverts with a fond and lingering gaze. Its memories are mellow and solemn, like Melancholy musing among the ruins of a desolated temple.—Chivalry on the contrary was the embodiment of wild and reck-

less action. Mars had become incarnated and inspired his adopted brethren with the fury of his own feelings.

The literature of both is in some respects similar. Both record instances of high physical valor—both are imbued with enthusiasm, both are representations of men acting under an assumed or a self-credenced inspiration—both are gorgeously garnished with the marvellous in action and superstition—both inspire heroic emulation. Achilles has been compared with Richard Cœur de Lion. The battles of Homer would not be inaptly performed if represented by a company of knights. Indeed the legends of the middle ages are full of such anachronisms, and Achilles and Ulysses are not unfrequently paraded cased in coats of mail.

But the literature of these two periods presents also points of wide dissimilarity. The former conducts us through gardens, giving soft echoes to the footfalls of philosophers and their disciples—through groves where we can almost see fauns and satyrs peering grotesquely from behind the trees—along rivulets whose waters undulate with the graceful motions of the Nereids—through temples, and statues every where redolent with the spirit of beauty. The latter hurries us along through halls lined with armed warriors—through gaudy tournaments decked not with art and poetry, but with gay banners and the emblazonments of heraldry—through the clangor and tumult of battles—or anon drags us to the steep upon which frown the dark embattlements of some huge castle. One is chaste and simple, the other cumbrous and redundant—One airy, like lattice work—the other solid like the wall of a fortress. One uninstructed to act except by the impulses of feeling—The other regulating the minutest action by formal etiquette. The literature of Greece as it comes to our ear through the distance of ages sounds like the cadence of a waterfall trickling and splashing in the recess of a grove. The literature of chivalry, similar neither to this, nor yet to the busy machinery-like hum of modern days, is like a party of cavaliers sitting beside the dark wooded banks of "the yellow Tagus." Now the careless jest and buoyant song go round; but soon comes the noise of strife—the exulting pell-mell between Moors and Christians and the flourish of trumpets at victory. The exponent of one age is the Greek in his blight armor, nimble and active; of the other, the knight armed cap-a-pie, unwieldy but powerful.

As far as literature and art are concerned, it is evident the preference must be acceded to antiquity. But chivalry was pathematic—based on feelings rather than taste. The love of beauty was fundamental in both (as indeed it always is in every beneficent institution.) But antiquity worshipped the external lineaments; chivalry the internal characteristics. The ancients mythologized nature; the knights recognized the beauty of social principles and obtained some inklings of the noblest species of beauty, that of moral rectitude. It was this that led them to adopt and regard the vows of knighthood, hospitality, bravery, honor, and devotion to the ladies. The soul of chivalry, says Hallam, was individual honor. In any of these they were far superior to the Grecians. It was obligatory on every true knight to open his door to every member of his profession, to relieve distress, succor the afflicted, revenge the injured. The generosity with which they treated their prisoners taken in battle, often illustrated in Froissart, was far superior to the policy inculcated upon the Spartans, "never pursue a flying enemy lest next time they should stand their ground." For a knight to be guilty of falsehood even to an enemy, was derogatory and infamous. The Lacedemonians taught that "lying was no disgrace if not discovered." But the true glory of chivalry, that for which modern times are most indebted to it, is the elevation of woman. With barbarians she was but a slave—with the orientals a mere vehicle of licentious pleasure—with the Greeks a mother of children—with the Romans, a political chattel. But with the rude Goths who conquered the enervated, luxurious and effeminate inhabitants of Italy, she was a social equal, and became by the institution of chivalry exalted into a queen. She was the elected genius of the knight binding upon his armor the tokens of her approbation, inspiring his heart in the fainting hour of battle, presiding at his tournaments, and adjudging the prize of valor and courtesy.

The ignorance of the knights and their licentiousness, have been a favorite topic of decial. But in comparison with ancient *popular* education and morals, these must vanish. Many of the brave and noble could not indeed write their own names. In the chaotic destruction of literature that occurred upon the subversion of the Roman empire, this is not to be wondered at. The excitement of forming new governments, of pioneering into a wilderness

civil and political, hitherto unsettled, and laying the foundations of empires, overpowered the cultivation of letters, which are always most prosperous in time of peace. Like the nautilus upon the ocean, they sink in storms. The true question is, did chivalry contain within itself the excitements towards intellectual cultivation? We scarcely think it did. Deeds of arms engrossed its whole attention. As far as this point is concerned, its chief benefit seems to have been in awakening the people of Europe from their lethargic stupidity, and giving them something to think and talk about.—Neither a slight nor a useless task! Troubadours arose to sing the deeds of knights and the praises of the ladies. Achilles must fight before Homer can relate. So knighthood, though not in itself a literary institution, furnished the argument for many subsequent authors, among whom we may number Tasso, Ariosto, Chaucer and Spencer.

As regards licentiousness, this prevailed no more as an effect of chivalry than as a feature of the age. A general indefiniteness of opinion on practical morality pervaded all classes, consequent upon the intermingling of the loose doctrines of ancient polytheism with the precepts of Christianity. Religion had degenerated into a mere master of ceremonies, instead of being what its great founder designed, the rectifier of the heart. The courtly gallantry of knighthood may appear to some worse than the brutal passions of the feudal lords. The true question is the one previously proposed. Did chivalry have a tendency to foster and perpetuate licentiousness? We do not believe that vice, however gilded by station or honor, loses any jot of its deformity. But that the refined sentimentalism of the knights, marred as it was by sensuality, was an advance upon the indiscriminate and open intercourse of ancient society—that it was better than the undisciplined brutality of the feudal barons, is certainly evident. That the knightly vow of chastity was perilled by the unrestrained freedom existing between the knights and the ladies of their adoption, is true. But how can we believe that the youthful knight, bouyant in hope and strenuous in honor, enshrining his ladye in all the idolizing imaginations of youth—recognizing her not alone as an object of affection, but as the goddess who should flit above him in the contest as the goddesses of old are described in Homer, hovering around the helmets of their protege heroes, should desecrate all those imaginations and tear

his idol from the exalted pedestal where best he loved to worship her? History has yet to inform us that exalting woman, idealizing her character, placing her where she can dictate the code of social jurisprudence, are the proper methods for debasing her or escaping her sovereignty. When men make idols, they do not immediately disenthroned them. They make them too of a material which appears to them valuable—they then fall down and worship although the idol be a golden calf.

"An impartial taste," says Gibbon—"must prefer a Gothic tournament to the Olympic games of classic antiquity." The same preference might be extended to the private life of each period. It is enough if a political or social institution is of equal moral stature with the contemporary religion. More cannot be expected. Statesmen, and warriors, or tailors, and milliners, are not the proper curators of morals. Chivalry so viewed was not deficient. In its youth it was pure and austere. It subsequently degenerated, as all things human do. Having accomplished its mission, it passed away before the discoveries and inventions of a new era, as the solemn ghost of a past year, disappears from the platform of time at the entrance of its more vigorous successor, or as some staid Knickerbocker of the last century, clothed in knee-breeches and long hose, would be thrust to the wall by the bustling pedestrians of the present day. It had an illustrious life and a splendid renown. In the long sequence of incidents that have visited the world, this was eminently honored. Egypt with her pyramids, Greece with her literature, Rome with her gigantic civil policy, are monuments for veneration. But chivalry raised a *social* fabric from whose portals have issued lessons more beneficial than the hieroglyphics of Ptolemy, the hexameters of Homer, or the institutes of the Cæsars. The fabric has indeed fallen. But the ruins have been incorporated, always unacknowledged, often surreptitiously, into the structures of civilization. "Had chivalry not existed, all the vices which we behold in that period of the world's history would have been immensely increased, for there would have been no counteracting incitement. The immorality of those times would have been a thousand degrees more gross, for passion would have wanted the only principle of refinement, the ferocity of the brave would have shown itself in darker scenes of bloodshed, for no courtesy would have tempered it with gentleness. Even religion would

have remained longer obscured, for the measures taken to darken it, by those whose means it was to make interest a rule, would have been but faintly opposed, had not chivalry by softening the manners of the age, and promoting general communication between man, gradually done away darkness and admitted light."

KOSSUTH.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

LAND of the *Magyars*! thou who rose
 Complete in awful arms, to cope
 With banded nations for thy foes—
 A new Minerva!—with what hope
 We saw thy dauntless sons pour out
 Their blood at Freedom's charging shout,
 And heard thy Warrior-Prophet peal
 His war-cry potent as their steel,
 With words that roused our souls afar
 To wage with him that desperate war,
 Till we could almost trust the tale
 Of promise that thou shouldst prevail.

We saw the grim and frozen North
 Pouring its stolid thousands forth,
 Who came like locust-clouds that brown
 Wide realms of greenness in their path,
 And sunk like autumn leaves sucked down
 The roaring whirlpool of thy wrath.
 But treason, still the deadliest foe
 Laid all thy budding promise low.

It came! the fall that could but come,
 Came to repeat the eternal law
 That swords shall bite the hands that draw
 And slaughter seal the slayer's doom.

Yet brave *Hungaria*, not the less
 In more than battle's poor success
 We hail thee victor, hail and bless,
 Thy fiery trials have annealed
 High souls that will not shrink or yield;
 Thy Warrior Bard whose awful words
 Are rythmed to the clash of swords,
 Sublime *Kossuth*, himself, shall be
 Thy Land's eternal Victory.

CONSTANCE BRANDE ;

OR, THE ARTIST LOVER.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

CHAPTER II.—THE PRIMA DONNA.

It was a holiday in Vienna, and every where throughout that magnificent capital, the streets and suburbs were thronged with gaily dressed men and women, hastening to or returning from the palace of the emperor, for the birth-day of Joseph II. had given occasion to the general festivity, and on that day the monarch held open court, and the meanest of his subjects were privileged to look upon his person, and to bend the knee before him in token of love and fealty. An expression of satisfied loyalty was visible on the countenances of the multitudes as they crowded along the Prater, on their way to the several places of entertainment with which Vienna abounds—the peasantry to the public gardens, and the middle and higher classes to the saals or dancing saloons, where the exquisite bands of Strauss and Lanner beguiled the time until evening should summon them to a still higher entertainment in the Karnthnerthor or opera house. On that evening, in compliment to the justly beloved sovereign, the new opera of the great Von Weber, the far-famed Freischutz was to be brought out for the first time in Vienna, and a new Prima Donna, with whose name all Vienna had been for some days ringing, was to make her appearance before the public. Only a few favored connoisseurs had as yet listened to her voice, but expectation was at its height, for the new soprano was said to be as good as she was gifted and beautiful, and had been for years a pupil of the Abbe Vogler, a learned and accomplished musician, once the instructor of Von Weber himself, and a universal favorite with his fellow-citizens.

Among the various groups who were seeking either their own homes or the public gardens, was one consisting of three individuals, a young girl, and a middle-aged man and woman, clad in the dress of substantial citizens, yet evidently belonging rather to

the inferior class of artizans, than to that of burghers or tradesmen, who affected great exclusiveness in their social intercourse, and eagerly sought occasions of access to the circles of wealth and fashion immediately above them.

"Well, Annette," said the man, turning to his younger companion—"what think you of our gracious emperor and his royal palace? Saw ye ever the like of that, in the old castles of the Tyrol?"

"It was indeed a goodly show, and the emperor, whom may God preserve! is indeed a right noble and royal prince, but to my thinking, there are sights in our old home, for it is yours as well as mine, brother, that are finer than all the palaces in Vienna, and men and women too as well worth looking at, though they are not dressed out in velvets and gold laces and embroidery, like the gay birds yonder."

"And what are all these fine sights, my wise sister, for I do not remember having seen them, though as you say, I was born under the shadow of the Stierbau?"

"Now shame on you, Martin, for asking such a question. Because you have become a citizen of Vienna, must you forget to carry a Tyrolean heart under your doublet, and a Tyrolean tongue between your teeth? Do you not remember the dark mountains that stand above our green valleys, like the angel we saw in the picture the other day, guarding with his drawn sword the garden of Eden—or the clear lakes like crystals set in emeralds, on which we used to sail, or those glorious sunsets, with heaven itself shining through, and lighting up the clouds, the like of which I shall never see again?"

"Bravo, little one, you talk as well as father Jerome himself. But all this has nothing to do with the matter in hand. What are hills and lakes and clouds, to emperors and lords and palaces? They are no more alike than the leather apron I wear in my workshop, and the stone I polish there for the coronet of a duchess.—One would never think of comparing them."

"Well, then, what say you of our grand annual festival, when we used to go with our flock and herds to the Alpine pastures in the spring and autumn? Have you forgotten the milker or senner marching at the head of the procession with staff in hand, and his dress decked with gay ribbons, followed by the mayerkuh or

champion cow, covered with immense garlands of flowers, and wearing round her neck a large bell, who leads in her turn the other cows adorned with smaller bunches of flowers, ribbons and embroidered straps with little bells, more showy than even the gold and silver trappings we have seen to-day? Next came the *galteter*, with the young heifers and calves, then the *gaisser* or goat-keeper, with the goats, next the *schafer* or shepherd, with flocks of sheep, and last of all the *saudirne* or swine herd, with droves of swine closing the sight—and now tell me, brother, can one see any thing in this grand city more beautiful to the eye, than that long train, with banners flying, and the music of drum and fife, as it wound up the long height, now lost and now revealed amid the thick foliage? But I am chattering here, forgetting myself, that I have to dress my young lady for the evening, and she alone so long.”

Thus saying, the young girl left her companions, and hurriedly pursued her way through the most retired streets, until she reached a small neat dwelling in the Leopoldstadt, surrounded by a garden, and presenting an air of comfort and neatness, quite unusual in the houses of the lower orders in Vienna. She opened the outer door, and crossing one or two small apartments, tapped at the door of an inner room, whose sole occupant she found so deeply engaged in a book which lay before her, as to be at first unconscious of the entrance of her attendant. Her luxuriant hair fell like a veil about her person, almost concealing its exquisite proportions, and her face was partly covered by the fair hand on which she leaned in an abstraction of spirit, which nothing but the spell of poesy could have produced. At the sound of approaching footsteps, she raised her head, and seeing the young girl, exclaimed—

“Is it you, Annette? Then it must be later than I had imagined. Ah, my good Annette, how does the thought of this dreaded evening appal and unnerve me!”

“Do not say so, dear lady—could you but hear how they talk of you in the streets, how every one is prepared to welcome and love you, all your fears would vanish.”

“Ah, there it is, my girl—if it were not for this phantom which they call success, and which must depend on the breath of a fickle and ignorant crowd, I could give utterance to my soul in song, as

freely and as joyfully as yonder caged vocalist, whose warblings are prompted only by the spirit of harmony within. But I perforce must sing for my bread—and I must win applause too, or singing is worse than in vain. With so many eyes upon me, how shall I be able to forget that singing is my vocation, and listen only to the voice of that inner nature which sought and found its first impression only thus? Would that we were once more in our own dear valley, with the blue sky above us, and the green earth beneath our feet,—away from this weary city; it would then be sweet to carol with the birds, as untamed and careless as they. But now”

“Think not of it, dear lady—you are only sad to-day for the want of air and exercise. One effort to shake off these fancies, and you will be your own noble self once more. Night is approaching, and you have little time in which to prepare for the Karnthnerthor. To-morrow you will smile at these imaginings—believe me, lady, have I not always told you truth?”

“You are right, Annette—it is indeed unworthy the name I bear, after so many years of preparation, thus to blench when the hour of trial approaches. You shall see me all myself, Annette—not only here, but in the presence of the Emperor and the assembled thousands to-night!”

As she spoke, the lady arose from her seat, and throwing back the clustering ringlets from her brow, looked round on her faithful attendant, with a glance in which all the pride and courage of her race seemed concentrated, while the smile that wreathed her full rich lips, spoke a confidence in her own powers, not the offspring of overweening vanity, but of that enthusiasm which is the attendant and fosterer of genius. Under the skilful hands of Annette, her preparations for the evening were soon completed, and if, as she surveyed herself in the little mirror which hung in the apartment, the face and form of surpassing loveliness there reflected, caused one throb of delight to swell her bosom, it was a transient feeling, that soon gave place to other and nobler sentiments.

It was a magnificent spectacle which met the eye in the immense opera house of Vienna, on the evening of the Emperor's birthday. Six rows of boxes round the whole building, were filled with the beauty and fashion of the city, while the spacious pit was crowded with citizens of the middle class in their holiday garments, every

face lighted up with intense expectation. In the royal box were the members of the imperial family, surrounded by a brilliant cortege of officers and the highest nobility, whose diamonds, flashing in the light of innumerable chandeliers, made the scene one of dazzling splendor. As the last plumed officer of the imperial guard swept into his place behind the royal box, and while the last note of the grand overture was yet lingering on the ear, the curtain slowly rose, and the fair debutante made her appearance before the waiting audience. A light form, clad in garments of white, so cloud-like and ethereal, that they seemed to float about her person, and wearing no ornament save a wreath of starry jasmine interwoven amid her rich brown ringlets, came timidly, but gracefully forward, nearly to the footlights, and as the burst of applause which greeted her entrance died away, cast her eyes hesitatingly, almost appealingly round the immense assembly, and commenced her part. The first notes of that rich voice, rivalling the nightingale's in depth and sweetness, thrilled to the heart of every listener, and the evident embarrassment of the singer, so young and so lovely, added to the interest inspired by the performance, so that the enthusiasm of the audience could with difficulty be restrained till the close of the opening scene. Then it burst forth in a perfect tumult of rapturous and prolonged plaudits, echoing and re-echoing through the lofty dome, till the huge edifice seemed shaken by the torrent of sound. Bouquets, mimic crowns, and jewels were showered upon the stage, and a flattering message from the Emperor was borne to the prima donna by one of his attendants. The success of the debutante was complete. When she appeared in the second act, the light that flashed in her dark eye, the glow upon her cheek so pale before, and the full firm notes that gushed from her lips, spoke the forgetfulness of self, essential to the highest triumphs of her art. The remainder of the opera was for her, one continued ovation. She was followed to the dressing-room by all the musical dilettanti to whom custom had given the *entree* of that privileged spot, and compliments, congratulations, and predictions of fame and fortune lavishly poured out at her feet by some of the first names in Vienna. But in the midst of this intoxicating incense, usually so sweet to its object, Constance Brande turned from it with a heart-sickness, felt in its intensity only in moments such as these.

"It was not of this," she exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, as with clasped hands and streaming tears, she paced the floor of her humble apartment—"it was not of this I dreamed during these long years of ceaseless toil and privation. I thought not of the frightful crowds who were there to-night to hiss or applaud, as caprice might dictate—but of one voice, one look, one smile which should more than repay me for all I have endured. Fool that I was, thus to revel in dreams, when the realities of life were before me, and no earthly arm beside me, on which to lean for comfort or protection. Even the faithful Hofer has forsaken me at last, for long weeks have passed since one word from him has gladdened my solitude. Oh, Carl—Carl—why must I endure the pangs of memory, when all beside seem to have forgotten the past?"

Little did Constance know, when she thus for a moment suspected Albert Hofer of having forsaken her, how untiringly that humble friend had wrought and suffered on her behalf, since leaving the Tyrol on the death of the aged baroness. He hastened at once to Vienna, sought out his former friend and fellow-student, the Abbe Vogler, whose life he had once been the instrument of preserving, and relating to him the story of the youthful orphan, besought him with all the eloquence of deep feeling, to receive her as a private pupil, until her musical education should be completed. The Abbe had not forgotten his early obligation to Hofer, and though a phlegmatic and somewhat avaricious man, was interested in the youthful vocalist of the Tyrol, and at length after some hesitation agreed to receive her on such moderate terms, that the good tutor felt assured of his ability to meet them, by obtaining some situation as usher in or near the city. Before leaving Steinau, he had talked over his plans with Annette Volchen, whose native good sense, quick wit, and strong attachment to her young mistress rendered her a judicious assistant in carrying them out, and from her he learned with pleasure that she had a brother in Vienna, a skilful lapidary, with a flourishing business, and who would doubtless for a small compensation, receive her young lady and herself as lodgers into his own house. All was speedily arranged by the old man, to his entire satisfaction, and he had the exquisite delight of witnessing the joy and gratitude of Constance at this unlooked for fulfilment of her day-dreams, and of conducting her to Vienna, where she was placed under the care of the

Abbe Vogler, and with her devoted Annette received into the house of Martin Volchen. Utterly ignorant of the world and its ways, Constance knew nothing of the difficulties surmounted by her tutor, or of the expenses attendant on a musical education under a teacher like the Abbe. She believed, on the assertion of Albert and Annette, that she was received as a pupil by Vogler, on the ground of a former obligation to Hofer, and that the services of her foster sister were an ample compensation for their residence in the family of Martin Volchen. Thus dismissing all worldly cares, she resigned herself wholly to a thorough study of her favorite pursuit, leading a life so secluded that excepting a weekly visit from Hofer, she saw no one but her teacher and the family of her worthy host. Often indeed, at church and in her daily walks, she sought eagerly amid the thousands around her, for one well remembered face, for her heart had whispered on leaving Steinau, that in Vienna, which to her seemed the world, she might meet once more the German student. But weeks and months passed away, and still he came not, until hope itself died within her, and she looked back on their brief acquaintance as a dream which was never to return. At the end of three years of patient and unremitting toil, Constance was introduced by her teacher to the manager of the royal opera in Vienna, and by him engaged on advantageous terms as prima donna for the season. It was an experiment, and might prove a failure. But for once, the cold Abbe was enthusiastic in his praises of the gifted pupil, whose docility no less than her wonderful proficiency had won his heart—and when the manager listened to her voice, he felt that such talent must command success. To make assurance doubly sure, she was brought forward, in a private concert at the palace, and the warm commendations of the Emperor, rendered certain the applause of all his loyal subjects. The result has been already seen. Never before had an unknown singer achieved so proud a triumph—never had the musical *furore* reached such a height, even in Vienna.

It was to Constance Brande the proudest moment of her life, when she was enabled to discharge her long debt of gratitude to the excellent Hofer, by removing him from his irksome situation as usher, with the assurance that henceforth his services were indispensable to her, since in her public position, she must have

some respectable friend and protector ever near her. In the fullness of his love and content at her success, the old man would have gone cheerfully to the stake, had her interests required it—how then could he refuse a request so sweetly and tenderly urged? Thus in making the friends of her youth happy, Constance found a source of enjoyment still pure and fresh, amid the trials and vexations which to one of her sensitive and refined nature, attended the profession she had chosen. Many moments there were, when on returning from the scene of her most brilliant triumphs, she sighed in weariness of soul for the pure and simple pleasures of her childhood—and but for the luxury of benevolence, which her position enabled her to enjoy, gladly would she have exchanged it for the humblest cottage of the Tyrol, brightened by the smile of friendship and love.

The opera season was drawing toward a close, when the music-loving Viennese were roused to enthusiastic excitement by the intelligence that the celebrated Von Weber was himself coming to Vienna, to superintend the bringing out of his new opera. The heart of Constance beat more quickly at the news, for she passionately loved the music of Von Weber, and the Abbe had dwelt so fondly in her presence, on the admirable qualities of heart and mind possessed by his former pupil, that unconsciously to herself, he had become her ideal of manly excellence. She had heard with delight of his triumphs at Dresden, Berlin, Leipsic, and Munich, and now her joy in the thought of meeting him, was only tempered by the remembrance of the ordeal through which she must pass, in giving voice to the inspirations of genius such as his, in the presence of the great composer.

At length, Von Weber arrived in Vienna, and on the same evening *Der Freischutz* was to be performed for the last time during the season. Wishing, for special reasons, to preserve a strict incognito, he went privately and in disguise to the *Karntnerthor*, and listened to the performance with an intensity of emotion which could find expression only in tears. His own conception of the part of Constance, had never before been so fully, so faultlessly realized, and while he listened to her magic tones, it was difficult to believe that those notes, so thrilling, so unearthly in their melody, were indeed his own. The soul of the artist was in his eyes, as he gazed on the youthful vocalist, who came forward at

the repeated call of the audience, with a modest grace which won every beholder, to receive the applause showered upon her from all parts of the house; and the feeling of impatience was hardly to be restrained, with which he looked forward to the introduction of the following morning, previous to the rehearsal of the new opera.

Nor was it with her usual dignified calmness of demeanor, that Constance Brande awaited in the little sitting room she had occupied so long, the call of ceremony which common usage led her to expect. In vain she reasoned with herself, and tried to school her heart to its ordinary repose. She was about to meet for the first time with one of those masters of song whose works had for years been to her a source of the purest delight, and spite of her will, imagination would busy itself in endeavoring to picture the probable appearance of the stranger. While she was thus occupied, a step was heard advancing, and the door was thrown open by the smiling Annette, who ushered in—not the dreaded Von Weber, but Carl, the German student, in the well remembered garb he had worn at Steinau. Joy, eagerness, hope, and affection were all visible in his face, as he sprang forward and clasping the hand of Constance, pronounced but one word—her name, in a tone so full of tenderness, that without a syllable of explanation, the past was understood, and her heart felt his truth, before his lips had declared it.

"Constance," he said at length, as he caught her look of bewildered surprise—"will you not speak to me? Let but one little word assure me that I am not quite forgotten—that you are not utterly indifferent to my return."

"Ah, Carl," she exclaimed, and as she spoke, her overwrought feelings found vent in tears—"I am not the happy, careless girl you knew in our dear Tyrolean valley. Life has prest heavily on me since then, and all this long, long time I have never once heard from you—ought I not then to have forgotten the past?"

"Nay, listen to me, dear Constance, before you thus judge. It is now three years since I went back to that blessed spot, on the wings of joyous expectation, only to find the castle deserted, and the family gone, no one could tell me whither. For many months I sought you sorrowing, but never until I heard of you a short time since, as the admired prima donna of Vienna, have I obtained the slightest clue to your place of abode. Need I say how eagerly

I embraced the first opportunity of hastening to the spot where my heart had already flown?"

The moments sped on unheeded in this sweet intercourse of souls, when suddenly Constance exclaimed—

"It is past the hour that the Herr Von Weber was to be here—what will he think, should he find me in this tearful mood?"

"Constance," replied her companion with a smile—"I have a confession to make in the name of Carl, and a suit to offer in that of Von Weber, on the success of which my future happiness depends. Von Weber is himself before you—he and the student Carl are one. Prompted by a momentary whim, I assumed only my baptismal name in traveling through the Tyrol, and after my acquaintance with you began, I retained the disguise thus adopted for a special purpose. At that time, I had name and fortune both to win. As an unknown musician, I could not aspire to what I most coveted, the possession of your heart and hand, for how could I ask you to share my poverty and obscurity? But hope whispered of a brighter future—of fame and fortune which I might honorably lay at your feet. Therefore it was that I left Steinau without uttering one word of that with which my heart was full—therefore I resolved to run the fearful risk of losing you forever, rather than by word or look to seek from you an avowal which might afterward prove to you a source of embarrassment. Now my hopes are fulfilled—my name is not quite unknown, and fortune has smiled upon me—say then, dearest, best beloved Constance, will you forgive the poor student, and look with kindness on Carl Von Weber?"

Words could not adequately describe the astonishment of Constance at the explanation thus given—but her answer, though it might have been unintelligible to a third person, was quite satisfactory to her lover, who was eloquent in his expressions of gratitude and joy.

"But am I not selfish," he said, suddenly checking himself, as he looked fondly on the lovely being at his side, "in thus seeking to draw you from the brilliant path on which you have so lately entered, to share the quiet and humble home which alone is mine to offer you? Can you relinquish without a pang, the bright prospects opening before you, and exchange the admiration of thousands, so justly your due, for the homage of one faithful heart?"

"Can I do this? Can the bird who pines in his gilded cage, for liberty and the greenwood—when some kind hand opens his prison door, fly away with joyful haste to his own dear nest in the grove? Oh, Carl, you little know my heart, if you can imagine that in giving up this life of splendid captivity, I am making any sacrifice to affection. It is the sacrifice made by the exile who returns once more to his native land—of the prisoner who springs to life and liberty again—of the famishing wretch who is invited to partake of a costly banquet. Had the poor student Carl returned to me with stainless faith and honor, my heart would have exulted in his preference—how much then am I ennobled by the love of Von Weber!"

The rehearsal of the new opera was no longer a source of dread to Constance, now that the eye and voice of love were present to encourage and assist her. Its success was almost beyond precedent, but few among the admiring multitudes who listened nightly to the enchanting strains of the prima donna, knew how much of her inspiration was drawn from the presence of Von Weber, who, calm and silent as the statue of Attention during the performance, was always at her side at the moment of its close, to protect her from the thousand annoyances to which she had hitherto been subjected. At the end of the season, notwithstanding the tempting offers made her by the manager, and the flattering solicitude of the Emperor himself for a renewal of her engagement, she retired from the stage, and soon afterward gave her hand to the artist lover who had won her heart under the disguise of a student, Albert Hofer and the faithful Annette accompanied her to Dresden, and became inmates of her happy home; and never until deprived by death of that idolized husband in the midst of his days and his fame, did Constance Von Weber know one care from which affection the most unbounded could exempt her. The last thought of Von Weber, in dying among strangers, was of her—the last word on his lips was that beloved name which had power to charm away pain and sorrow, and almost to retain his spirit hovering on the verge of the grave, that he might die in her arms, in that home which her love and care had long rendered an earthly paradise.

TO AN EXOTIC.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Magnificent exotic! Why the clime
 Of glowing sunshine and perennial bloom,
 Of fervid airs and changeless summer time—
 Hast thou resigned? Why hither hast thou come,
 To these gray skies, cold blasts and sullen gloom?
 This wintry land befits not such a guest;
 Amid these dreary scenes is not thy home,
 When all is leafless, thou alone art dressed,
 Child of the torrid sun! in summer's gorgeous vest.

Luxuriant wanderer! with tremulous thrills
 Thy velvet leaves are quivering in the blast;
 Thy fragrance full-breathed and exuberant fills
 The insensate wind that rushes rudely past,
 Like Christian charity on scoffers cast;
 The sun gleams coldly through the falling sleet:
 With frozen rain the trees are fettered fast,
 And thou wilt wither in this cold retreat,
 Or yield a sickly bloom amid factitious heat.

Far o'er the waters was thy native land,
 Where Cuba's isle sleeps on the Southern sea;
 Where morn and even with delighted hand
 Hang heaven's arch with gorgeous tapestry;
 Spices and fruits companioned there with thee,
 And birds of glittering plumage revelled near,
 Caressing zephyrs held a dalliance free,
 And wooed thy sweets when with coquettish air,
 Thy tufted head was tossed above the gay parterre.

Upon some hillock's sloping was thy birth,
 Which like an oriental maiden sleeping
 Among rich draperies, lay on the earth
 Embowered in groves. The zephyrs gently sweeping
 Like many voices low-toned council keeping,
 The sun waved ocean to the swelling shore
 In eloquent voluptuousness creeping
 A pleasing torpor to the senses bore,
 Which one would fain enjoy, and never wake from more.

Upon the summit of the slope I see
 A vine-clad mansion, with verandahs crowned
 And morn and night to watch and cherish thee
 Issues a maiden with elastic bound;
 Her lustrous eyes absorb the beauties round

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

As flowers the air; or in the sultry day
 A group reclining on the grassy mound
 Take their siesta 'neath the shaded ray,
 Or with romance and song, the hours they while away.

When evening's starry scroll upon the sky,
 Like some old blazoned manuscript unrolled,
 Then to the lucid moon and night wind's sigh
 Thou gav'st thy sweetest fragrance, from the bold
 And garish day withholden. So 'tis told
 Chaldean sages did from Babel's height
 Their solemn mysteries to the stars unfold.
 With them their musings took sublimest flight
 For meditation deep e'er loves the sable night.

Here will I sit, Exotic! and inhale
 The viewless incense of thy fragrant flower,
 Upon thy foliage reading many a tale
 Of love and hate and frantic passion's power,
 Inspired, matured, accomplished in an hour;
 Or with bright memories thy lone beauty blending
 With Psyche, wandering where tempests lower,
 With heaven-born Genius to the earth descending—
 And dream glad summer back, while thus before thee bending.

 INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL,

AND SKETCHES OF A SOJOURN IN SOUTHERN LANDS.

BY MRS. M. A. HOWLAND.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Is this the "Father of Rivers?" This mighty turbid stream? The rolling Acheron, or the dark, deep Styx, methinks were not more dreary or their shores more hideous. How the giant skeletons of trees, once monarchs of the forests, are thrown upon the shore, their huge, bare arms, bleached by the elements, enlaced and withered in a thousand Gorgon forms. Beyond this snag-hedged margin, the long grass alone marks the low and marshy shore. It waves not, except above the crocodile's path, for no other sign of life is there. Like the gloomy region of the dead—so still, so breathless is all around. The dismal torrent rolls on noiselessly its resistless waves, against which sail may not make headway. But in

these latter days of discovery we laugh at impossibilities. Our majestic ship, which has outrode so many ocean storms, is now led by a little frail steamer, every stroke of whose engine sends a tremor, not only through her timbers, but makes our noble bark to tremble. Another ship, a British ship from Liverpool by Halifax, is our companion, attached to the other side of the steamer, and in tow she has a brig from Havana, laden with tropical fruits. How temptingly the luscious oranges glow upon her decks, and melons and other fruits, quite new to us, are there. The British ship has had a tedious voyage, full ninety days from Liverpool, and our gentlemen, who have been across to pay her a visit, say that her tars have sad yarns to tell of storms and hardships and hunger. Her blackened sails, her altogether wretched aspect tell their story of fierce contest with the winds and waves, and form a striking contrast to the trim and tidy appearance of our own gallant ship.

A cluster of strange looking tenements appears upon our right, in the very midst of those far reaching savannahs, on either side of a dark bayou, whose yawning mouth presents the same cheerless aspect as the mightier Mississippi. A very mockery of Venice on its broad canal, is this same Balise, with its unwhitened, ruinous-looking houses, supported on poles above the reach of inundations. The low spreading roofs, projecting on all sides beyond the dwelling, and covering wide, open passages, recall the fancies we have formed of the huts of the savage islanders of the Pacific. At length, trees begin to be scattered along the reedy shore, at first stinted and forlorn, with long moss pendant from every bough; but soon a broad expanse of forest clothes the shore; a very cornucopia of vegetation, the hanging moss and misletoe crowding aloft to the very topmost branches, while beneath is an impenetrable thicket of tangled vines and shrubs, and the broad-leaved palmetto spreads its fans along the shore. The forest and the cane-brake is the only alternating scenery for the first day's journey, and until nearly night-fall of the second day, when the first clear spot appears, and lo, a human habitation! a low, log tenement, shaded by lofty trees, on which the long moss has woven its sable drapery and droops pendant like a mourning veil. There is a strange feeling of loneliness resting upon the very atmosphere, a chilliness, as though the damps of death were brooding in the miasma of the shore, and a shadow from the wing of death's angel seems to have fallen upon

the surrounding forest. Thoughts of a lonely grave, and of a life almost lonelier than death itself in these sequestered shades, intrude to complete the desolation of the scene.

The twilight shades are illumined by the burning cane-brakes. We glide so near the shore that the forked flames seem to dart and leap aloft in mockery of our towering masts and spars, while dense clouds of smoke whirl across our sky. Ahead, behind, on our right hand and our left the wild flames are dancing, streaming upward; a very whirlwind of conflagration encircles us. On the broad majestic bosom of this "father of rivers" we move on, unscathed, and in safety. Above, the red, bewildered heavens, and below the turbid stream, its waves tinged with the broad, red glare.

The early morning prospect is of plantations, the low, uncolored houses, all embowered in blooming roses and orange groves, studied with their bright and golden fruit. For the first time we look on slaves at work. Are we dreaming? or do we indeed see the original of the picture in our School Geography, which so excited our childish sympathies? It is the same long row of dark men, half clad, with wide brimmed hats:—in the same indolent attitude they ply the hoe around the springing sugar cane, while behind them, whip in hand, stalks the task-master. The rough log houses of the planters, have given place as we ascend the stream, to more substantial structures of brick; large princely erections, with balconies and verandahs. Tasteful grounds surround them, exuberant of a rich variety of flowers. Graceful and elegantly dressed ladies appear upon the terraces, watching our progress, or sauntering through the luxuriant shrubbery. Fort Jackson, the most truly picturesque spot yet reached upon the river, is in sight, and how we lament just now the speed which prevents our taking a sketch from this most desirable spot. From this point commences an almost uninterrupted succession of rich plantations, with their noble mansions and gay flowering shrubs. The battlefield of New-Orleans is next pointed out, with the identical tree beneath which fell and was buried Gen. Packenham.

But lo—the Crescent City! The primitive forests of this new world are no longer seen, but instead, a forest of shipping, while about the masts a drapery of smoke from the numerous steamboats has replaced the shadowy moss of the woods. Our bark at length is safely moored, and we bid farewell to our ocean home, and find

ourselves soon in the splendid saloon of the steamer Concordia. And now our terror of terrors is to be encountered, a voyage in a high-pressure steamboat amid the fearful snags of the Mississippi. There is an incessant puffing of steam, like the barking of some frightful monster, and every thing about us yields, trembling, to the mighty, invisible power; even the very heart seems shaken and disturbed in its pulsations. We attempt to rest, but the violent jarring is yet more sensibly felt while in a reclining posture, and insures a sleepless night.

One thing strikes us strangely; the freedom of intercourse among the passengers. They are all as sociable as if mutual introductions had taken place, and they were met in the parlor of some old friend; and each seems vying with others in making the time pass agreeably. When we recover from the surprise this occasions and find our yankee reserve and caution wearing off a little, we enjoy this exceedingly.

The river is no longer a desolate Styx or Acheron, for passing steamboats enliven its waters, and its shores are lined with plantations, or skirted with villages, while here and there a high bluff, one of the characteristics of western scenery, protrudes its seamed and jagged front, and rises far above the stream. There are no rocks visible, but the red clay bluffs strongly resemble the sandstone quarries of our northern soil. On the tops of such a bluff is spread out the beautiful city of Natchez, while at the foot is the business part of the place which presents an unprepossessing aspect from the river. Grand Gulf, a miserable collection of dilapidated buildings, is next passed, near a dangerous and unfathomable eddy at the mouth of the Big Black River. Vicksburg, our place of destination, is situated in the midst of broken bluffs, and appears as if just disarranged and upturned by an earthquake. The red clay shines redder in the light of the setting sun, while elegant mansions, brick store-houses and wretched hovels are mingling together in heterogeneous confusion.

To-morrow we take the cars and receive our first impressions of the interior of Mississippi.

SIGH OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MISS C. BURTON.

I sigh for my home in the far-away sea,
Where the blue billows frolic in beautiful glee—
Where the sun-rays descend, like swift arrows of gold,
Through the Ocean's vast deepness of fathoms untold !

I sigh for my home—where the sea-rushes wave
Their delicate stalks in my own native cave,—
Where the green mossy rocks and the silvery sand
Mosaic the "Sea-Temples" lofty and grand !

Oh ! marvelous things that ye never may know,
Are hidden those murmuring billows below ;
There are banners of blue that Sea-fairies unfurl,
And Halls of the Sea-Monarch pillared with pearl ;

There are vast coral forests of crimson and white,
And millions of jewels as bright as the light—
There are broad ocean-meadows where tall grasses wave
And deep bubbling founts where the water-sprites lave.

There are hideous caves where the voice of the deep
Is muttering thunder in unquiet sleep ;
There are stalactite grottoes, and sheltering bowers
Where are tiniest mosses and clustering flowers.

There are huge rocky mountains, and crystalline peaks
That blaze in the emerald glory that breaks
From the chariot wheels of the King of the skies,
As through the far ether in splendor he flies !

What have ye of beauty so spirituelle
As the delicate form of the crimson-lipped shell ?
Or the sails of white Nautilus wooing the breeze
That speed the frail pearl-boat, and ripple the seas ?

My convolute kin, of most beauteous mould,
Arrayed in the brightest of purple and gold,
That dwell in rock-crevices strong and secure,
And lave in the wavelets so sparkling and pure—

Oh ! would I might leave this unmusical shore,
And list to the murmur of Ocean once more !
And rejoice with ye all 'neath the deep rushing wave.
That floats the broad ferns in our sea-girdled cave !

Oh ! when the soft moonlight came shining down,
 And the stars gleamed as bright as our Water-King's crown,
 And gold Dolphin reflected the quivering sheen,
 And snowy-plumed Cygnus sailed forth as a Queen.

And myriad hosts in the depths of the sea
 Rejoiced in their element native and free,
 A gentle wave-melody broke from each shell,
 And a deep heaving anthem arose with the swell !

I sigh for my home in the far away sea,
 Where the blue billows frolic in beautiful glee—
 Where the sun-rays descend, like swift arrows of gold,
 Through the Ocean's vast deepness of fathoms untold !

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### POPE PIUS IX. AND ITALY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SECCHI DE CASALI.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

THE encyclical letter of Pope Pius Ninth, ought to be read by every Italian, this being the best document, which could be obtained, to teach them the actual state of our country, and the danger in which the Church at Gaeta finds itself ; the Pope himself is obliged to confess that the ancient machinery of the papacy is threatened with immediate ruin, by the progress of the age, and by the enemies and scandals of the clergy themselves ! The last hour of the papacy has struck, God has at length listened to the prayers of an oppressed people, of a nation which has been for so many years the victim of tyranny, spoiled and made to serve, at the caprice of him who has arrogated to himself the title of the representative of God on earth. Certain that the people will no more give credence to his treacherous words, Pius Ninth directs attention to the strengthening of his tottering power, and counsels the bishops and confessors, to use every means by which its existence may be prolonged ; that is to say, he counsels the revival of the ancient Gregorian policy, by availing themselves of religion as a mantle for their secret intrigues—creating anew a system of politico-religious espionage, and by means of the confessional, insinuating into the minds of their dupes, corrupt ideas, which can bring forth nothing but evil to their authors themselves.



The calumnies thrown out against those Roman matrons, who by their philanthropy and wonderful courage, have acquired a world-wide fame, as worthy rather of him who has pronounced them, than an insult to those excellent women who have borne a part so important in the defence of the Roman Republic. When a Pontiff dares make use of terms so infamous and vulgar, it must necessarily be believed that his own soul is far from pure. He loses sight of the humble and charitable language of the gospel, and of Him who amid the agonies of the cross, prayed for and pardoned His enemies. Pius Ninth hurls his anathemas against Protestantism as the true origin of republican sentiments, he denounces the Bible Society, and if he could destroy and annihilate the pages of that divine book, or conceal it forever from the eyes of all mankind, he would need to have recourse to no other means of re-establishing his power. We, who respect all religious beliefs—we, whose mission is not to meddle with theological theses, or to maintain that black is white, and white is black, we would give to every one the liberty to follow in matters of religion his own opinions; but the fact is undeniable, that the free circulation of the Bible in an intelligible language, is the best means of promoting the religious instruction of the people, and the best means by which we ourselves, may know and see what is truth, without the aid of a false priest, who comes to interpret it according to his own self-interest and caprice. That Protestantism is more in accordance with the spirit of republicanism, than the Roman Catholic faith, the courts of every day serve more clearly to manifest; and it is only necessary to cast an impartial glance over Protestant countries to convince ourselves of the fact. Here in this Protestant land of America, the greatest political and religious liberty is enjoyed, men of different opinions find perfect toleration, no system of faith imposed upon any one, but all are at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, without fear of the inquisition, censure or tortures. The Jesuits better than any others know this, since they have already laid here the foundation of their perverse order, paving thus a mortal poison into the heart of a pure and holy democracy. If Catholicism had been the universal or predominant religion of this happy land, America to-day would have no liberty of which to boast, or it would already have fallen into a state of decay, instead of going forward in its present path of gigantic progress.

# SUNSET-HYMN.

From the Oratorio of "The Waldenses."

Words & Music by A. Abbot.

**Tenor.**

**Alto.**

**1.** The setting rays are

**2.** The ro - sy day is

**3.** Cool night comes o'er the

**Fin.**

**Cres.**

glancing O'er hill and wood-y vale, And sparkling lights are

**Cres.**

fad - ed; The sun hath bowed his head, And west-ern skies are

**Cres.**

mountains, The winds breathe soft and low, And voice of warbling

**Cres.**

## SUNSET-HYMN.

*Dim.*  
 dancing Around the glaciers pale. Soft skies above are sleeping In  
*Dim.*  
 shaded All in a cloud-y red; The golden rays de - clining Have  
*Dim.*  
 fountains Chimes sweetly in their flow. The star of eve is smiling Fair  
*Dim.*

*Cres.*  
 purple splendor clear, And flashing streams are leaping From snow-white rocks a -  
*Cres.*  
 left the mountain's brow; And day's last beam is shining Pale o'er th'eternal  
*Cres.*  
 o'er the pine woods dim, And swains their toil beguiling Tune far their evening  
*Cres.*

*Dim.*  
 far, And flash - ing streams are leaping From snow-white rocks a - far.  
*Dim.*  
 snow, And day's last beam is shin-ing Pale o'er th'e - ter-nal snow.  
*Dim.*  
 hymn, And swains their toil be - guil-ing Tune far their evening hymn.  
*Dim.*

# THE



VIEW FROM CITY PARK.  
(Hudson River.)

W. H. Bartlett.

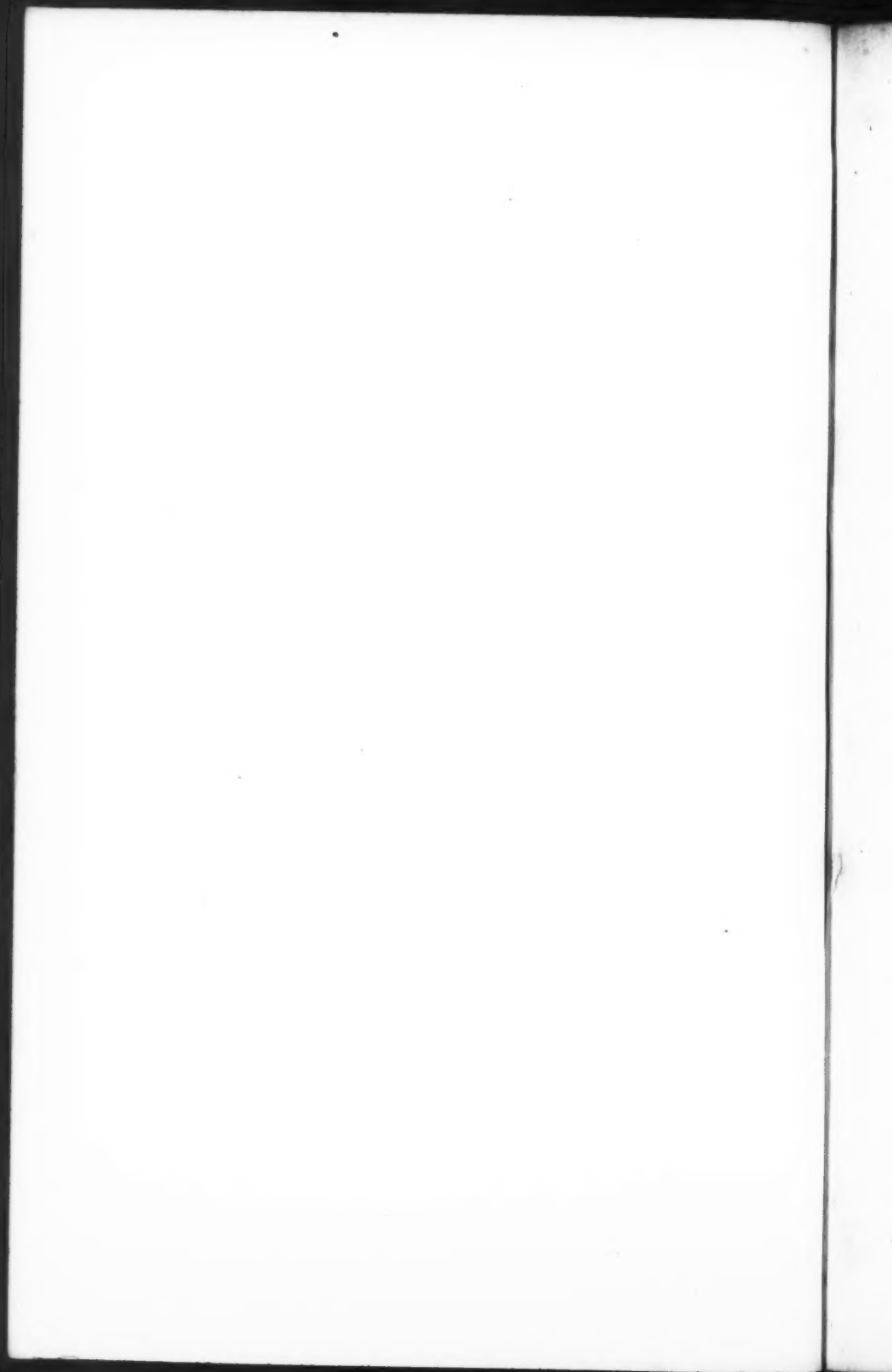
71 E 77 F. S. O. M. ELI D. LE PARK,  
(Hudson River)







The School Girl.



## "BY FAST FLOWING KIDRON."

Composed by J. S. Britten.

Arranged for the Piano by A. Abbot.

By fast - flow-ing Ki-dron the wil - lows droop sad-ly, Their

The first system of the musical score is in G major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

long hang-ing branch-es are dipped in the wave; And the

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system, with the piano part providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal line.

bird that once war - bled his car - ols so glad - ly Has

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. It maintains the G major key and 4/4 time signature, with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continuing from the previous systems.

BY FAST FLOWING KIDRON.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of three systems. The first system includes a vocal line starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the lyrics "hushed his sweet song near the Is - raelite's grave." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final chord in the piano and a whole note in the voice.

Ye daughters of Salem, sing softly in sorrow,  
Sing softly, as by the loved places we go;  
Lest the echoes ye waken your chorus should borrow,  
And join in your desolate accents of wo.

By fast-flowing Kidron the seraph no longer  
Is watching the bones of the wandering race;  
For the arm of the foe and the Gentile is stronger,  
And the God of our fathers has hidden his face.

Ye daughters of Salem, sing softly in sorrow,  
Sing softly, as by the loved places ye go;  
Lest the echoes ye waken your chorus should borrow,

**Ending of 2d & 4th Verse.**

This block contains a short musical phrase for the ending of the second and fourth verses. It is written in the same key and time signature as the main piece. The melody consists of a few notes, and the piano accompaniment provides a simple harmonic support.

And join in your des - o - late ac - cents of wo.

## "NEVER GIVE UP."

BY REV. CARLOS SMITH.

"NEVER close thine eye upon golden hope. Never sink down into discouragement. Discouragement never did any good. A faint heart never brought a man to the sweetness of success.—Despondency is a state to which God never intended the mind of man should come, in a world like this, where all manner of success is proposed to the resolute and persevering, who are not to be frightened with the stern aspect of difficulties which God of set purpose has placed between human beings and all valuable enjoyment, for the purpose of drawing out their faculties. The arm is not strong without exercise. The heart is not strong without exercise. No man has energy, but as the overcoming of difficulties has given it to him. In any laudable enterprize, no man fails of success who is worthy of success. Therefore, *never give up.*" Let this suffice for a paraphrase of my motto.

Most men go through the world without being fairly aware of what they could accomplish, would they but vigorously and perseveringly use their faculties. On every hand of them are lurking blessings, a little out of sight, inviting them—"come seek me;" a little removed and difficult of reach, that men may have the benefit of struggling for them, and enjoy them the more when obtained. But most men are all unconscious of it; plodding along through life in a sort of maze; wondering themselves, and giving others cause to wonder why they were made. And when occasionally one of them opens his dull eye and gets it upon some one of the many excellent ends set before humanity, and begins to make a few struggles toward it, he is but too ready to faint before the intervening difficulties, and because he cannot saunter up to his end, conclude it was never meant for him, and give up, and become as before, listless and worthless. Why, my friend, you have within you powers, capable of compassing any end truly desirable. Accurately define your end, and the means appropriate for coming to it; then seriously propose it; if you live, you shall come to it. "The kingdom of heaven," saith scripture, "suffereth

violence, and the violent take it by force." The kingdom of nature must suffer the same violence. She yields ~~not~~ her blessings but upon very energetic persuasion. They are not like ripe cherries, ready to fall into the mouth if one but open it. They are had only with firm and energetic painstaking.

Reader, what is that end you would compass? Is it truly desirable and good? I say to you deliberately, doubtless you may attain it. No matter how far off, and how difficult it seems now; no matter though the fluttering heart decides it is too great a blessedness for you to know; you may know it. It is within your reach. Dismiss fear. Shake off sloth. Walk forward firmly.—You shall come to your end. Do you think any great and excellent man ever became so all at once? Or did he come to his eminence after long and laborious climbing? Perhaps in the breast of my youthful reader there burns desire for knowledge; a little of the Promethean fire. You pant for intellectual eminence. It is a noble ambition; infinitely more praiseworthy than the raging thirst for gold. Now, how have you been in the habit of regarding that intellectual eminence about which you so often think, and toward which, distant as it is, you send up sometimes an ardent desire, and possibly a light-winged hope? As probably unattainable? You are poor? Have too much to do? No friends to sympathize with such desires? No books? So that that eminence is to fall but a bright vision of fancy, never to be realized? I tell you, you are mistaken. There are for you energies within, and resources without, sufficient to carry you to that eminence, so you have faith to believe in their existence, and firmness of spirit to use them, and courage enough to look difficulties in the face, and soul enough *never to give up*. Your end is attainable, if you are truly disposed to go to it. The great danger is, that your heart will fail, because you cannot be taken and transported to it, as though upon wings of angels.

In my native town I have often seen the remains of the humble dwelling where was passed the childhood and youth of President Webber of Yale, of mathematical fame. That desire for knowledge that sometimes warms your heart, burnt in his. You talk of difficulties; what were his? Are you poor? I dare say he was poorer. Are your friends indifferent to your aspirations? Not more so than he found his. Is daily toil imposed upon you? So

was it upon him. All without seemed to lower upon him, and rebuke his aspirations as presumptuous. But he had within a soul that said, "Never give up." Difficulties only stimulated him.—Amid his unsympathizing relatives, during winter evenings, before a pine knot light, did he study such books as he could get; and when he followed the plough his book was with him; and wherever he was and whatever he did, his mind's eye was upon this one end: "I must know something." He would not be put down. He felt he had within, a soul too noble to spend all its energies in daily toil for daily bread; there was a brighter, nobler path for him, if he had but the spirit to pursue it; and pursue it he would; and pursue it he did; and the world is familiar with the result. You may do the same, will you but take for your motto, "Never give up."

I well knew the respectable physician who, a few years since, as Chemical Professor in a medical institution, lost his life in the making of an experiment. His was a childhood of great poverty and hardship. Judging from outward appearances, he was the last boy in the parish to be heard of by and by, as a physician and medical professor. But he had a spirit within, that said, "*I will be something.*" He was not to be kept down by the overbearance of wealth, nor the embarrassments of his own poverty. He took for his motto, "where there is a will, there is a way."—The will he had; the way he made. So may you. A bright and honorable career of usefulness, and of noble fame, lies before the youth who has the soul to enter upon it.

"But," says one, "is there no difference in natural endowments? Are there not men of natural talents such that they cannot be hid? so elastic and honor-seeking, that they cannot be kept down?"—Well, my young friend, upon this matter of natural talent, I will state to you one fact. In the class of about one hundred in which I went through a college course, there were some *geniuses*; bright fellows, of whom it was said that they could get their lessons by intuition; while the rest of us must drudge for it. That class furnished some men who at this day, are eminent in the various walks of life. We have been most creditably represented in the Senate of the United States, in State Legislatures, and in all the professions. But our representatives have not been the *geniuses*. All of them, so far as I know, were simply diligent students.—Resolution and industry will do the work for any one.



A celebrated race came off once, between the hare and the tortoise. I presume I need not give an account of it; for its issue was so unexpected, and so remarkable, that it has been very much talked of, and written about, from that day to this. I only refer to it, because resolution and industry brought about the issue. Mr. Tortoise won the race, because his motto was, *Never give up*.

In any honorable career, our way is all marked with the footprints of those who have attained to great eminence, carrying loads of embarrassment far heavier than ours. In a barn in Scotland once, slept for the night Robert Bruce, rightful king; but now, deserted of all and helpless. The dawn of morning revealed to his eye the labors of a spider weaving its web. With patience did the insect persevere in unsuccessful efforts to carry its thread to a neighboring beam. The work was accomplished at last; and with a wonderful result; for it seemed to say to the beholder, *Never give up*. He acted upon it; and it brought him to sit upon the throne of his fathers. I do not learn that King Alfred ever despaired of coming to his right. Even in the hut of the herdsman, in the capacity of a menial, his noble soul did not yield to despondency. His great end seemed distant indeed; and the way to it very rugged. But he expected to come to it; and come to it he did.

"I bide my time," is the motto upon the arms of a noble family in Scotland. The bearing of the motto was indeed, with the rugged old chieftain that first adopted it, toward revenge. But it is worthy of being taken as his motto, by every one between whom and his excellent purpose formidable difficulties thrust themselves up. "To be sure," says he, "I cannot walk up to my end to-day; and it may be the same next week; or next year; but I shall come to it some day. *I bide my time*." "Through much tribulation," says one inspired apostle, "do we enter into the kingdom of heaven." Through many a dark season of discouragement, and over many a dark mountain of difficulty, do men generally enter the kingdom of worldly success. Most popular sayings embrace a great deal of practical wisdom. "Fortune favors the brave," seems but a heathenish proverb. But there is deep and instructive meaning in it. The goods of fortune, ordinarily so called, are not for those that dream about them, and long for them, but for those who boldly and strenuously labor for them; and they alone are

worthy. Fortune *should* favor the brave. In plain terms, God's blessings should be only for the energetic and industrious. What a change would be wrought over the face of all society ; what a change would be wrought in his own personal condition, would every man take for his motto, in the pursuit of every thing excellent, *Never give up !*

"Never give up ! There are chances and changes,  
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;  
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges  
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;  
And of all maxims, the best as the oldest,  
Is the true watch-word, *Never give up.*

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## TO A DEAD OAK LEAF.

FOUND IN "FRIENDSHIP'S BOWER"—MARCH 12h.

BY MISS C. BURTON.

SERE emblem of Decay !  
What messenger of Æolus the brave  
Has borne thee from thy kindred's distant grave  
So far away ?

What rude relentless power  
Ungemmed the gorgeous garland-coronal  
Of the proud Forest King, and spread a pall  
O'er leaf and flower ?

Thou in the joyous morn  
Of June's bright day, first trembled in the light  
Of ardent Sol, as in thy new-born sight  
His car rolled on !

How thrilled within these veins  
The healthful current of the parent tree,  
To list the fitful bird-voiced melody  
In gushing strains !

How quivered with delight  
Thy fragile stem, beneath the Zephyr's kiss  
That came to woo thee with its whispered bliss  
By star-lit night !

## TQ A DEAD OAK LEAF.

How through the summer's day,  
 With sister leaflets clothed in sparkling green,  
 Thou, the proud, lofty-arching boughs between  
 Wert wont to play!

And, hid in thy embrace,  
 The tender clustering acorns swelled and grew,  
 And clinging mosses spread their fibres too  
 With gentle grace.

And when the welcome even  
 Dew-diademed thee with its brilliant spray,  
 Thy gems reflected many a starry ray  
 From far-off Heaven!

And when the hour drew nigh,  
 The witching "noon of night," from acorn cup,  
 And sleeping flower-bell, quickly springing up,  
 The fays would fly,

And hasten to the sward,  
 The fern-bound, moonlit sward beneath thy shade,  
 To dance and frolic 'till the gray parade  
 Of morn appeared!

But one chill mournful night,  
 Thy graceful robe of green was torn away,  
 And thou in gorgeous colors of decay  
 Wert rendered bright!

In splendid garniture  
 Thou clung unto the parent stem, 'till all  
 Thy crimson kindred fell—the last to fall  
 To ruin sure.

Then, with demoniac wail,  
 A passing whirlwind from thy lowly bed  
 Seized thee, and swept thee on, by fury sped  
 On Winter's gale!

I'll cherish thee, sad leaf!  
 For thou a monitor serene and solemn art,  
 And whisperest unto my inmost heart  
 Of love and grief—

Thou ever seem'st to say—  
 "The beauteous grace and glory of thy youth,  
 And all of *earth-born loveliness*, in truth  
 Shall pass away!

*March, 1850.*

## THE SCHOOL GIRL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SEE ENGRAVING.

"WHERE now?" said Frederick Williams to his friend Charles Lawson, on entering his own office and finding the latter carpet-bag in hand, awaiting his arrival.

"Off for a day or two on a little business affair," replied Lawson.

"Business! What have you to do with business?"

"Not ordinary, vulgar business," returned Lawson with a slight toss of the head and an expression of contempt.

"Oh! It's of a peculiar nature?"

"It is—very peculiar; and, moreover, I want the good offices of a friend, to enable me the more certainly to accomplish my purposes."

"Come! sit down and explain yourself," said Williams.

"Hav'nt a moment to spare. The boat goes in half an hour."

"What boat?"

"The New Haven boat. So come, go along with me to the slip, and we'll talk the matter over by the way."

"I'm all attention," said Williams, as the two young men stepped forth upon the pavement.

"Well, you must know," began Lawson, "that I have a first rate love affair on my hands."

"You!"

"Now don't smile; but hear me."

"Go on;—I'm all attention."

"You know old Everett?"

"Thomas Everett, the silk importer?"

"The same."

"I know something about him."

"You know, I presume, that he has a pretty fair looking daughter?"

"And I know," replied Williams, "that when 'pretty fair looking' is said, pretty much all is said in her favor."

"Not by a great deal," was the decided answer of Lawson.

"Pray what is there beyond this that a man can call attractive?"

"Her father's money."

"I didn't think of that."

"Didn't you?"

"No. But it would take the saving influence of a pretty large sum to give her a marriageable merit in my eyes."

"Gold hides a multitude of defects you know, Fred."

"It does; but it has to be heaped up very high to cover a wife's defects if they be as radical as those in Caroline Everett. Why, to speak out the plain, homespun truth, the girl's a fool!"

"She isn't over bright, Fred, I know," replied Lawson, "But, to call her a fool, is to use rather a broad assertion."

"She certainly has'n't good common sense. I would be ashamed of her in company a dozen times a day if she were any thing to me."

"She's young you know, Fred."

"Yes, a young and silly girl."

"Just silly enough for my purpose. But, she will grow older and wiser, you know. Young and silly is a very good fault."

"Where is she now?"

"At a boarding school some thirty miles from New Haven.— Do you know why her father sent her there?"

"No."

"She would meet me on her way to and from school while in the city, and the old gentleman had, I presume, some objections to me as a son-in-law."

"And not without reason," replied Williams.

"I could not have asked him to do a thing more consonant with my wishes," continued Lawson. "Caroline told me where she was going, and I was not long in making a visit to the neighborhood. Great attention is paid to physical development in the school, and the young ladies are required to walk, daily, in the open air amid the beautiful, romantic, and secluded scenery by which the place is surrounded. They walk alone, or in company, as suits their fancies. Caroline chose to walk alone when I was near at hand; and we met in a certain retired glen, where the sweet quiet of nature was broken only by the dreamy murmur of a silver stream, and there we talked of love. It is not in the heart of a woman to withstand a scene like this. I told, in burning

words, my passion, and she hearkened and won." Lawson paused for some moments; but, as Williams made no remark, he continued.—

"It is hopeless to think of gaining her father's consent to a marriage. He is pence-proud, and I, as you know, am penniless."

"I do not think he would be likely to fancy you for a son-in-law," said Williams.

"I have the best of reasons for knowing that he would not.— He has already spoken of me to his daughter in very severe terms."

"As she has informed you?"

"Yes. But, like a sensible girl, she prefers consulting her own taste in matters of the heart."

"A very sensible girl, certainly!"

"Isn't she! Well, as delays are dangerous, I have made up my mind to consummate this business as quickly as possible. You know how hard pressed I am in certain quarters, and how necessary it is that I should get my pecuniary matters in a more stable position. In a word, then, my business, on the present occasion, is to remove Caroline from school, it being my opinion that she has completed her education."

"Has she consented to this?"

"No; but she won't require any great persuasion. I'll manage all that. What I want you to do is, first, to engage me rooms at Howard's, and, second, to meet me at the boat, day after to-morrow with a carriage."

"Where will you have the ceremony performed?"

"In this city. I have already engaged the Rev. Mr. B—— to do that little work for me. He will join us at the hotel immediately on our arrival, and in your presence, as a witness, the knot will be tied."

"All very nicely arranged," said Williams.

"Isn't it! And what is more, the whole thing will go off like clock work. Of course I can depend on you. You will meet us at the boat."

"I will, certainly."

"Then good by." They were by this time at the landing.— The two young men shook hands, and Lawson sprung on board of the boat, while Williams returned thoughtfully to his office.

Charles Lawson was a young man having neither principle nor

character. A connexion with certain families in New-York, added to a good address, polished manners, and an unblushing assurance, had given him access to society at certain points, and of this facility he had taken every advantage. Too idle and dissolute for useful effort in society, he looked with a cold, calculating baseness to marriage as the means whereby he was to gain the position at which he aspired. Possessing no attractive virtues—no personal merits of any kind, his prospects of a connexion, such as he wished to form, through the medium of any honorable advances, were hopeless, and this he perfectly well understood. But, the conviction did not in the least abate the ardor of his purpose. And, in a mean and dastardly spirit, he approached one young school girl after another, until he found in Caroline Everett one weak enough to be flattered by his attentions. The father of Caroline, who was a man of some discrimination and force of mind, understood his daughter's character, and knowing the danger to which she was exposed, kept upon her a very watchful eye. Caroline's meetings with Lawson were not continued long before he became aware of the fact, and he at once removed her to a school at a distance from the city. It would have been wiser had he taken her home altogether. Lawson could have desired no better arrangement, so far as his wishes were concerned.

On the day succeeding that on which Lawson left New-York, Caroline was taking her morning walk with two or three companions, when she noticed a mark on a certain tree, which she knew as a sign that her lover was in the neighborhood and awaiting her in the secluded glen, half a mile distant, where they had already met. Feigning to have forgotten something, she ran back, but, as soon as she was out of sight of her companions, she glided off with rapid steps in the direction where she expected to find Lawson. And she was not disappointed.

"Dear Caroline!" he exclaimed, with affected tenderness, drawing his arm about her and kissing her cheek, as he met her.—"How happy I am to see you again! Oh, it has seemed months since I looked upon your sweet young face."

"And yet, it is only a week since you were here," returned Caroline, looking at him fondly.

"I cannot bear this separation. It makes me wretched," said Lawson.



"And I am miserable," responded Caroline, with a sigh, and her eyes fell to the ground. "Miserable," she repeated.

"I love you, tenderly, devotedly," said Lawson, as he tightly clasped the hand he had taken : "and it is my most ardent wish to make you happy. Oh ! why should a parent's mistaken will interpose between us and our dearest wishes ?"

Caroline leaned toward the young man, but did not reply.

"Is there any hope of his being induced to give his consent to—to—our—union ?"

"None, I fear," came from the lips of Caroline in a faint whisper.

"Is he so strongly prejudiced against me ?"

"Yes."

"Then, what are we to do ?"

Caroline sighed.

"To meet, hopelessly, is only to make us the more wretched," said Lawson. "Better part, and forever, than suffer a martyrdom of affection like this."

Still closer shrunk the weak and foolish girl to the young man's side. She was like a bird in the magic circle of the charmer.

"Caroline," said Lawson, after another period of silence, and his voice was low, tender and penetrating—"Are you willing, for my sake, to brave your father's anger ?"

"For your sake, Charles !" replied Caroline, with sudden enthusiasm. "Yes—yes. His anger would be light to the loss of your affection."

"Bless your true heart !" exclaimed Lawson. "I knew that I had not trusted it in vain. And now, my dear girl, let me speak freely of the nature of my present visit. With you, I believe, that all hope of your father's consent is vain. But, he is a man of tender feelings, and loves you as the apple of his eye."

"Thus urged the tempter, and Caroline listened eagerly.

"If," he continued, "we precipitate a union—if we put the marriage rite between us and his strong opposition, that opposition will grow weak as a withering leaf. He cannot turn from you. He loves you too well."

Caroline did not answer ; but, it needed no words to tell Lawson that he was not urging his wishes in vain.

"I am here," at length he said, boldly, "for the purpose of taking you to New-York. Will you go with me ?"

"For what end?" she whispered.

"To become my wife."

There was no starting, shrinking nor trembling at this proposal. Caroline was prepared for it; and, in the blindness of a mistaken love, ready to do as the tempter wished. Poor lamb! She was to be led to the slaughter, decked with ribbons and garlands, a victim by her own consent.

Frederick Williams, the friend of Lawson, was a young attorney, who had fallen into rather wild company, and strayed to some distance along the paths of dissipation. But, he had a young and lovely-minded sister, who possessed much influence over him. The very sphere of her purity kept him from debasing himself to any great extent, and ever drew him back from a total abandonment of himself in the hour of temptation. He had been thrown a good deal into the society of Lawson, who had many attractive points for young men about him, and who knew how to adapt himself to the characters of those with whom he associated. In some things he did not like Lawson, who, at times, manifested such an entire want of principle, that he felt shocked. On parting with Lawson at the boat, as we have seen, he walked thoughtfully away. His mind was far from approving what he had heard, and the more he reflected upon it, the less satisfied did he feel. He knew enough of the character of Lawson to be well satisfied that his marriage with Caroline, who was an overgrown, weak-minded school girl, would prove the wreck of her future happiness, and the thought of becoming a party to such a transaction troubled him. On returning to his office, he found his sister waiting for him, and, as his eyes rested upon her innocent young countenance, the idea of her being made the victim of so base a marriage, flashed with a pang amid his thoughts.

"I will have no part nor lot in this matter," he said, mentally. And he was in earnest in this resolution. But not long did his mind rest easy under his assumed passive relation to a contemplated social wrong that one word from him might prevent.—From the thought of betraying Lawson's confidence, his mind shrunk with a certain instinct of honor; while, at the same time, pressed upon him the irresistible conviction that a deeper dishonor would attach to him if he permitted the marriage to take place.

The day passed with him uncomfortably enough. The more

he thought about the matter, the more he felt troubled. In the evening he met his sister again, and the sight of her made him more deeply conscious of the responsibility resting upon him. His oft repeated mental excuse—"It's none of my business," or, "I can't meddle in other men's affairs," did not satisfy certain convictions of right and duty that presented themselves with, to him, a strange distinctness. The thought of his own sister was instantly associated with the scheme of some false-hearted wretch, involving her happiness in the way that the happiness of Caroline Everett was to be involved; and he felt that the man who knew that another was plotting against her and did not apprise him of the fact, was little less than a villain at heart.

On the next day Williams learned that there was a writ out against the person of Charles Lawson on a charge of swindling, he having obtained a sum of money from a broker under circumstances construed by the laws into crime. This fact determined him to go at once to Mr. Everett, who, as it might be supposed, was deeply agitated at the painful intelligence he received. His first thought was to proceed immediately to New-Haven, and there rescue his daughter from the hands of the young man; but on learning the arrangements that had been made, he, after much reflection, concluded that it would be best to remain in New-York, and meet them on their arrival.

In the mean time, the foolish girl, whom Lawson had determined to sacrifice to his base cupidity, was half wild with delighted anticipation. Poor child! Passion-wrought romances, written by men and women who had neither right views of life nor a purpose in literature beyond gain or reputation, had bewildered her half-formed reason, and filled her imagination with unreal pictures.—All her ideas were false or exaggerated. She was a woman, with the mind of an inexperienced child; if to say this does not savor of contradiction. Without dreaming that there might be thorns to pierce her naked feet in the way she was about to enter, she moved forward with a joyful confidence.

On the day she had agreed to return with Lawson, she met him early in the afternoon, and started for New-Haven, where they spent the night. On the following day they left in the steamboat for New-York. All his arrangements for the marriage were fully explained to Caroline by Lawson, and most of the time that

elapsed after leaving New Haven was spent in settling their future action in regard to the family. Caroline was confident that all would be forgiven after the first outburst of anger on the part of her father, and that they would be taken home immediately.—The cloud would quickly melt in tears, and then the sky would be purer and brighter than before.

When the boat touched the wharf, Lawson looked eagerly for the appearance of his friend Williams, and was disappointed, and no little troubled, at not seeing him. After most of the passengers had gone on shore, he called a carriage, and was driven to Howard's, where he ordered a couple of rooms, after first enquiring whether a friend had not already performed this service for him. His next step was to write a note to the Rev. Mr. B——, desiring his immediate attendance, and, also, one to Williams, informing him of his arrival. Anxiously, and with a nervous fear lest some untoward circumstance might prevent the marriage he was about effecting with a silly heiress, did the young man await the response to these notes, and great was his relief, when informed, after the lapse of an hour, that the Reverend gentleman, whose attendance he had desired, was in the house.

A private parlor had been engaged, and in this the ceremony of marriage was to take place. This parlor adjoined a chamber, in which Caroline awaited, with a trembling heart, the issue of events. It was now, for the first time, as she was about taking the final and irretrievable step, that her resolution began to fail her. Her father's anger, the grief of her mother, the unknown state upon which she was about entering, all came pressing upon her thoughts with a sense of realization such as she had not known before.

Doubts as to the propriety of what she was about doing came fast upon her mind. In the nearness of the approaching event, she could look upon it stripped of its halo of romance. During the two days that she had been with Lawson, she had seen him in states of absent thought, when the true quality of his mind wrote itself out upon his face so distinctly that even a dim-sighted one could read; and more than once she had felt an inward shrinking from him that was irrepressible. Weak and foolish as she was, she was yet pure-minded; and though in the beginning she did not, because her heart was overlaid with frivolity, perceive the sphere of his impurity, yet now, as the moment was near at

hand when there was to be a marriage-conjunction, she began to feel this sphere as something that suffocated her spirit. At length, in the agitation of contending thoughts and emotions, the heart of the poor girl failed her, till, in the utter abandonment of feeling, she gave way to a flood of tears and commenced wringing her hands. At this moment, having arranged with the clergyman to begin the ceremony forthwith, Lawson entered her room and, to his surprise, saw her in tears.

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and extending them towards him, "Take me home to my father! Oh, take me home to my father!"

Lawson was confounded at such an unexpected change in Caroline. "You shall go to your father the moment the ceremony is over," he replied, "Come! Mr. B—— is all ready."

"Oh, no, no! Take me now! Take me now!" returned the poor girl in an imploring voice. And she sat before the man who had tempted her from the path of safety, weeping, and quivering like a leaf in the wind.

"Caroline! What has come over you!" said Lawson, in deep perplexity. "This is only a weakness. Come! Nerve your heart like a brave, good girl! Come! It will soon be over."

And he bent down and kissed her wet cheek, while she shrunk from him with an involuntary dread. But, he drew his arm around her waist and almost forced her to rise.

"There now! Dry your tears!" And he placed his handkerchief to her eyes. "It is but a moment of weakness, Caroline,—of natural weakness."

As he said this, he was pressing her forward towards the door of the apartment where the clergyman (such clergymen disgrace their profession) awaited their appearance.

"Charles!" said Caroline, with a suddenly constrained calmness—"do you love me?"

"Better than my own life!" was instantly replied.

"Then take me to my father. I am too young—too weak—too inexperienced for this."

"The moment we are united you shall go home," returned Lawson. "I will not hold you back an instant."

"Let me go now, Charles! Oh, let me go now!"

"Are you mad, girl!" exclaimed the young man, losing his self-

control. And, with a strong arm, he forced her into the next room. —For a brief period, the clergyman hesitated, on seeing the distressed bride. Then he opened the book he held in his hand and began to read the service. As his voice, in tones of solemnity, filled the apartment, Caroline grew calmer. She felt like one driven forward by a destiny against which it was vain to contend. All the responses had been made by Lawson, and now the clergyman addressed her. Passively she was about uttering her assentation, when the door of the room was thrown open, and two men entered.

"Stop!" was instantly cried in a loud, agitated voice, which Caroline knew to be that of her father, and never did that voice come to her ears with a more welcome sound.

Lawson started, and moved from her side. While Caroline yet stood trembling and doubting, the man who had come in with Mr. Everett, approached Lawson, and laying his hand upon him, said—"I arrest you on a charge of swindling!"

With a low cry of distress, Caroline sprung towards her father; but he held his hands out towards her as if to keep her off, saying, at the same time—

"Are you *his* wife?"

"No, thank Heaven!" fell from her lips.

In the next moment she was in her father's arms, and both were weeping.

Narrow indeed was the escape made by Caroline Everett; an escape which she did not fully comprehend until a few months afterwards, when the trial of Lawson took place, during which revelations of villany were made, the recital of which caused her heart to shudder. Yes, narrow had been her escape! Had her father been delayed a few moments longer, she would have become the wife of a man soon after condemned to expiate his crimes against society in the felon's cell!

May a vivid realization of what Caroline Everett escaped, warn other young girls, who bear a similar relation to society, of the danger that lurks in their way. Not once in a hundred instances is a school girl approached with lover-like attentions, except by a man who is void of principle; and not once in a hundred instances do marriages entered upon clandestinely by such persons, prove other than an introduction to years of wretchedness.

## TO MY MOTHER.

BY D. W. BARTLETT—WRITTEN IN EUROPE.

My heart is sad to night, mother!  
And tears are in my eyes—  
For far beyond the western wave  
Thy low-roofed cottage lies.  
And I am here alone, mother,  
Amid a stranger band—  
No sister's sweet-toned voice I hear  
Nor feel a brother's hand.

I miss thy words of love, mother—  
Thy softly breathed "Good night!"  
The pressure of thy slender hand  
Upon my brow—the light  
From eyes of thine, so blue, mother—  
Those eyes so used to tears—  
That brow on which are traced  
The sorrowings of years.

Soft skies are o'er my head, mother,  
And bright eyes gaze at mine  
With brilliance rich and rare—but skies  
And eyes—*they are not thine!*  
And flowers of every hue, mother,  
With soft eyes look at mine,  
But do not know me—then I turn  
Away and for the home flowers pine.

Night comes with gentle sleep, mother,  
And swiftly do I glide  
On the soft bosom of a dream,  
Oh! swiftly to thy side!  
I wake to hear the ocean-surge—  
And tears gush from mine eyes—  
Far, far beyond the restless main  
Thy low-roofed cottage lies.



## SCRIPTURE SCENES AND CHARACTERS—NO. II.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

### MIRIAM.

AMONG the remarkable women of old time, the sister of Moses and Aaron stands forth inferior to none in whatever makes a true woman memorable either in action or in suffering. Herself a prophetess and devoted to a single life, she affords us perhaps the first known instance of the Vestal who concerns herself supremely about sacred things, and she maintains a most favorable comparison with her two brothers in all that is great and ennobling in human virtue. Among the Hebrew women, in the afflictions of Egypt, in the triumph of the Red Sea, and in the perils of the wilderness, she towers resplendent with beauty and grace and queenly dignity, and affords the best model we can conceive for the fictions of a Pythoness, or a Cassandra; even as the daughter of Jephtha has received the echo to her fame in the tale of Iphigenia devoted to death by her father, but snatched away from the altar by divine power and consecrated a priestess to the shrine of Diana.

While man plays the hero or the sage upon the theatre of active life, it is the glory of woman to become mighty through suffering. Endued with a feebler and more delicate frame, her sensibilities are more exquisite; and in this harsh world there is little congeniality for her but in retirement and the cares of domestic life. Pain and grief in nameless forms must nurse her for eternal joys, and death itself fashion her limbs for the life that has no sorrow and no end. Of this few among our race have had ampler experience than our prophetess.

A dark and strange rumor has gone forth from some satanic oracle through the land of Ham that a Hebrew child is about to be born who shall humble the dynasty of the Pharaohs and raise their long oppressed captives to the highest pitch of earthly glory. A cruel edict follows that shall make the Nile run blood for eighty years with the slaughter of their male children, and the scaly

crocodile shall receive worship through ages for his help in tearing the limbs and bodies of Israel's first born that God name holiness to himself alone; for which the whole land of the Mesraim shall one day drink blood to the full.

A low and plaintive wail is heard in a rural dwelling near the Bubastic channel, along whose waters they say the mangled limbs of Osiris floated down to the sea when torn of Typhon; whence no Egyptian will inhabit the accursed shore, and the land of Goshen is assigned to strangers whose life as shepherds renders them "an abomination to the Egyptians." Ah! now with what joy the little dark-eyed Miriam and her twin brother gaze upon the fair countenance and white limbs of the new comer; while with suppressed breath they listen lest every whisper of the air may bring the sound of hostile feet with it, and a score of those tongueless mutes break into the dwelling by night or day to seize and carry away to a watery death the helpless being who has scarcely yet begun to smile upon his mother! "Shall we die too, mother, when they come to kill our little brother, and throw his beautiful limbs into the river for the fish to eat?" Such is the whisper that often passes the lips of the prattlers; and their mother can only reply, "Our fathers' God can protect us, my dear children; but if we must die, we shall all meet in heaven, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all the blessed patriarchs in the paradise of God."—Three long and anxious months have passed away, and it is impossible longer to conceal the dangerous child. Yet there remains one more expedient to save him from death, and to this the anxious mother turns as to a last hope.

With the Egyptians and other Oriental nations the Ark is a sacred thing; since it commemorates the sailing of their first ancestors over the waters of the deluge; their first ancestors honored afterward as Mediator Gods, and placed among the signs of heaven under guise of beasts and birds and fishes. If the lovely child can be once reposed in an ark, he may float safely upon the waters, and perhaps the worshippers of Osiris will respect his sanctuary and save him from a watery grave, when they see him exposed upon the river like their own Deity.

An ark of paper reeds is to be constructed, and the child, exposed in it to the fury of the waters, must be committed to the

same Providence that rescued Noah from the deluge, for the renewing of the earth. Slowly and anxiously by night, the little structure rises of closely woven reeds, each compacted with a sigh, a prayer, and a vow to devote the child to whatever service God may have for him to do. The delicate fingers of Miriam are busy in the task, and her young heart beats with anxious fears for the little nursling, while she lines the sides with snowy cotton, and forms his narrow bed of the softest down, as if it were to be his cradle where he should be laid to sleep with the sweet sound of his mother's own song, instead of the roar of waves and the tossing of pitiless winds upon the deep.

'Tis autumn, and the sun rides with the Scorpion above the heavens. Now is the time for all Egypt to lament the dissolution of the world by water, and the cruel fates that shut up their Gods in the Ark. With hair unbound and their clothes rent, they run to the temples; casting dust upon all heads, and crying, "Alas ! alas !" They scar themselves with knives, and cut off hairs for Osiris, and their blood rolls down upon the ground; they roll themselves in dust, smiting their breasts, and tearing their bloody cheeks with their nails for Osiris, and beat their heads upon the ground, crying, "Alas ! alas ! what God is like Osiris, the father of Gods and men ?" Thus by night arises on all sides a universal clamor of voices celebrating the ineffable orgies of their Gods, and they chant in doleful strains how the queen of heaven weeps by the shore of the Nile, arrayed in robes of mourning, and to the sistunnis clang bewails the mangled limbs of her eternal spouse.

Alas ! another than moon-robed Iris wails now by the shore; and the wife of Amram herself stands dissolved in grief among the reeds of Nile, with her daughter by her side, who with her tears mingles equal tears. There sleeps the babe in robes of silk and fine linen, and in his covered ark of pitchy reeds floats quietly by the edge of the stream. "God of the friendless, whose right arm and thunder thy children not vainly invoke, here be present, and with the hovering of thy cherubs' wings defend and save !" With these words the mother turns away, often looking back upon her lost babe until the shore recedes from her view, and she reaches her home, now alas ! made desolate. The sister stands to guard the precious float and its more precious burden; and with sobs and tears wears away the tedious night.

At length the sun begins to tinge the hill tops with purple and gold, and the wail ceases over all the land of Egypt for the misfortunes of imaginary Gods. The Hebrew maiden stands weeping by the shore. At length she sees coming that way a long train of damsels, bearing mirrors, and fans, and palm branches, and vases of perfume, and silken carpets that they spread upon the ground before the queenly daughter of Pharaoh, as she draws near the shore of the sacred river. Alas ! poor Miriam ! what can she do but retire to a safe distance where she may watch them unobserved, and wait the event ? God fills her heart with sudden hope, and she resolves to see what can be yet done to save the child ; since, instead of rough men, fair women alone approach his hiding place, and these may pity the hapless infant and restore him to his mother.

They come to the shore beneath the arms of ancient willows and plummy reeds, of sycamores and figs and feathery palms.—The keen-eyed devotee to Isis beholds near the sedgy verge of the stream the fragile vessel, and sends one of her nymphs to draw it upon the land. She opens the casket, and the babe weeps within. A sudden emotion of pity causes her tears to flow, and she exclaims, "This is one of the Hebrew children ; but it shall be mine, and I will name him Moses, that he may remember when he comes to the throne how he has been saved from a watery death."

Encouraged by this shew of kindness from the enemies of her race, little Miriam with trembling and hesitating steps approaches, and enquires, "Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse this child for thee ?" The mother herself is called and appointed nurse with gifts, until he shall grow to a fit age for the studies of his caste in the colleges of the priests, that he may become qualified by all manner of sacred learning, no less than by adoption, to sit among the Pharaohs upon the throne of Egypt.

Forty years of mingled hopes and fears are past, and the streams still run with the blood of Israel's slain children. Moses has become "mighty in words and in deeds," equally wise at the council board and valiant in the field. The turbulent Ethiopians are driven back to the sources of the Nile ; nor can the most frightful deserts filled with pits, and drought, and scorpions, and fiery fly-

ing serpents impede for one moment the progress of his arms, until Saba itself, the rival to Thebes in magnificence and wealth, with its defence of three mighty rivers flowing around it, yields up its treasures and its arms, and becomes tributary to the kings of Memphis.

Still the old hatred of the court pursues the heir to the throne ; and since he cannot be destroyed either by the assassin's steel, nor the spears of foreign foes, he must be driven into exile, or put to death upon some state pretext, which we may be sure will not be long wanting, since he openly chooses to cast in his lot with his afflicted brethren, and risk his heirship to the Egyptian throne, rather than enjoy all the splendors of royalty if they must remain enslaved under cruel laws.

The timid and trembling girl has become a woman of ripe age, and her heart breaks with longing for the return of her race from Egypt to the promised land. Endued with the gift of prophecy, she knows the time not distant when this shall be done ; but she must see that brother no more until he returns from Horeb to lead their armies through the sea. A sword pierces through her soul at the thought that another generation must toil and suffer and bleed and die beneath the lash, before the Gods of Nile, with all their worshippers, shall stand judged and punished as a terror to all ages.

At length the fatal day is come. The fugitive has seen God in Sinai, and received commission to work wonders in the land of Ham, and lead forth the sons of Abraham to their promised rest. Miriam is there, when before the princes of Israel he changes his rod to a serpent, and pours the waters of the river upon the land that they may become blood. She too is present when the river Gods fly screaming from their ancient shrines, and the streams roll with blood throughout every part of the land. She sees when the sacred frogs thicken over the land, and roll in floods from every stream to fill the houses both of men and Gods ; or when a strange malady breeds vermin upon the bodies of their foes, and a horrible mixture of insects corrupts the whole land, destructive alike to men and beasts. She too is not far off when a sudden horror and sickness smites alike the Gods and the victims before their altars, as well as the herds and flocks of all Egypt ; or when the sprinkled ashes from the sacrifice of red-haired men to Typhon

scattered sores and boils and scalding blisters over the bodies of all Egypt's sons.

Miriam sits by the lattice, and looks out of her window to behold the gathering tempest when neither Osiris presiding over fire, nor Isis the guardian of water, can defend the fields and the fruits of Egypt from the thunder and lightning and hail of Israel's Jehovah. She notes with what sudden horror and blackness infinite swarms of locusts come borne upon a strong east wind over the sea to devour all green things in the land. She too is not last when three days of darkness come over the realms of Nile, and the solemn rites of the Passover are preparing; or when the first-born fall beneath the avenging arm of the Almighty, and every brutish deity breathes out life by his shrine. Among all the women she stands proudly eminent when they leave the grim walls of Rameses, or stand by the shores of the Red Sea beneath the flashings of the cloudy pillar, when they pass "through the deep as through the wilderness," or stand upon the Arabian shore to behold far off upon the waves the wreck of their ancient foes, and with a shout of millions at once they sing, "Jehovah hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

And now follows the forty years' march of the chosen race through that great and terrible wilderness, where even the Arabians scarcely pitch their tents upon the burning soil. She is present when the multitude cry for thirst at the bitter wells of Marah, and are ready to stone their deliverer again at the palm trees of Elim as formerly by the shore of the Red Sea, when the hosts of Pharaoh were pressing fast behind them in the gorge of Hiroth. She beholds when clouds of quails fly low at evening about the camp, and when the morning brings manna like a fall of snow flakes thick over the ground. She hears the cry of anguish that marks the approach of the wild robbers from Amalek, and with the sistrum's sound leads again the dance of loose-haired women about the altar that they name Jehovah-nissi, and rear it huge, of unhewn stones where the battle raged and the lawless hordes of Agag fell by the sword.


When the thirsty rock pours out water for their fainting hosts in Rephidim, and when all the camp trembles in Sinai, she is there to behold with mortal eyes the terrible glories of Israel's



Jehovah, and afterward is present to bewail the dead who fall slain of the divine wrath about their golden calf, or when the two sons of Aaron fall dead before the bolts of offended justice for the offering of incense with forbidden fire; or when the pestilence sweeps away such myriads who loathe the food of angels in Hazeroth; where she too is smitten with a direful disease, and healed by the prayers of Moses. She hears the murmurings of the crowd at the report of the spies, and bewails their sad exclusion from the promised land who for their fault must perish in the wilderness; or beholds with horror when the earth opens her mouth to swallow up the sedition of Horah.

At length a hundred and twenty years are well nigh past since that wailing babe was laid in his ark of rushes; when his sister, (who never seems to us as one that grows old,) must end her mortal life, and find a grave in the mountains of Sin, as Aaron shall ere long in Hor, and Moses in Pisgah, and not one of them find a place or even a grave in the promised land, because they are figures of that worldly discipline that conducts men only to the sight of heavenly things, while Jesus alone can give his beloved rest beyond the grave.

Thirty days they bewail the prophetess about her new-made grave, and are purified without the camp by the sprinkling of blood and running water, and the ashes of a red bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; that they may thence urge forward their tedious and solemn march towards the borders of Canaan, where they shall behold the sun and moon stand still in the midst of heaven a whole day; leaving Miriam to rest her canonized bones far from the graves of her kindred in an unknown land, until the last trumpet shall call the dead from both land and sea, and they who in all ages have loved the appearing of the Son of God shall be caught up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.





## NIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

'Tis Sabbath eve in Summer's tide. The world  
Is still, and night far on its watches, yet  
I wake. The trees in silent grandeur stand,  
Or if anon a stirring leaf is seen,  
'Tis as some guardian spirit, hovering near,  
Had lightly brushed it with its wing, and left  
It trembling.

Are not spirits round me now?  
On just such nights as this, do they not love  
To come, and whisper their sweet messages  
Of love and peace into the dreamer's ear?  
And more—to those who wake bestow a glimpse  
Of glories that lie far beyond this world  
E'en their own blest domains of bliss, and grant  
Them rich communion with celestial things?

Yes, on such nights as this: for, streaming through  
The openings in night's sable curtain, see  
The light of the Celestial City clear,  
To guide them on their distant way to earth;  
And nearer, Luna pours a flood of light  
To bear them thither, and to make the earth  
Perchance, in beauty, peace and loveliness,  
So like their home.

I cannot, cannot sleep!  
This is the hour when new ideas have birth;  
When every genial, fostering influence  
Attends them as they ripen into thought,  
And, raising them high heavenward, imparts  
To them of the divine. They throng me round:  
And though my weary frame impatient sighs  
For rest, my spirit—better, vital part—  
On swiftest wings of thought would fly, nor heed  
These mortal wants.

I cannot stay her flight;  
Impelled by all the influences of night—  
Of such unseen, yet dear companionship;  
Of scenes like those from which I late returned,  
And such a teacher as before me lies—  
This withering boquet. The tiny bud,  
The opening petal, and the blossom full  
The stalk from which the last bright leaves have fallen—  
How like to those above whose graves they grew—  
In vernal bloom!

## ADDRESS TO THE ITALIAN PRIESTS.

And they were strangers. But  
 Not all unheeding did I tread above  
 Their turf, nor rudely did I pluck these flowers.  
 Full well I knew how fond hopes there lay buried;  
 How tenderest ties had all been severed there—  
 How oft the scalding tear had fallen—how oft  
 The heart's deep fountains stirred, when tears would not  
 Relieve.

There, side by side, lay families,  
 Brought hither one by one—Oh! are their souls  
 Now joined in one unbroken band in Heaven?  
 Eternity alone shall tell—their dust  
 May not reveal the secrets of that home  
 To which the weary pilgrim has been borne  
 Perchance by stranger hands.

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 ADDRESS TO THE ITALIAN PRIESTS.

FROM THE NEW WORK OF MAZZINI, ENTITLED

“THE POPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.”

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MAZZINI, BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

THOSE who have known Mazzini only as a scholar and a statesman, will be interested and delighted to find him in the following pages, pleading the cause of evangelical christianity.—That the Pope has in a great degree lost his power, over the affections and consciences of his subjects, is evident from the tidings that are borne to us upon every breeze. How important then that the gospel in its purity should be promulgated among those oppressed thousands, who in seeking for the bread of life at the hands of their misnamed spiritual guides, have hitherto received only stones and scorpions.

We commend the following address to the earnest attention of every friend of humanity and of the religion of Christ, and trust it may be the means of awakening in the minds of our readers a deeper interest in the regeneration of beautiful but benighted Italy.

“Priests of Italy, my words are weighty! If the welfare of humanity, if your own faith is dear to your hearts, listen to them attentively. We can—this was said by one of yourselves, and let this be to you a proof of the spirit which animates us—we can

conquer without you, but we wish your aid. Are you not our brothers? Was not your first breath drawn in that land of Italy which we seek to regenerate, through the medium of love and faith? Are you not of the number of that people, educated, until now in strifes and mutual distrusts, and whom we wish to see reunited in one harmonious family? In pleading our cause with you, we will not have recourse to the artifices of seduction or terror; we do not meet our adversaries with the weapons of calumny, or counsel you not to read their writings or listen to their words; we only demand of you to listen to us also, or rather to listen to the voice of that humanity, confided by God himself to your care.

Between this humanity and the Pope, we will place the Gospel, and then distinguishing equally between prejudice and blind obsequiousness, we entreat you to look into your own consciences and judge. The invitation we extend to you is sincere. Men subject to error, may easily be mistaken in many points; but we will never deceive you with hypocrisy. With us is the boldness of truth—this the Pope knows, and it is for this cause that he fears us.

Yes, he who is now addressing you in the name of his brethren, can say to you—examine my whole life; you will not find one single act which has betrayed the faith I have taught; examine all I have written for the last twenty years, and say if you find one single sentence, dictated by irreligion, or materialism. The interpreter of a great number of my brethren, hardly had my soul opened to the reception of this grand truth, than immediately I declared it—that a divorce had too long existed between religion and politics, the church and humanity—and this divorce I have declared fatal; that without faith a society based upon fraternity is a dream; that without faith one has neither peace nor true liberty; without faith the corrupt element in which we live, will resist always every important reformation, and we shall have neither country or any other real blessing. I have said beside, that it is absolutely necessary to reunite earth and heaven; to re-establish harmony between the present and the future; between the temporal and the eternal; between man and God the benefactor and father of all men. Now I say still farther, that the hour has struck, that the time has fully come, that materialism is vanquished, and that the necessity of a living principle of reli-

gion is universally felt ; and thanks to you alone, thanks to the obstinacy, which urges you to attempt to sustain a crumbling edifice, and to cherish in the church prejudice and hatred against the inevitable progress of humanity, the consciences of men are unsettled, and religion is banished from all hearts—thanks to you, that in spite of our endeavors, days of discord and deeds of blood are in course of preparation, for which you will be held responsible before men and before God.

In the name of God, and for the love of our country, we ask you—are you christians ? Do you understand the Gospel ? Is the word of Jesus to you a dead letter, or do you worship in spirit and truth ? Between the spirit of the Gospel and the word of the Pope, are you truly, absolutely determined to abide by the latter, without examination, without an appeal to your consciences ? In fine, are you believers, or are you idolators ?

In the first of the evangelists, the evil spirit offers to Jesus the kingdoms of the earth, and their power and glory, to induce the Savior to pay him homage, and thus betray his mission, but the temptation was spurned by Jesus Christ with generous disdain. When you see the body of your hierarchy forming a compact with princes, and cursing for them the people, whose blood they make to flow in waves, to preserve their dominion over a portion of our land of Italy, do you never remember this page of the Gospel ?

In another place, Jesus, that soul of love and meekness, the tenderest and most ardent that ever appeared on this earth, armed himself with a whip, and in a holy burst of indignation, drove from the temple the traffickers who were profaning it. Have you ever thought seriously on this act, O ye priests, my brethren ?—Are there no traders now in the temple ? The Pharisees, those worshippers of the dead letter, have they all disappeared ? Does the word of God now shine in all its life-giving purity, such as it issued from the lips of Jesus ?

Priests of the altar, turn your eyes to the scenes around you ! Why groans the whole earth ? Why this loud cry from an agitated populace, whom no force can compel to obedience, or bind down to silence ? For how many days—how many months have these deep, low murmurs been heard—a manifest and irrefragable indication of new necessities, of new events ? It is now more than seventy years since first they broke the ominous silence, and

every day the sound increases. Can you point out any hidden volcano, any central point, from whence all this agitation comes? It breaks out on all sides, without any fixed centre, among nations the most diverse and the most remote, in the midst of people of various races and customs, in Italy, in France, and in the Slavonic provinces, at Pesth, at Vienna, from the extremity of Sicily even to St. Petersburg.

Not one month goes by, without a movement, without an attempt at insurrection; not a single day passes, but from some part of Europe, a voice announces to you some new peril, some new persecution. How many times have these and similar agitations been repressed? Ten, twenty, fifty times. All the armies, all the forces of old Europe, all the artifices of diplomacy, have been employed to stifle them, and stifled, men have often believed them; but after a little they have made themselves more tremendously felt. By what means has the number of agitators been diminished? It is not possible to enumerate them. In every corner of the earth they have fallen by thousands, upon the scaffold, under the axe of the executioner, upon the field of battle, united by hunger and the anguish of exile. How have they died? Nearly all, with a smile upon their lips—with defiance upon their brow—with the calm serenity which belongs alone to a consciousness of a mission fulfilled, they have died as martyrs die.

And do you dare to call such a rising of the people an insurrection? Are you able to see in it only the work of a few factious individuals? For myself, it is to me an upheaving of humanity caused by the thunder of the finger of God; it is the revelation of an epoch marked out by providence itself, to prepare for which, you ought to prostrate yourselves before the Father of men, and supplicate him to enlighten you in regard to his designs, in regard to those new destinies which he reserves for his children, to teach you the character of that transformation, for which he is preparing the human family.

And what is the cry of the newly awakened people? Our country, liberty, equality, fraternity, confederacy; holy words which prophecy a new order of things, which announce a complete translation of those words of Jesus Christ, "Ye are all one." Some, like Poland and Greece, rise up with the cross upon their standards; others, like Italy, rise in the name of a Pope, who now

fulminates his anathemas against them. That first movement—how free was it from all vengeance; how grand from its forgetfulness of the past; how holy from its love, its enthusiasm, its faith. Those very victims who have themselves suffered upon the scaffold, might, had they so chosen, have condemned their enemies to the same fate.

If one isolated act has occurred to stain this noble cause, it took place afterward, under the impulse of a fierce reaction and a senseless resistance; besides, this act was condemned by all. If any Utopian dream, if any anarchical cry has been heard in the midst of the excited people, it is the cry of desperate men, a hundred times deluded in their just hopes by the inexorable will of a caste or of a king, and all these clouds will instantly vanish, as you well know, when liberty shall triumph.

And what, O Italian priests, is the voice of our common country? "We wish to reunite the twenty-six millions of men who inhabit the land of Italy, into one single family, governed by one law, under the shadow of the same national banner. We wish to walk in the footsteps of our fathers, and to open to our sons a path of honor which shall not end in exile, or on the scaffold, or in an Austrian dungeon. We wish, for the good of humanity, that our intellects should be free, our words free, our actions powerful.—We bow not before falsehood, but truth—we seek authority it is true, but it is an authority founded on law and order, not on the arbitrary caprice of an usurper—we seek guides and directors, but we seek them among the people, indicated only by their intelligence, their virtue, their devotion to the common good—we demand, in brief, the bread of the spirit—education for all—the bread of the body, labor for all—that upon the earth as in heaven, the will of God may be done.

Will you still resist the dictates of humanity, the voice of your country, the will of your God? You are then irrevocably lost.—Religion is eternal, and so is the church of true believers, but the reformation in religion and the church, to effect which we ask your aid, and which in this way might be effected by a solemn and peaceful revolution, will cost the world fearful struggles, and the tears and blood of millions of martyrs. God will descend into your midst, not like the gentle dew upon the thirsty grass, but in the voice of the whirlwind, and girded with terrific thunders, as formerly upon the summit of Sinai."

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Engraved by A. D. B. R.

THE GREEK PATRIOTS.

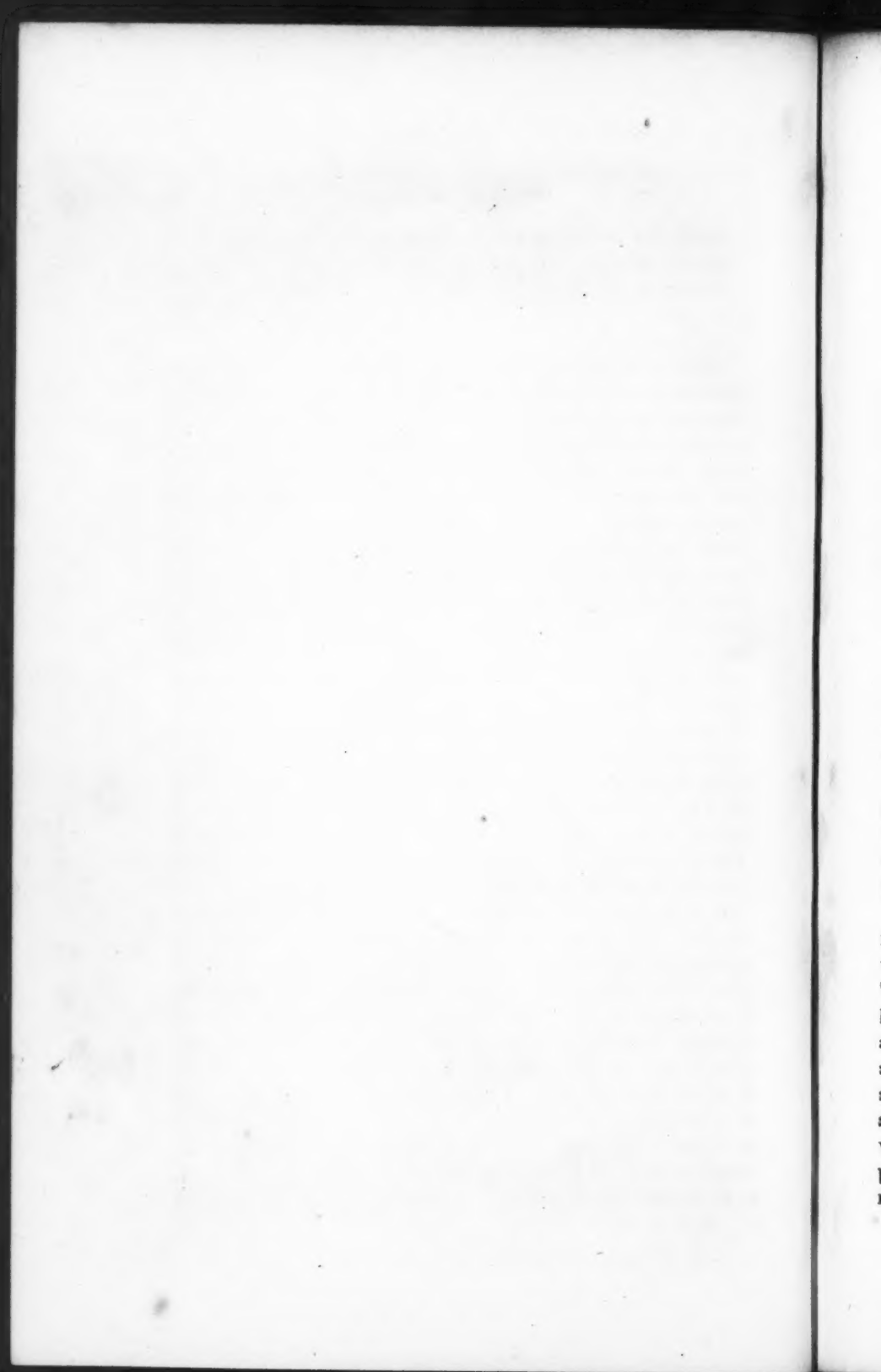
Painted by J. B. B. B. B.

THE GREEN PATRIOTS.





*Passion Flower.*



## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

I KNOW that this is a trite subject to write upon—the Abbey! How many pens have written in its praise, and how many are destined yet to write! But it is a subject that will never grow old, however much written upon—the grand burial place of England's kings and warriors and poets! For royalty, and especially dead and buried royalty, I have little admiration,—and I confess it, though it be singular, for warriors, unless it be those who have fought for liberty and right when no other course was before them, I have also little respect; but for poets, for the poets of our fatherland, for Shakspeare, for Milton, for Chaucer and Spencer, for “Rare Ben Johnson,” and Cowley, and a score of others, I have that admiration which I can give to few beside. And then there are great statesmen side by side in the Abbey—Fox and Sheridan and Pitt and Chatham and Canning! What heart ever stood in the great and solemn aisles of the Abbey, and bent over the grave of the Earl of Chatham, and did not quiver with solemn delight? What American ever stood there without thinking how once he stood up in the House of Lords—only a few rods distant—and poured forth his thrilling eloquence in favor of our native land, without remembering his “*You cannot conquer America!*” spoken prophetically in the ears of the mad dotards there assembled?

As a piece of architecture the Abbey is magnificent and beautiful. It is built in the form of a cross, and its length from east to west is over four hundred feet—from north to south two hundred. The towers which rise gracefully on its west end all reach two hundred and twenty-five feet in height. To look at it from the adjoining park through the leaves of the trees is an exquisite sight, and more than once have I in summer days stood in the shade of some beautiful tree, and gazing at the noble and aged structure, indulged in delicious thoughts of its age, and the kings who built it, and then demolished it, and again rebuilt it in its present form. I have thought too of the names engraved on marble there; the great kings who once commanded armies, and

whose voices made millions tremble; of the millions who fought and bled for liberty, and some of them against the right and good for the sake of honor and the praise of a king; of the mighty statesmen who lived

"In the brave days of old,"

and wrestled valiantly, some for country and home and liberty, and others who, to build up themselves, brought everlasting misery upon the nation—like Pitt the younger, and his brilliance surely we all admire, but who that knows any thing of the awful debt that hangs about the neck of the English nation can admire his statesmanship? And then there were, last but not least, the glorious constellation of poets in "the Poets' Corner!" There was something awful too in the thought that when America was one wild wilderness, this structure was here as it is now; the very bleak day on which the Pilgrim Fathers

"Moor'd their bark  
On the wild New England shore,"

there were people who stood inside the walls of Westminster Abbey and pondered over its wonderful age! For *then* a thousand years had rolled away since Lucius, the first king of Britain, first erected a chapel here, which was the commencement of the present splendid structure. Then as now pilgrims from afar knelt at its altars, and said in their hearts—"How many ages have come and gone since upon this spot for the first time Christian prayers were said. How many generations have lived and died, and yet we behold it with our eyes—it lives yet!"

And since *then* have generations appeared upon the face of the earth and passed away to make room for succeeding ones, which have likewise gone down silently into the grave. It seems as if that structure were unlike any thing else in the world. Time it laughs at, and like mother earth it grows beautiful with age!—Very beautifully does Washington Irving moralize upon the age of the wonderful Abbey.

I started one afternoon with a friend to visit the House of Commons. It was a time of great excitement, for the great Chartist agitation was then at its height. That afternoon Feargus O'Connor was to make his "monster petition" motion, and as it would



call forth a famous discussion, I with a friend armed myself with a member's order, and proceeded down Whitehall from Charing Cross about four o'clock one pleasant afternoon in April. The House was besieged by a crowd of Chartists and curiosity-mongers, and when we presented our order for admittance we were told that the 'Strangers' Gallery' was full to overflowing, and not only that, but a hundred at least with orders in their pockets were waiting to go in, and were before us on the list.

Seeing that it was impossible to hear the evening debate, and as the sun was several hours' high, my friend said—

"Let us go and see the Abbey—this beautiful western sun will throw enchantment over the marbles of the great there—have you ever been inside of it?"

I confessed that I had not, and was waiting for a time when I could see it at my ease, and with a friend who could point out to me things which being a perfect stranger I might pass by unobserved on a first visit. So with a glad and joyous spirit I set out with my friend for the entrance of the grand Abbey, whose walls looked splendidly from the position in which we then were.

We entered by a northern transept, and I think that never in my life was I so overpowered as by the wondrous vision that burst upon my sight. The great and solemn aisles, the lofty arches and ceilings were gilded with the colors of the rainbow, for the sun poured a flood of light into the great windows on the western side of the Abbey, and they were painted in every color and in every form that artistic skill could invent.

"Let us go at once to the Poets' Corner," I said to my friend—for that is the spot where strangers always go first. Kings and warriors—they are forgotten where lies a Shakspeare! And the first monument I gazed at was—SHAKSPEARE'S! How often had I longed for this moment of exquisite enjoyment, for though the ashes of the poet were never disturbed from their quiet slumbers on the side of the gentle Avon, yet in the very spot where I stood once stood the great dramatist—the prince of poets. And Pope stood there when they asked him if he would write an epitaph for the monument, and he answered—"No—I cannot write it. I cannot praise Shakspeare! Take his own lines."

And there before us we read the epitaph which his own fingers wrote—those lines which have many times thrilled the world:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

True, oh! wondrous poet—but until "the great globe itself shall dissolve," thy name shall live and be glorified. Well did Ben Johnson write of him:

"Thou art a monument, without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

Every year a "Shakspeare Festival" is given by the professed friends of the poet at Stratford-on-Avon; every day some pilgrim from afar comes to write his name on the walls of the old house in which he lived with his gentle Ahne Hathaway, and the whole world, *now he is dead*, weeps at the splendor of his genius. There are no precious relics of him for the antiquarian to hoard up for future generations, but there is a way in which the world could better show its love for the genius of the dramatist than by weeping over his monument and eating dinners to his memory. There is a descendant of the family living in utter poverty in Stratford. It is a boy, and he is so like the poet in his physical appearance that William Howitt picked him out from all his school-fellows as the descendant of the dramatist. His nickname was "*Bill Shakspeare*," and, said Mr. Howitt to me one day—"It sounded strange to me to hear the boys calling out—'*Halloo! Bill Shakspeare!*' to a ragged urchin whose face and brow were a wonderful likeness of the poet's, and whom I knew to be a literal descendant of the Shakspeare family."

If the English nobles and literary lions, instead of guzzling wine and eating roast beef once a year in Stratford, would put their hands in their pockets and take out money enough to give "*Bill Shakspeare*" a fine education and fair chance to develop what talent and genius he may inherit, it would show their admiration of Shakspeare. It was a long time before his old house was bought and paid for, but by the severe exertions of Dickens and his compeers the debt has been taken up, and the valuable relic secured to the lovers of poetry.

Not far from Shakspeare's monument there is another, that of Shakspeare's best friend. The epitaph is Shakspeare's—

"O RARE BEN JOHNSON!"

He was Shakspeare's intimate friend, joked with him many a time over a cup of wine, and was without doubt jealous of the fame of the greatest intellect of that age or any other. But when he had dropt tears over his new-made grave at Stratford, then in his mournfulness he sung—

"Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear!  
But stay! I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there:  
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets!"

Now one half of Ben Johnson's fame consists in his association with Shakspeare, and his praise of him when others were asleep to his merits. The two monuments are not far from each other, and it is well that such "hale friends" should not be parted in death!

As the sun went down among the trees in the park west of the Abbey and the steeples and towers of the west end, the light became more chaste and fit for such a scene and place—the Poets' Corner.

Passing on a little, I came in sight of Milton's monument—the grave of the splendid and brilliant Milton, the poet, the chaste and exquisite prose writer, the fearless republican and democrat! Here now in state like a king he lies, and poor Charles II. is neglected, while thousands stop to drop a tear over the blind poet whom his jackals persecuted. Here lies he now, the author of "Paradise Lost," in glory on earth and glorious we may believe in heaven. He could afford to suffer while here for such an inheritance. The "five pounds sterling," paid in three instalments, which he got for his splendid poem was not all—the fame and love of the world to its final annihilation was his also! He died poor—like too many of earth's brightest sons of Genius, and left three daughters for the English nation to cherish—alas! for the fate of poets' daughters in *this* world!

Not far off from Milton's tablet sleeps the first, the earliest poet of England—Geoffrey Chaucer. He died over four hundred years

ago, and yet his ashes lie here. This monument was once a beautiful Gothic one, but Time has made sad inroads into its beauty, and the inscription upon it is fast being effaced. When Elder Brewster set foot on Plymouth Rock, he had been buried here two hundred years ! And close at hand is the grave of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, whom the English nation left to starve, and when he was starved, made him a grave by the side of kings ! A Lord Mayor of London erected his tombstone, and gives his reasons for so doing upon it in the following expressive sentence : "*That he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead.*" How appropriately might these be affixed to a majority of the tombstones of the gifted dead ! But, alas ! many of them have no marble to mark the spot where they lie.

And near to Milton's tomb is the tablet erected in memory of Gray, and on it is this inscription :—

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,  
To Britain let the nations homage pay ;  
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

I looked every where to see a tablet to the memory of Byron—but looked in vain. Then I remembered how Macauley says in his splendid essay on the proud, poor poet, that the tears came to the eyes of the nation as they saw the corpse of the great poet *go past* Westminster Abbey. It is a shame to England that he does not lie here. What if he was not good, must the nation who made him bad by its cruel treatment refuse him an honorable grave ? Byron *should* have his place here and *will* some day.—It made me think of Chatterton's fate. Some worshipper of his genius had erected in beautiful Redcliffe Church in Bristol—that church in which he used to wander when young, and where he forged the Rowley Poems—a slight monument to his memory, but a few years ago the church-going people of Bristol, upon "second sober thought," which told them that he was a suicide, *deliberately tore down the monument* to their everlasting disgrace in the eyes of all just and honorable men.

Below Butler's monument, "Fancy Queene" Spencer sleeps, and the inscription on his tombstone is a beautiful one. It is as follows :—

"Here lies (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Jesus Christ,) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he has left behind him. He was born in London 1553, and died in 1598."

He has been dead two centuries and a half, and yet his genius shines brighter than it did on the day of his death!

There is one epitaph in the Poets' Corner which shocked me as it does almost every body—it is on the tomb of John Gay, and was written by himself. It is as follows:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:  
I thought so once, and now I know it."

I presume no observing man ever entered Westminster Abbey without noticing these lines, and remembering them ever afterwards, so indelibly will a thing which shocks affix itself to our memory.

Not far from this shocking epitaph is the grave of the author of "The Seasons"—James Thomson. And at one side is a name on a pretty marble tablet, over which I bent in sweet solitude—that of Goldsmith.

Joseph Addison has a fine statue, and engraved on it are the words—

"Venerate the memory of Joseph Addison."

Isaac Ballou—the Chaplain of Charles II—the poet, lies close at hand, and there are many who stop before his monument.—And here is the grave of Granville Sharp, whom all good men love and will love as long as the world lasts.

Perhaps one of the finest monuments in the whole collection is that of Handel's. It was the last that Ronbiliac ever executed. An angel is playing on a harp in the clouds above, and the statue is gazing up at the melody as if entranced. Before it lies open the Messiah, at the page which commences the solemn and sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The only additional inscription is this:—

"George Frederick Handel, Esq., born Feb. 23, 1684; died April 14, 1769."

I paused sadly over the remains of the great musician, whose music had many a time entranced me, even before I had seen the ocean which divided his native land from mine.

And not far away I saw—

“To the memory of David Garrick”—

The great tragedian. Sir Isaac Newton has a splendid monument, and on it there is this inscription—

“Mortals have reason to exult in the existence of so noble an ornament to the human race.”

How very true ! when such a man exists *the world* ought to be proud of him. The country which gave him birth need not alone selfishly boast of his greatness, for all nations alike share in it.

And now I come to the little cluster of statesmen of the age passed away. Within a few feet of each other lie six of the greatest men the world has ever seen—the Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Sheridan ! I could stand with one foot on the grave of Pitt and the other on that of Fox, and yet in their lives what wondrous enemies ! How year after year did each devote his mighty talents for the overthrow of the other—how many subtle arts were used, and here they now lie in death *side by side* ! As I stood over the grave of Pitt, I thought I could see him in his manly prime, with his dark eyes flashing a terrible fire, and his black hair contrasting splendidly with the marble of his brow ! How he fought with his brain—how he struggled—how he squandered the people’s money ! Ah ! he was too much in the cabinet like Napoleon in the field. He was too ready to sacrifice the people to his own demoniac ambition. And Charles James Fox, whom he feared, lies close at his side ! And Sheridan too is there—that mighty genius who could hold a nation in tears and laughter at his splendid strokes of oratory ; whose wit was like lightning, and yet never rankled and stung because of his generosity ; the man who, though godlike in frame and spirit, yet debased himself to a level with the brutes, and fell into a drunkard’s grave !

And Canning : the statesman who died of a broken heart. His most intimate friends assert that his death was occasioned by the terrible attacks made on him by those whom he once loved.—Whatever his faults of statesmanship were, he was a splendid man and genius. What a thrilling time was that when Brougham, in the House of Lords, made his renowned attack on Cann-



ing, which called the great statesman to his feet with the hot cry of "*It is false!*" Soon after these terrible attacks he died, and now he sleeps here and "sleeps well."

Over the great Earl of Chatham's grave I bent with pride, for he was once my country's advocate against a pack of oppressors. I thought of that time when he came as it were in his winding-sheet into the House of Lords to expostulate with them on their mad course, and when he was nearly done fell back in the arms of his attendants a dying man.

Among the monuments to warriors there was one statue over which I wept, and he was once the enemy of my native land—it was that of John Andre. George III. erected the monument, and it is a fine one. The inscription tells of his unfortunate death in America, and a scroll which he holds in the left hand contains upon it Andre's letter to Washington, begging to be shot instead of the usual method of hanging.

I have not room at present to say any thing about the graves of the Kings and Queens in the Abbey, nor do I wish to add to what has already been written. We care little here about entombed royalties, but *we do* glory in the poets and the statesmen of our mother land!

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## THE SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

BY LINA MORRIS.

I come! I come! at the call of Spring,  
For I am her Carrier-dove—  
And I speed away on my sunny wing,  
To scatter her notes of love.

I fly, I fly from my Southern bowers!  
For Spring is my mistress fair,  
And she bids me now to the Northern flowers,  
Her message of gladness bear.

She twines my neck with a band of blue—  
Whose hue is the softest sky.  
And while she is penning her billet-doux,  
I warble a melody.

I tell her tales of the glowing hours  
That sped like my arrowy flight;  
I whisper secrets which birds and flowers  
Have breathed in my ear by night.



## THE SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND.

And she weaves a song from my joyous lay,  
And spreading her rosy sheet,  
She plucks from my wing a golden ray,  
And dips it in perfume sweet.

And many a word does she indite  
Of love—and of happiness,  
And many a promise rare and bright,  
Is breathed in her fond address.

She bids me fly to the lonely dell,  
With her Billets upon my wing,  
And there, where the earliest Violets dwell,  
Her choicest of treasures fling.

She bids me visit the dreary hill,  
And wake the Forget-me-not,—  
She bids me sing to the silent rill,  
That sleeps in the icy Grot.

I have a message of hope and love,  
For mountain and lowly vale,  
The sombre Forest and leafless Grove  
Wave gladly, my breath to hail.

I skim the wave, and I lightly lave  
My breast in the sullen sea,  
And the angry billows forget to rave  
When swept by my pinion free.

A happy mission is mine I ween,  
For earth at my voice is stirred,  
And Flora comes forth like a lovely Queen,  
To welcome the Carrier-bird.

All Nature revels in pure delight,  
And greets me with cheerful song,—  
And emerald banners unfurl to my sight,  
As ever I float along.

And oh! a nobler mission is mine—  
I visit the haunts of men,  
And hearts that wearily droop and pine,  
I win to rejoicing again.

I soar and tap at the casement bar,  
Where sickness has hung her cloud,  
Where love has watched for the "Rolling Car,"  
And fear has woven her shroud.

I flutter softly—and murmur low,  
The message of love I bring,  
And pale cheeks bloom with a healthy glow,  
As I fan them with my wing.

O, I come! I come at the call of Spring!  
For I am her Carrier dove,  
And I speed away on my sunny wing,  
To scatter her notes of love.

## THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE period in which we live is likely to be remembered as the age of revolutions. Four thousand years have been allotted to the successive rise of four great tyrannies, and now the last is falling to pieces without the possibility of another to arise upon its ruins unless it be that kingdom foreshown by the prophet, when the Ancient of Days should sit and his saints possess the empire of the earth. It is too customary to speak of each modern revolution as an isolated event ; whereas all have one origin and contribute to one end. The despotisms of the Old World understand this, and with entire consistency curse all revolutionists, as laboring for the dissolution of usurped power. Or if *they* have been less on the alert, there is a power, old, dark, and dreadful, at work to raise up a succession of destroyers from age to age, ready to lay out all its force in annihilating either peaceable republics or worn out despotisms. The republics of Greece fell before Macedonian Philip ; the republics of Carthage and Palestine were subdued by the Romans. The Saracens, the Turks, and the Tartars have lived out their day in pursuit of the glory that the world accords to lawless deeds ; and now the Russian Czar heads the Pope and his Holy Alliance in their efforts at repressing the republican movements of the present age.

Little could Peter the hermit have dreamed of what he was doing against the Papal Supremacy when by his eloquence he inflamed the fanatics of his time to the raising of the Crusades. And as little could the *infallible* chairman of the Roman Conclave decide, when he sent forth those terrible armies to recover the Holy City from the domain of Islam, what spirits he was calling "from the vasty deep," or where the avalanche should rest that he was launching into the heart of Asia. The Crusades gave a spring and impetus to the mind of Europe that time only enhances. Out of the precedent chaos of barbarisms to which the Pope sat as umpire, has grown modern nationality. The enterprise of the

Italians laid open the New World; the ingenuity of the Germans found out how to diffuse knowledge by the press; the Monk of Erfurth shook off the claims of a presumptuous Pontiff; a band of pilgrims crossed the seas to found new states of just men beneath the setting sun; one of their sons, by his steam engines, has shortened the course of rivers and narrowed the bed of the sea, while another, by his electric wires, is preparing to send the lightnings through the bottom of the ocean to bear the messages of men around the globe. The tyranny of Spain raises up a republic in Holland under the silent but dreadful William; as the misrule of Austria has driven the brave Swiss under Tell to conquer the freedom of their everlasting mountains, and the folly of faction in Britain constrains the American States under Washington to cast off the yoke and be free. The imbecile grandson of Louis le Grand must lose his head at the hands of a Parisian mob, and soon the whole European world shall be shaken to its centre by the rising of the people against irresponsible power.

But of all the revolutions that have agitated Europe, there is none that has drawn with it a larger share of sympathy among the purest and noblest of our race than that whereby Greece threw off the shackles of the Moslem, and stood once more before the world in her primitive glory.

Greece! What heart thrills not at the name that calls up the shades of Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, and Æschylus, and Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Miltiades, and Aristides, and a host more, whose memory can never perish? Ages have rolled away, but Greece still lives, and the language of Achilles and Alexander is still spoken by millions. The whole power of Persia was exerted in vain to subdue the sons of those that defeated the whole east on the plains of Troy; the Romans became civilized by their late and difficult subjugation of the last wreck of Alexander's empire; and now the terrible Osmanlis, under their Mahmoud and his ferocious progeny, have been baffled in their attempts at riveting their fetters irrefragably upon the limbs of the Hellenic race.

Still Greece has never triumphed without compromising her independence. She might roll back the tide of oriental invasion at Marathon, or Plataea, but she could not avenge it unless she accepted the supremacy of Philip's son. So now she cannot set

free her limbs from the chains of Turkish misrule without submitting to be bound in the threefold cords of the Holy Alliance. In the former case, her republics sunk before the factions of Macedonia and Rome, and now her grand republic, not of Athens or Thebes, of Argos or Sparta alone, but of all Greece, is fain to dissemble and accept the caricature of a king from Germany at the beck of the great powers that fought the bloody and horrible battle of Navarino, to break the power of the Turks and render Constantinople an easy prey to the Russians, rather than to afford release to the Greeks from the servile condition in which for centuries they have been held under the sway of the sons of Bajazet. For the gigantic power of Russia is urged forward by a mysterious impulse to universal dominion, and a prophecy has long remained treasured up among her people that she is to follow the course of the old barbarians from the banks of her Dwina and Volga, and from the plains of her Siberia and the Chinese wall, to destroy the last vestiges of what was the Roman empire under the Cæsars. Putting herself forward as head at once of all the Slavonic and Tartar races and of the Grecian religious faction that under Photius hurled back the anathemas of Nicholas at Rome, she meditates to put as head of the world that race whose universal anarchy has given the name servant or slave to all such as have been made captives in war, and held to labor for new masters, at the same time that she will punish the impudence of the Roman Pontiff by displacing his supremacy for that of the more ancient and less corrupt hierarchy of the oriental patriarchs. The chief obstacle to the carrying out of her system is found in the Turkish power; and hence with a vigilance that never sleeps, she watches for opportunity to weaken that power. She clutches at Finland and the Polish provinces at the west, at the same time that she is wresting the provinces of the Euxine coast from her old foe in the east, moving the Barbary States, Egypt, Palestine and Greece, by her intrigues to shake off the Sultan's yoke, and sending her armies against the Circassian freebooters in the Caucasus, or southward to the help of Austria against the valiant Magyars; knowing the day not distant when Turkey must perish, and the way of the oriental kings be made open to the Indies and the shores of the Chinese.

So long since as 1770, the empress Catharine incited the Greeks

to revolt, though she left them to the vengeance of their old masters through fifty years, and contented herself with burning the Turkish fleet at Tchesme. They indeed, without arms, rose upon their oppressors with terrible slaughter, took Navarino, and cleared the whole Morea of the Turks, except such as had the good fortune to hold the fortresses of that country. But in 1774, the despicable Russian abandoned the victims of her soulless intrigues, and for a long time the Divan was on the point of utterly exterminating the whole race of the Greeks.

In the mean time the American colonies threw off their allegiance to Britain, and Napoleon mounted the pale horse of the Gallic insurrection to emulate Death himself in affording prey to the ravenous birds. The Russian invasion was quickly followed by the exile to St. Helena, but Turkey was all along at liberty to oppress and murder her captives without a remonstrance from one of the Christian powers. At length it came the turn of suffering Greece to vindicate her own wrongs by the sword; and the power of the Turk was forced to yield up her independence in the face of all Europe.

Indeed it was only in the plains and the islands of her Archipelago that Greece had yielded to the Osmanlis; for still in the mountain districts of Ætolia, Acarnania, and Doris, and the chains of Ceta, Pindus, and Olympus, as well as a small district in Sparta, and another in the island of Candia, the inhabitants had never bowed to foreign masters, but had successfully resisted alike the Venetians and the Turks. These, like the old Scottish M'Gregors, were used to a roving and warlike life, making frequent descents upon the lowlands, and carrying off the cattle and crops with their Turkish owners. Besides these, there were maintained through the whole country, bands of armed police, under Greek leaders, that were often employed by the Sultan against his rebellious Pachas. Thus there were always large bodies of armed men ready to be mustered on any occasion; though a total want of discipline rendered them less formidable when acting in the presence of regular soldiers. But, undisciplined as they might be, they were, in all but cavalry, more than a match for the Turks; for the Janizaries had degenerated and were no longer dreaded so much in the field as in the Seraglio, and neither the fleet nor the army of the Porte was manned by any thing more than a lawless

and ignorant rabble, commanded by imbeciles and court favorites, whom money and not merit had raised to posts of influence where they could afford a laughing stock to all the world. The inhabitants of several Greek islands became famous for their navigation, and grew rich by the trade with the whole Mediterranean ; especially since 1774 ; about which time, by a Russian treaty, they were authorized to sail under the Russian flag ; and the sailors of Hydra, Spezzia, Ipsara, and other places, by their enterprise succeeded in monopolizing the whole carrying trade of the Levant. Thus too was formed the element of a fleet that should one day become formidable in numbers and activity when they had only Turks for competitors.

A few families in Constantinople enjoyed the privilege of giving their children a liberal education ; though the Government usually sought to keep the Greeks in darkness and ignorance. From these were selected the most promising to act as interpreters to the officers of the Court. The chief interpreter to the Divan, or the Fleet, possessed great influence ; was loaded with honors and wealth, and at last could expect to be made Hospodar of Wallachia or Moldavia, with the privilege of leaving a princely title to his sons. These, from residing in that part of Constantinople called the Fanar, are named Fanariotes, and, as might be expected, they are distinguished far more for the spirit of intrigue than for patriotism ; though there are some few splendid exceptions.

A secret society, named the Hetairia, or Brotherhood, one of those terrible associations that have exerted such influence in modern Europe, had much to do in preparing the people for a revolt ; though other circumstances determined the time and manner of the insurrection. The plan of the Hetairia was upon a given day to set fire to every arsenal and ship-yard throughout the Turkish empire at the same time with the palace of the Sultan, and attack every castle in the Morea. But the flame burst out too soon, and the Hetairia failed in their plan.

In 1820, the Sultan outlawed the abominable Ali Pacha, and set in motion the whole power of his empire to crush the powerful rebel. The brave Suliotes had been driven by him out of their native mountains after a thirteen years' war, and were scattered among the Ionian islands. These were offered peculiar inducements to return and avenge themselves upon their old foe ;



but when he had been once securely shut up in his castle by the lake of Yanini, the Turkish general refused them permission to go and retake their native land from Ali's soldiers; since they were used to boast that Suli was never polluted with the foot of a Moslem, nor had ever paid tribute to the Porte, and there was no probability that their spirit had left them. Indignant at this treachery, they resolved on siding with Ali; and in the night the young hero Marco Bozzaris entered his castle and proffered his aid on condition that he should restore them the fortresses he had taken from them. This he could not well decline; and the Suliotes left the Turkish lines for their native hills. Thus commenced the Greek revolution by a movement of some wild mountaineers, who in the event perished, but not until their country had repelled its usurpers and again taken its place among the nations of the earth.

News of the revolt soon reached the Sultan, and he resolved upon driving the revolt to desperation by a step as disgraceful as futile. The young and learned Demetre Morousi, his grand interpreter, was murdered, with ten others of the first families among the Fanariotes. Gregory the Grecian Patriarch, a man venerable for his piety and great age, was seized at the close of Easter service, and hung up by the gate of his own palace, where he was left for two days to the insults of the Moslems, then dragged by the heels to the sea shore and thrown into the sea. A universal massacre of Greeks followed throughout the empire. In Constantinople alone nine Bishops and several hundred priests were hung, and the blood of thousands more flowed like water through all the streets.— Churches were broken open, pillaged and defaced, and the pictures of saints were covered with every kind of filth. But this universal massacre only forced the Greeks every where to rise against their murderers and make common cause against a common foe. The Holy Alliance looked on with complacency while the butchery lasted; but if a rabble of Greeks in spite of their leaders ever rose upon their Turkish prisoners, there were wretches even in this land of liberty who could rail on the Greek nation as a crew of barbarians and cut throats, while the Turks were excused or their atrocities denied; even as now there are not wanting certain anomalies and nondescripts, who will have the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Irish, a more quiet and law-abiding race



than the people of Holland, Switzerland, Scotland, or New England ; or who side with the Russian Autocrat and the butcher Haynau against the patriotic Hungarians and Poles !

The bloody drama being once opened, there was no retracing of steps. What the Grecian fleet wanted in weight they made up by the terror of their fire ships. The quiet inhabitants of Haivali being forced into revolt by the barbarities of their Pacha, were murdered by thousands. The brave Suliotes were reduced to the last extremity, and blood flowed in rivers through their mountain retreats. Scio, beautiful Scio, was given up to pillage and murder and conflagration for seven days, and the horrid wretch who commanded the Turks perished in the ruins of his own ship before the fire of the intrepid Canaris, with twelve hundred of his bloody satellites.

The Pacha of Egypt came to the help of his faithless master, and carried devastation, rapine and murder through Candia. They assailed the rocky islet of Ipsara, pillaged and burnt the dwellings and murdered the inhabitants, leaving the once populous mart a blackened waste without inhabitants, save a solitary monk, who chose to remain after the massacre, and among the shapeless ruins bewail the misfortunes of his country. Our artist has evidently selected this from among the most tragical events of that period as one of the points where he can best display the heroic coolness with which Greeks could face the approach of death in its most appalling forms. The Moslems have landed upon the back side of the island, and the inhabitants run in crowds to the shore to escape in boats upon the water. Friendly ships are hovering near, and in a nook of the shore a group of fugitives have gathered with the few valuables they have been able to bear away from their once happy homes—those homes to which they shall never return.—A bed-ridden old man, exhausted with fatigue, sits listlessly down upon a block of ancient stone ; his staff and rosary lie beside him on the ground. Mothers with their children sit or stand around. Two palms are near, and a shrubby hill rises in the back ground. A boat is advancing towards the shore with the strength of four stout rowers from a ship that lies in the offing. Deep anxiety mingled with stern resolve is evident in all faces. An ecclesiastic holds his crucifix before the eyes of a man in his last agonies ; his wife is near ; and a woman is bandaging the right arm of her

husband, who bears in his left a flag to attract the attention of their friends upon the water. A squadron of Turkish cavalry has set fire to the dwellings upon the heights above them, and with their wild cry of "Allah hoo!" waving their bloody swords, are at full gallop in pursuit of other fugitives. That stalwart and athletic form with the carbine reminds us of that genuine and uncorrupted Greek, the mountain Kleft, who, disdainful of subjection to the Moslem, lived amid the wildest and most rugged scenes in nature, danced the Pyrrhic dance upon the verge of the Olympian precipice, and drank wine from goblets presented by Turkish Pachas upon their knees. \* \* \*


A dark and dismal night settled over Greece. Their country was laid waste, their strong holds were one after another taken; the population, decimated by famine and the sword, were reduced to the last extremity; and the slender loans their Government were able to negotiate were wasted by the frauds of foreign agents. Fleets that were paid for were never built, and only a single miserable steamer under Cochrane, and a single frigate from America, gave visible evidence that any thing had been done by the *friends* of suffering Greece among the greatest and freest nations of the earth. Athens, red with the blood of her brave defenders, despairingly submitted; and Greece bled with intestine factions more than from the sword of her external foes.

Alexander Ipselanti contented himself with issuing pompous proclamations and laboring to insure to himself the supreme direction of affairs, until he lost every thing and fled the country. His brother Demetrius, though a sincere patriot, yet rendered himself ridiculous by aiming at supreme power. The Primates of the Morea, offended at his preference of the military chiefs, preferred ruining his interests to saving their country from the devastations of the Turks. Both officers and soldiers would sell provisions to the besieged at enormous profits; and when a fortress at last fell into their hands, the plunder was appropriated to private use instead of being confiscated to the state. Colocotroni cared nothing for his country, and only sought to aggrandize himself with the spoils of captured fortresses. The Government itself scarcely merited respect from the chiefs, as it refused its confidence to the most patriotic as well as the most mercenary, and granted to its naval and military commanders their rank only during the period of any particular

service for which they were engaged. Neither had it the least consistency with itself, nor could the friends of order restrain the advocates of intestine confusion. Thus at once raged a foreign and a civil war, and it is one of the miracles of our time that Greece continued to survive in spite of both.

But there are a few names even in Greece that do honor to their country and to universal patriotism. Such are Marco Bozzaris, and Germanos, and Mavrómichalis, and Cantacuzene, and Mavrocordato, and Miaulis; names that good men will mention in the same category with those of Washington, Hamilton, Tell, Kosuth and Lafayette, until the world shall end.

The sufferings of the Greeks at length touched the sympathies of foreign nations, and money and provisions were sent them from every part of the world. But this was not deliverance from the armies and fleets of the Sultan and his Egyptian rival.—At length seven years of toil and sorrow and blood have come to an end. Greece will not yield, but must perish unless aid can come from other states, and these have all along refused to recognize her existence as aught else than a rebellious province of the Turkish empire, whose integrity is held to be necessary for preserving the balance of power in Europe. But in an unexpected hour the Russian diplomacy masters the Holy Alliance, and both France and Britain league with the Autocrat to dismember anew the Turkish empire. Their combined fleets at Navarino destroy the Turkish Armada, and Greece has only to fear her friends. She is deemed too turbulent for a republic, aside from the danger of the experiment to the despotisms of northern Europe. A king is set up, who can do neither good nor evil except as he is directed by his Masters the Holy Alliance; and Greece must bide her time until she may be able to assert her own rights, and take her proper stand with those other republics that have shewn themselves worthy of their liberties by first bravely contending for them and then using them with moderation.



## TIME AND THE ACORN.

BY INIGO JONES.

I MUSED by the side of a stream,  
 And gaz'd on its silv'ry flood;  
 My spirit dissolv'd in a dream,  
 And the scene was chang'd as I stood.

Far down through the water appear'd,  
 As mirrors their images show,  
 A form which all ages have fear'd,  
 Though scatt'ring repose with its woe.

Its skeleton frame seem'd to tell  
 Of sympathies gone with its breath;  
 Its forelock and hour-glass reveal,  
 With its scythe, its mission of death.

In silence it held up to view  
 An acorn, just rais'd from the sand,  
 Which far o'er the Prairie it threw,  
 Then wav'd to the glass with its hand.

The sands in the hour-glass told  
 As the scythe work'd fearfully well,  
 That a century pass'd; and behold!  
 Stands an Oak where the Acorn fell!

But its branches wave to and fro,  
 Rock'd and torn by an unseen Power;  
 The King of the Forest bows low,  
 While the sands are telling the hour!

And the head that it toss'd so high,  
 In its pride, is humbled in dust;  
 And the roots now point to the sky  
 That late had been scorn'd in their trust.

"Behold!" cried he with the glass,  
 "The lesson I teach to you all:  
 "The lowliest things, as I pass,  
 "Are rais'd, while the proudest fall.

"A Power, though unseen, controls,  
 "And smites, as the wind doth the tree,  
 "And the Earth, as it onward rolls,  
 "To that Power shall bow the knee."

But the sands still flow in the glass !  
 The Nations come forth and retire ;  
 While a thousand centuries pass,  
 Strew'd with wars and floods and with fire !

The Oak is now gone ! but instead,  
 Where the tree had mouldered away,  
 Stands a mound which its roots had made,  
 And a vale by the hillock lay !

" Lo !" said TIME, for 'twas he stood in sight,  
 " The lesson I teach to your race !  
 " Your actions bring honor or blight ;  
 " The record I never efface !

" The Sun, as it sets in the West,  
 " Leaves its light reflected behind,  
 " And the sins of the guilty breast,  
 " Like spectres, appear to the mind.

" All things leave their track upon Earth ;  
 " The ship marks with bubbles its way ;  
 " The tear, to which sorrow gives birth,  
 " Leaves the salt when it dries away.

" The deeds, that we think are vain,  
 " Are the seeds of evil or good ;  
 " And the mounds and vales that remain  
 " Mark the spot where the tree has stood."

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### MARKS OF CHARACTER.

PUBLIC sentiment and taste are the rule and measure of the excellence which most men strive after. When the general culture is low, then great things are not likely to be conceived or attempted. He however is truly great who loves excellence for its own sake, and can proudly pay his devotion to what the world despises. He who seeks distinction for other ends is but a hireling. His greatness is not in himself, but in the clothing and badges it wears ; and the pleasure it gives him is the profit or use to which he can turn it. It is self that is considered, not what makes self great and worthy.

## THE INVALID'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE RICHOMME.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

It is now nearly two years since, that I was returning to Paris from the village de ———, where I had been spending the day. The evening was magnificent, and I walked on in a reverie, happy like any other Parisian in escaping for a time from the tumult and cares of a great city. I had passed through a small hamlet, and found myself in a delicious path bordered with hawthorns and wild mulberries, when I heard behind a tufted hedge, the sweet voice of a young girl reading. I stopped and listened; she was reading from the Bible, the touching story of Joseph sold by his brethren into Egypt. Curiosity overcame me, and after many efforts of which my hands felt the effects, I succeeded in making an opening through the hedge.

The picture which presented itself to my sight, was a recompense for all my trouble. Upon a stone seat, placed against the window of a thatched cottage, was seated a venerable old man in the costume of a soldier, leaning on his cane with eyes half closed, and listening devoutly to the reading of a young girl apparently about eighteen who was kneeling at his side. The distinguished air and figure of the maiden, her melodious voice, the elegant simplicity of her dress which was that of a villager, the abstraction of the aged invalid, all inspired me with a lively interest.— Every thing bespoke, on the part of the little family, ease of circumstances. The cottage was built with care—and the interior, as seen through the window, presented an aspect of neatness and taste which a Dutch housekeeper might have envied. The little garden was well kept, and near the stone seat was a small wheel. According to the word of the wise man, industry and happiness seemed to have taken up their abode in this cottage.

I know not how long I had remained listening to the charming reader, when the old man interrupted her by saying—"My daughter, it is late, go dress thyself again." Immediately she arose and fondly imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the invalid, disappeared, singing, in the house. I stood for some moments regard-

ing the fine figure of the old soldier who continued seated, thinking undoubtedly of the recital he had just heard, and then pursued my route. At the end of the lane I found a travelling carriage with a magnificent equipage waiting for some one; two attendants in livery walked up and down, while the horses, wearied with their long repose, were impatiently pawing the ground beneath their feet. My thoughts were still too full of the ravishing vision of the fair reader, to dwell upon the singularity of finding a luxurious carriage in such a wild place and at such an hour—and I quickened my pace, for night was approaching. Some minutes after, the noise of wheels caused me to step hastily aside, when turning my head, I saw the same carriage advancing at the utmost speed of the fine animals who drew it, and within a young female of elegant appearance. As I cast my eyes upon her, what was my surprise on beholding in this great lady, the little villager who had been reading the Bible to the aged invalid!

My curiosity was so greatly excited, that I resolved on attempting to gratify it as soon as possible, and the following morning saw me again on my way to the little hamlet. On interrogating several of the peasants, I learned that the cottage belonged to an invalid soldier, a brave man known throughout the country by the name of Father Jerome—the young lady was an infant saved by a miracle during the wars of the empire, and who was known only by the name of Josephine, the invalid's daughter. These vague accounts were far from satisfying me. I had been told that Jerome came several times each week from the city to this cottage, where he spent whole hours with his lovely daughter, but in vain I watched for the arrival of the latter. All my journeys were useless—I saw only the old soldier walking sad and solitary in his little garden.

This singular adventure was nearly forgotten, when some time after, I received an invitation to spend the summer with a friend whose villa was near the little hamlet de——. The mysterious life of Father Jerome, and his adopted daughter returned to my mind, and I resolved to continue my researches. Every day my walks were directed towards the cottage of Jerome, in the hope of seeing once more my charming Bible reader. The old soldier came alone from Paris, once in every three or four days, but he received no visitors. Notwithstanding this, I was so often thrown



in his way, that at length an acquaintance was formed between us, and to my great delight, I was admitted to his cottage. Ah ! to how many recitals of sanguinary battles, to how many anecdotes of the barracks, how many recollections of the empire was I not forced to listen ! Not but that these recitals were given in a manner sufficiently piquant and original, but my thoughts were elsewhere. I dreamed of that beautiful young maiden, half peasant, half lady, who had appeared to me as it were in a dream, and yet I dared not ask any explanations of the old man, who never alluded to her, and whom I feared to wound by an impertinent curiosity.

One day when we were sitting together on the stone bench, the favorite seat of Jerome, I ventured to enquire of him if he never grew weary of living thus alone.

"Oh, no," he answered with a smile full of joy—"She will now soon be back again."

"She !" I exclaimed with well feigned surprise.

"Yes, yes, she—my beloved child—my darling !" and he turned to me with an air of tenderness and pride.

"Now," said I to myself, "all will be explained," and then I confessed to Jerome all my attempts to discover the truth, since the day I had first seen in that same spot her whom he called his daughter.

"Your curiosity has been well punished, has it not ?" he rejoined smilingly. "You have doubtless constructed in your imagination a story, mysterious enough, but too improbable. Undeceive yourself. The affair is very simple, and if you choose to listen to me a few moments——"

It was the thing I desired most in the world ; accordingly we lighted our pipes, and the old man commenced his narrative.

"In May, 1813, I belonged to the army of Germany, and the regiment of artillery in which I served, marched upon Bautzen, where we found the enemy, and I was detached with thirty men on a secret expedition. A band of brigands, most of whom were deserters from the army of the allies, had taken refuge in a thick wood, and harassed our convoys. It was necessary to dislodge them. The affair was a murderous one. The brigands, fortifying themselves in an old chateau, made a gallant resistance, and it was not without great loss that we gained any advantage over

them. It is a sad thing, this war, my son. The chateau was sacked, and some poor cabins built around it were set on fire by our balls. The signal for retreat had been given, when in passing near one of those ruins from which the flames were still curling, I heard the cry of an infant. Instantly I rushed into the hut, and saw there a beautiful little child of six or eight months, lying in a cradle, and half suffocated by the smoke. The inhabitants had fled without thinking of the poor child, or had been slain in the preceding combat. Around its neck was a golden cross tied with a velvet ribbon, but nothing else that might serve to discover the name of its parents. I caught up the little one, (and it was time, for the roof fell in behind us,) and confided it to mother Jean, our camp sutler, who took care of it as if it were her own child. She followed us through all the horrors of the campaign, and I assure you the smoke of the powder did not prevent her from growing every day. At last came that dreadful day of Waterloo—the bullet of one of Blucher's soldiers sent me to the Invalides, and I thought of nothing but of weeping for my Emperor, and of educating in a suitable manner my little Josephine. I had given her this name in memory of our dear and good empress. Mother Jean had laid up some money—I was not without resources—we were married, and Jean came to this spot with her dear child. As for me, the moment I was free, I quitted the Hotel des Invalides, and hastened hither to embrace my Josephine. Oh, what blissful moments were those passed in this cottage! The little one, who grew every day in size and beauty, believed me her father, and I was careful not to undeceive her.—We took care to give her an excellent education; the reputed daughter of Father Jerome was educated like the child of a nobleman. And oh, if you but knew with what tenderness, what thoughtful care, she repaid our solicitude!

“We lived thus happily all three of us, Jean and myself looking on Josephine as our daughter, for all the endeavors of my colonel to discover her real parents had thus far proved fruitless, when one day—ah! I shall long remember it, for then I wept for the first time in my life—I was at the Hotel; the king had come to pay us a visit, when the marshal our commandant, called me to another room. I found him in his cabinet, with a Prussian officer who was walking about in great agitation. ‘Jerome,’ said

the marshal—"is it not you who in 1813, saved the life of an infant in a burning hut, near Bautzen?"

"A mortal shivering ran through my veins; I at once divined that they were about to tear away my Josephine. With difficulty I answered—"Yes, my lord, and the infant has been well cared for. I have educated her as my own."

"At these words the Prussian officer threw himself on my neck, and related to me his history. His domestics were all slain, or took to flight, abandoning the child of their master, who wore upon her neck, he said, a cross of gold on a velvet ribbon. The officer then shewed me all the testimonials of her birth up to the time of her disappearance—there was no doubt that this was the father of the sweet child whom for fifteen years I had been accustomed to call my own. A carriage was in readiness—we departed, the stranger and myself for the hamlet. Ah, my friend, you should have witnessed the scene—the father beside himself with joy at finding a daughter so lovely—Josephine, timidly receiving his caresses and weeping to see me weep, while my poor Jean had sunk to the ground overwhelmed with sorrow! The father, a good and brave officer, could not restrain his tears.

"I am to remain in France," he said, "and shall live in Paris. I do not wish to separate you from my daughter, you who have been her benefactor, her second father. You shall dwell with us, in the same house while you live."

"I prest his hand gratefully, but answered that this was impossible. The poor invalid and his old wife, an ancient follower of the camp, would be quite out of place in the saloons of a great lord. Then it was agreed that I should see Josephine whenever I wished, but drawn away by the pleasures and occupations of her new life, my poor daughter, (for I shall always call her so,) had hardly time to embrace me; she never forgot me, but she was constantly at fetes, at balls, at parties, and Jerome often went eight days without seeing her. Eight days! It was to me an age. Some time after my poor Jean died. Alone in the world, sad, weary of life, my only diversion was to come and seat myself on this bench where I had spent so many happy hours—alas! too quickly flown.

"One day when I was seated here, plunged in bitter reflections, I heard the garden gate open, and raising my head I saw Jose-

phine, who came to throw herself into my arms. Having embraced me, she showed me a bundle which, she bore in her hands, and making me a sign not to follow, she entered the house. I understood nothing of the mystery, when presently I saw my child coming out, such as you saw her for the first time, in her peasant's dress, with my old Bible in her hand.

"'Father,' said she to me, 'you are too unhappy, there must be an end of this. I have entreated my family until they have granted my wishes. Hereafter I will come here three times every week, and we will resume our former habits of life. I will work at your side, I will read to you, and that all may be as formerly. I will wear again that peasant's dress which will recall the happy days of my infancy.'

"From that time, my Josephine has not once failed of keeping her promise. She tells me the days on which she will come, and on my part, I hasten from the Hotel to my dear cottage. Ah, if you could know how happy I now am, my friend! It is now six weeks since she went with her family to the Baths, but in a few days she will return. I am like a child, I count the days. Tell me, is not my Josephine as good as she is beautiful?"

Two days afterwards, important business called me to Italy, where I remained for some months. On my return, I found the cottage closed, and learned from the neighbors, the death of the good Jerome. I have never seen again the lovely daughter of the invalid.

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### BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

How dark soever any dispensation may be to us; how difficult soever it may be to submit to it, or see the wisdom or justice of it, yet should we never forget how little we know, how much self-love may beguile our judgment, how changed things would appear to us, if we could see them as they are, if we could entirely renounce and forget ourselves, if we could magnify as we ought the wisdom of the Disposer of all events, who often connects our choicest blessings with the hardest conditions, yea, often, with events from which we can see nothing but evil coming to us.

## RELIGION IN ITS EFFECTS ON THE INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

"RELIGION increases the *amount* of knowledge in the community. Much of the information which is diffused abroad, is to be attributed to the influence of religion, directly or indirectly. It is itself a principal part or branch of knowledge. An experimental acquaintance with God and his truths, includes the most of that which needs to be known,—the essence, the soul, the consummation of that which is called scientific knowledge. Science has been defined to be "nothing else than the investigation of the divine perfections and operations, as displayed in the economy of the universe." When God and his works are known, so as to move the affections, and control the conduct, we realize the just application, and attain to the true end of all knowledge. But religion also increases the amount of knowledge, by being its greatest incentive—by furnishing the most powerful stimulus to its acquisition. They who have been enlightened from above, are apt to rejoice in every kind of light and knowledge. The fact, that the mind has been awakened to know itself, and the truth as it is in Jesus—that the springs of its activity have been touched, by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, is itself an earnest of other acquisitions, and shows its appetency for truth, wherever truth may be found. With the communication of divine, saving light to the mind, there is also ordinarily connected a relish for various information ; the study of the works of God, is pleasing to the thought ; and converts to righteousness, if they were not before given to these pursuits, thus become converts to reading, to information and to knowledge. Besides, there is an intimate relation between the different branches of knowledge ; so that an acquaintance with one, if such acquaintance be extensive, involves a comprehension of several others. A knowledge of religion, according to its depth and soundness, is the attendant of a proportionally deep and sound mind. Furthermore, the improvement of the intellect is sought, as a matter of duty and conscience, by all who have just views of their religious obligations ; and they who would otherwise bestow little attention on the ways and means of perfecting their intellectual powers, have felt the claims of God, in respect to the general

enlargement of their views, by faithful study and observation.—Hence it is, that the religious world has supplied its full quota of scholars. It has furnished some of the very highest in the gifts of mind ; since the strong incentive afforded by piety has been felt in the very depths of the soul, calling forth its utmost and its unwearied energies. Hence it is, also, that the church of God, in some periods, has included within its pale most of the learning which was possessed in the community. Such an incentive is sufficient—is all, that needs to be applied to awaken the human mind to the highest exertion of its faculties. It is all that was wanted to call into existence the Miltons, the Newtons and the Lockes of a former age, and the Cuviers, Tholucks, and many of the best scholars, of the present. If the love of glory, as the supreme motive, has excited the intellectual efforts of others, and raised them to distinction, it is not because it possesses any advantage over the motive now insisted on, but because a better one, as in the case of Athens and Rome, was not known, or has not been heeded.

Religion imparts to the gifts of mind, a *desirable moderation and soberness*. It has often been the misfortune of mere intellectual eminence, to become giddy and erratic. Nothing is more common, than for men of genius and erudition to be hurried into the wildest excesses through their studies and speculations. They have, at times, indulged the strangest opinions, and the most unaccountable vagaries, as if mental superiority could be subject to no law. A saving knowledge of God, and his truth, has, more than any thing besides, checked the tendency to disorder and wildness in the ardent mind, which science has enlightened and excited but never could renovate. What might it not have effected, had it been wrought into the moral texture of numbers, who are now known only as men of parts and knowledge ! The eccentric genius of Rousseau might have been formed and moulded into beautiful order, had it yielded to the influence of the gospel—that gospel, some features of which excited his liveliest admiration, and drew forth from his pen a most sublime eulogium. But, rejecting that divine system as a whole, it failed to rectify his perverse heart. An infusion of religious knowledge, would have saved Hume from that foul blot of infamy, which will now stain his name so long as his name shall be known, as being the most unfair and sophistical of reasoners, on subjects involving the highest



interests of mankind in both worlds. Had a practical acquaintance with religion been mingled with the stores of erudition, in the mind of Gibbon, the dignified historian would not have been transmuted into the petty and unfounded caviler, or have condescended to retail the nauseous impurities of a licentious imagination. Suppose the eloquent Buffon to have had a taste of the true religion : would that unconscionable vanity have appeared, which led him to seek consolation, in the dying hour, from the consideration that his name would live when 'he himself,' as it has been well expressed, 'was forever blotted out from that creation, which it had been the object of his writings to describe?'—Or, in Byron's mind, had the knowledge of salvation modified the aspirations of genius, should we not have felt, rather the sun that illumines and warms, than the lightning, that scathes us? Religion only can correct those excesses, into which the unrestricted pursuit of knowledge is so apt to seduce its votaries. It makes learning what it should be, not a substitute for common sense, but an aid to the mind, in the legitimate exercise of its powers.

Religion *enhances* the *utility* of general knowledge. It imparts to its highest power of rendering service to the best interests of mankind. The history of letters is replete with instruction on this point. How useless in their lives, and how unhonored in their deaths, have been multitudes of the gifted sons of genius, because, at the same time, they were strangers to vital piety!—What a waste even of mental power has been witnessed from age to age, when it has been separated from its great natural ally, religion! A saving, experimental knowledge of the bible, is, like the sun in the system of nature, the source of light, and heat, and fertility to the mind. It diffuses its healthful influence in every department of mental cultivation. Little, comparatively, is effected for human weal by science alone. The master spirits, who have had so propitious an influence in the world, putting it on the career of improvement, have united with their intellectual pre-eminence, the higher gift of moral principle. This generates the desire for usefulness. It puts the mind upon efforts for the advancement of human happiness, by adopting the professions which have this object in view ; by making discoveries, that promise good to society ; by replenishing the national domains of literature with immortal works ; or by filling the common walks



of life with labors of benevolence and mercy. Religion confers, also, in an eminent degree, the *power* of usefulness on cultivated minds. Their great, indeed their only capacity for doing extensive good, is derived from this source. There is no recommendation for plans designed to promote the benefit of society, like that supplied by religion. The consistency of religious principle, inspires respect in the breasts of every class of people. Talents win their way to favor, most surely and permanently, by means of their alliance to integrity. Religious persons, aside from any other attribute that attaches to them, are invested with a peculiar power of doing good. How much more, possessing the attributes of high intelligence, will they be invested with that power! However religious people have been calumniated, and whatever infidels and scoffers may insinuate against their honesty, in particular; yet, when either individuals, or the community, need some special service of friendship, on whom has reliance been placed, but on these very abused men? It is felt, that nothing can be trusted, in the high matters affecting the well-being of immortal man, but moral principle, in alliance with intelligence.

The *enjoyment* inspired by mental cultivation, is dependent, in a great measure, on its connection with piety. The knowledge of salvation is the soul of all the gratifications connected with the general improvement of the understanding. It heightens every natural delight, derivable from this source, as religion heightens every other natural delight. It enhances even the pleasure of the senses, by the temperance with which it regulates their indulgence. How much more, then, must it increase the enjoyments conferred by the pursuit of knowledge—enjoyments, which, in themselves, are more elevated and pure, and have a higher affinity to spiritual satisfactions, than any that pertain to the appetites of the body! What class of persons are happier than christian philosophers,—men who are acquainted with the God of nature, and the God of the Bible,—whose works, in either department, are consentaneous to those of the other, and reflect light and glory upon them!—How blessed a scene is life, to these privileged men! and how supportable a trial is death, the avenue to a still better life! Persons renowned by their attainments, when these were separated from the knowledge of salvation, have felt, as they have confessed, a degree of disquiet, which their devotion to their favorite pur-

suits could not alleviate, even if it did not heighten that disquiet, by increasing the sensibility of their minds. Alas, for these unhappy men, when they are summoned to meet the king of terrors ! Their intellectual eminence gives them scarcely any advantage over the common herd of ignorant and degraded minds. In some respects, they must have, as they will feel, a deeper occasion for alarm, than can be attached to the less enlightened subjects of God's moral government. The ill-concealed levity or indifference which characterized the death-bed of Hume ; the gloomy uncertainty which Gibbon felt, in his departing moments ; the horrors which overwhelmed the mind of Voltaire, in the prospect of meeting his Judge ; and the remorse, and unavailing regrets, which have been experienced by other literary, irreligious men, in the same condition, may well be held up as warnings against the presumption which seeks for enjoyment in the study of the visible works of God, without loving his truth, and yielding obedience to his will. To all this, the happy life and peaceful death of christian philosophers, present a perfect contrast ; and none can fail to see, in comparing the one with the other, that knowledge is infinite gain only when united with holiness.

In fine, the true knowledge of God gives a *significance to all the results* of mere intellectual exertion ; and nothing short of it can secure, with unerring certainty, the eventual improvement of society. It imparts a character to all these efforts, and a character which cannot be mistaken—pure, elevated, consistent, and agreeable to the divine will. It recognizes ultimate ends, that are great and worthy of God, and his everlasting kingdom ; and operating in its native purity and energy, on men of rare mental endowments and acquisitions, it stamps on their labors the seal of greatness ; the effects are spread from land to land, and descend to future time, producing changes in the world of the most important kind ; relieving the various forms of human wretchedness, kindling anew, or augmenting the flame of christian philanthropy, and in its results tending to the regeneration of society and the world "





Ad. Chastillon, pinxt.

W. N. Dannel, sculpt.

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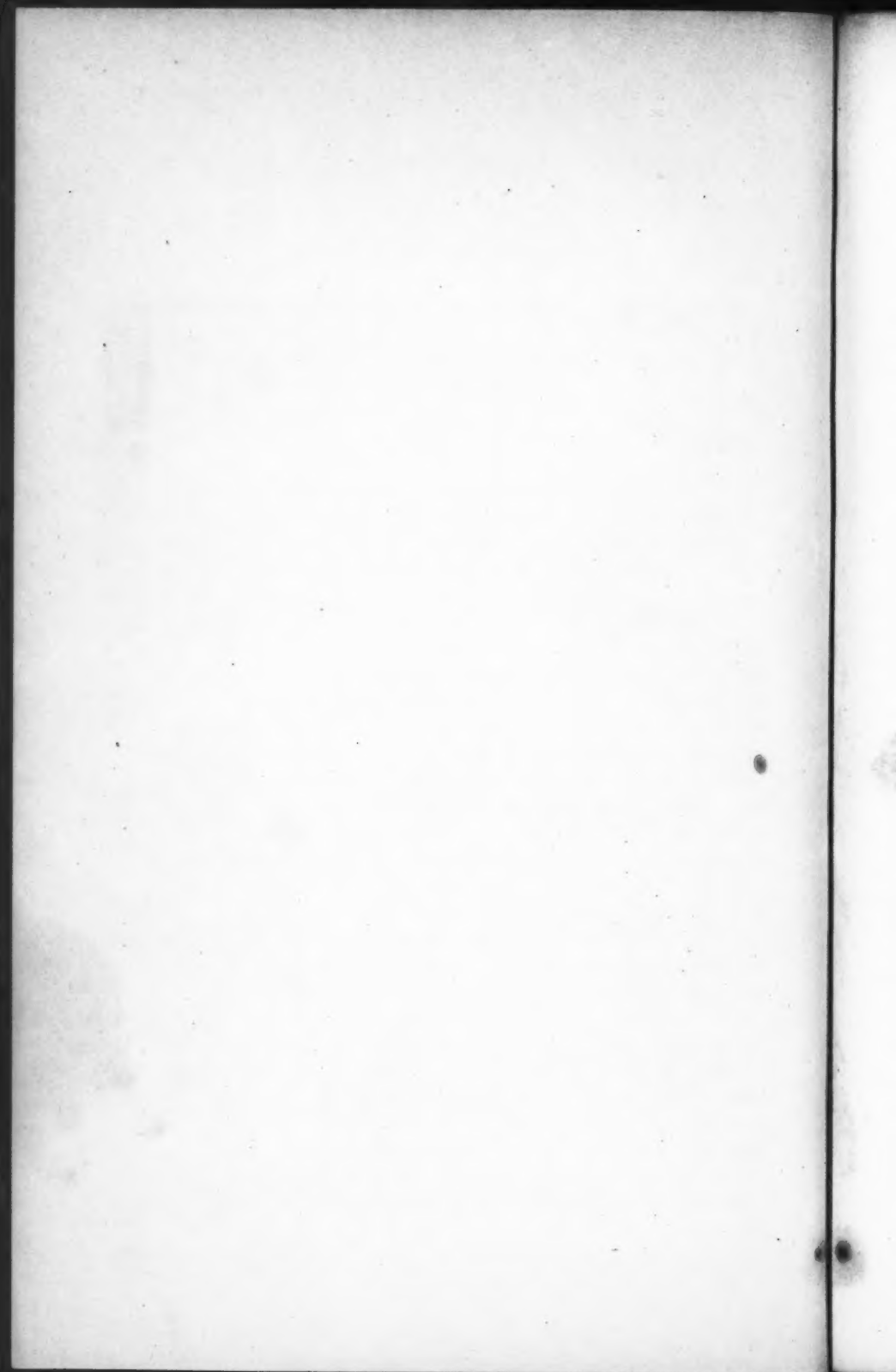






White Lily





## THE BURNING BUSH.

"WHERE shall I lead the flocks to-day? The pasture grounds are burnt up by the sun: the weary, panting sheep find only ashes where they used to feed! Why not go to the grassy side of Horeb, Father Jethro? You call it the Mount of God, your shepherds fear to climb it, but surely God is love! He will not slay us if we seek to save our cattle even by the herbage that adorns his temple."

"Nay, nay, son Moses," answered the Priest of Midian, "Horeb is sacred: there God appears, and none can look upon his face and live. Go westward toward the sea. There must be green valleys yet among the mountains—but go not on the Mount of God."

Moses left the tent: the air was sultry and the sun was hot.—The roots of the grass were like cinders in the earth: hour after hour he sought food for his fainting flocks in vain. At length he led them to the back side of the desert—to Horeb, the Mount of God! He was a Hebrew. He had heard of God's kindness to his fathers. He shared but slightly in the superstitions of the Midianites. He felt that the Author of life would care more for the preservation of a perishing flock, than for the sanctity of a mountain. With reverence, yet with a filial faith, he turned to the ascent. The sheep were soon feeding on the fresh herbage! The shepherd climbed above them to take his station in the shadow of a rock. But a strange object on the right arrested his attention. A bush on fire. The first thought was, "Some other shepherd is over there, and is burning an offering to God," but no one was in sight, and the bush was green, and though the flame shot up from around the roots, and played over the branches and leaves, yet the branches were not charred nor the leaves even shrivelled—the bush burned but was not consumed! The Hebrew shepherd paused a moment in wonder and awe; then said to himself: "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight why the bush is not burnt!" But the moment he turned, the flame found a tongue. It spake from the midst of the bush; it commanded him to stop, and put off his sandals—for he stood on

holy ground. Moses obeyed : he kneeled and hid his face. The voice from the bush proceeded.

"I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. I have heard the cry of my people, and have come down to deliver them. Come now, therefore, and I will send thee to Pharaoh."

"Who am I, Lord, that I should go?" cried the trembling shepherd. The difficulties rose in his mind higher than the peaks of Sinai.

The voice answered—"Surely I will be with thee. I know that the people are down-trodden and feeble like this bush ; that their life in bondage resembles its life in the crevice of the rock : the traveller's foot may crush it, or his hand uproot it. I know too that oppression is around them—oppression fierce as fire on every branch of manhood and every leaf of childhood ; that like this bush they seem ready to perish, but they cannot perish for I am in the midst of them."

The Hebrew shepherd and that living fire talked together on the mountain until its shadow stretched far out upon the plain. Then the flame shot upward like a soaring bird, and Moses led his flock slowly back to the fold of Jethro.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is setting on the Nile : from the brick-yards come the Israelites—care-worn, bondage-bound and heart broken. Can they be the sons of those who feed their flocks on the broad plains of Hebron, who were the allies of kings, the rich, the mighty and the free? How fallen! They have been dwarfed to a shrub, and the shrub is cast into the furnace. Soon the last hope of the Hebrew will expire. So feels the proud Egyptian—so feel many of the bondmen. A few cherish the memory of the promises.—They have heard what God spake to Abraham and to Isaac and to Jacob. By faith they see a day-star which no cloud can obscure. They watch and pray for the dawn. Listen to their conversation as they come from the brick-yard :

"Have you heard, Shaphat, that Moses has returned?"

"Yes, Caleb, but little good will it do us. We hoped indeed for a change, when the Princess adopted him, and he grew up in the palace ; but, alas! there is no change, save from night to midnight, for the Hebrews."

"Say not so, say not so! The promises are ours. The God

who gave them is the God of Gods. He has visited Moses in the desert. He has sent him to us. We meet when the moon rises to hear his message."

By the light of the moon the bondmen gathered. More were attracted by curiosity than by hope. A sad, dispirited company, who trembled lest their task-masters should discover the assemblage. Moses could not speak, for he was a stammerer, but the eloquent Aaron arose, and rehearsed the sufferings of his brethren until tears ran down their thin wan cheeks—then he told of the promises to their fathers, of the history of the Patriarchs, and the power of God; faith struggled feebly in a few hearts; here and there was a gleam of hope, like a gleam of lightning on the bosom of a cloud. Then he told of the scene on the side of Horeb. The bush that grew in the cleft of the rock—how scant and hard the soil! how frail and precarious its life; and every Hebrew felt that it was an emblem of their tribes. He told how fire fell on this bush, how the flames wreathed like serpents around root and branch and foliage with a deadly fierceness—all its greenness and beauty must turn to blackness and ashes! The Hebrew thought of his task-master, his toil, and the cruel edict that deprived him of his children. He felt that he was the burning bush! Then the speaker told of the great miracle of that scene—how the bush, though all on fire, was not consumed! "And why," he asked—"It was frail, combustible, and the hot flames enveloped it; then why did it stand unburnt—unshrivelled? because God was in the midst of it. So it is with the children of the Patriarchs; however weak, however persecuted and oppressed, let us hope on! We cannot perish, for God is in the midst of us!" Oh! what a thrill these words sent through the assemblage. The people believed and were comforted. "They bowed their heads and worshipped."

\* \* \* \* \*

A weary band of emigrants encamp by the Red Sea. They have fled from bondage! but their home is far away, and their wives and little ones are already worn out with fatigue. They feel like a drooping vine in the desert, as they halt on the shore. But, hark! what is that rumbling of chariots and tramping of steeds? that clash of weapons, and cry of warriors? The Egyptians are upon them; they are hemmed in between their enemies

and the sea ! All is lost ! Moses is a deceiver ! God has deserted them ! The sun of Israel has set in the morning ! But, hark, the voice of Aaron—that voice which thrilled their hearts while in bondage : “Remember,” he cries, “remember the bush which Moses saw in Horeb—remember the God who spake from the midst of it ! What though you are girt around by waters and by warriors—though there seems no way of escape, look yonder ! The pillar of cloud is over our heads ! God is in the midst of us ! He can lead us through water and fire unhurt ! He can save us to-day, as he saved the bush in Horeb from the flames !”

Hope kindled its light in the wanderers’ hearts. Moses went forward with the rod that he brought from Horeb. He stretched it out over the sea. The waters parted. They stood up like walls on either side ! The Israelites passed through and were saved. The Egyptians followed—the walls fell over them ; the tide rushed in like a cataract, and they were drowned. So the bush, that burned with fire, was not consumed.

The Hebrews have entered the wilderness. Their way is over burning sands. They are without food and water. Alas ! they have only come out to die. Within them thirst is burning like a flame of fire. They murmur against Moses and against God.—Aaron rises to still the tumult. He tells them about their bondage ; how bitter and hopeless it was. They seemed like a victim chained in the flames, yet God had descended and delivered them. He described their peril and despair at the Red Sea.—Their enemies felt sure of them then—there was not a boat upon the shore for their escape, and they could not resist the chariots and horsemen of Egypt. But God, who dwelt in the pillar of cloud appeared, and they were led in triumph from that place of despair ! “Trust still in Jehovah, ye Hebrews ! We are the burning bush : though the fire is around us, He is in the midst of us, and we cannot be consumed !” Next morning there was manna all over the sand, and a rock in the desert was sending forth water, and the cloud overhead was their canopy. Thus day after day the host went on, ever frail as the bush ; ever surrounded by peril like fire.

Nothing in all the imagery of the Bible is more beautiful than that blazing yet unburnt bush on Mount Horeb. Let the church

remember it, for the same God is in the midst of her, and no fire which man or fiends can kindle has any power to harm her.— And let the Christian think often of this burning bush. He is weak in himself as it was; he is exposed to temptation; he is surrounded by fiery darts, but if he trusts in God, the indwelling Spirit will make his heart like asbestos in the flames. And though he should walk though a furnace heated seven times, the Son of God will walk with him, and not even the smell of fire will be in his garments.

*Indianapolis, July 18, 1850.*

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### A DREAM.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

It was the charmed hour of midnight still,  
And, dark against the sky, each distant hill,  
Crowned with the giant pine, appeared a tower,  
Where grim, old warriors watched the lingering hour.

In gloomy pride an ancient forest lay  
Beside a placid, deep, expansive bay,  
Whose trees were seen within its bosom far,  
Between their openings glistened many a star,  
As Cynthia, in her silver robe, the while  
Looked from the water with a pensive smile.

I stood within a quaint and Gothic hall,  
With deeds of heroes painted on the wall—  
The mystic light of heaven revealed their forms,  
As they did battle with life's bitter storms.  
Sternly and fierce they looked in the dark strife,  
Their savage features seemed instinct with life.

And here had gathered, at the even-tide,  
The young and old; and, seated side by side,  
The aged spake, in tones subdued and low,  
Of all the young must by experience know;  
Of all the sorrow they must learn to bear;  
Of all their hope and fear, their toil and care,  
Before their hearts are schooled to heavenly love,  
And they prepared for the bright world above.

I turned me from the group and sat apart,  
 The lesson pond'ring with a saddened heart;  
 And from an open arch I viewed the scene—  
 The forests, hills, and winding vales between,  
 'The calm, clear bay, reflecting all around;—  
 I listened oft for some familiar sound  
 Of nightly bird, or forest breeze, or stream;  
 But all was quiet in my peaceful dream;  
 Yet all had voices too, that talked with me  
 Of the dim past, and of futurity—  
 Whispered of mem'ries fondly cherished, deep,  
 Of those who in the silent valley sleep,  
 And of reunion, in a happier world,  
 When the worn banner of this life is furled.  
 My soul was soothed, my sadness passed away,  
 As I was borne beyond the brief to-day—  
 Oh! never thus had I communed before,  
 Never had Nature opened her deep store  
 Of mysteries to me, as on that night,  
 Filling my being with a new delight.  
 I turned a loving eye, from earth, above,—  
 On my rapt vision burst a form of love!  
 Before the radiance of that face divine,  
 The moon and stars did, one by one, decline,  
 'Till it alone from the far zenith shone  
 O'er all the earth, from distant Zone to Zone!

I called to one amid that little band,  
 Who leaned upon his staff with trembling hand—  
 Who loved his God—whose head was white with years,  
 And bade him raise his eye;—the silent tears  
 Fell on his vestment as he mildly said,  
 Resting a hand, the while, upon my head,  
 As he would ask a blessing for me there,  
 While his lips slowly moved in earnest prayer—  
 "'Tis He who in the manger once was laid!  
 Who with his precious blood thy ransom paid!  
 Who was despised of men he came to save!  
 Who rose, a God! triumphant from the grave!  
 It is thy Saviour's face that thou dost see,  
 It beams with boundless love, and smiles on thee!"

My fettered soul, oh! how it longed to fly  
 To meet its Saviour in that peaceful sky.  
 Years, years have passed, since that bright dream, away;  
 Yet, when my path grows dark, and not a ray  
 Of cheering light, through the deep gloom I see,  
 My Saviour's face still beams with smiles on me.



## THORNBURY;

OR, "HOLD FAST THINE INTEGRITY."

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"THE rosy tints of twilight" had not yet faded from the western sky, but the full orb'd moon was already above the opposite horizon; and her mellow rays penetrated the draperied window of a large antique chamber, in which an aged man lay stretched on a couch of languishing. The blended lights of night and day shed their soft radiance on the figure of the venerable invalid, giving to his silver locks a brightness that seemed not of this world, and which might have been converted, by one of fancy's feeblest efforts, into a type of that more glorious halo, awaiting the brow of the just man, about to be made perfect in his Father's presence. Near one of the windows sat a gentleman, whose age might have been guessed as "between thirty and forty," and whose handsome, open countenance belonged to the class of faces which invariably create a favorable first impression. He held a book in his hand, but was, evidently, not reading—for his eyes were turned toward the window, and he appeared absorbed, either in his own reflections, or in contemplating the magnificent prospect that lay extended before him.

"Philip," said the old man, in a feeble voice: the younger one arose and approached the bed, displaying, in the action, a tall and dignified form, whose true proportions and graceful movements corresponded with the prepossessing character of his features.—He seated himself near the bed, and prepared to listen, with an air of respectful attention, to whatever might fall from the lips of its occupant: the latter proceeded—

"I have much to say, my son. I may have deferred speaking too long—but you have been absent, you know, six weeks: within that time, I have thought much of the past—especially with reference to your cousin Egbert. I have been too severe with him; it is true, he disobeyed me—thwarted me in a favorite and long cherished project,—but while punishing him, I should have re-

membered that mercy which I implore for myself at the hands of my Creator. You are both my children's children,—your parents are in their graves,—I must soon follow them. In the near prospect of death, the magic of memory places my boys again before me,—brings back the light of their glad faces, the music of their young voices,—and, Philip, those voices reproach me for my cruelty to the son of my first-born. Confused and painful thoughts have haunted my sleepless pillow—one, only, has afforded a ray to enliven the gloom with which others have surrounded me—that of repairing a portion of my fault, while I have yet the power to do so. I knew you too well to doubt your assent to such an arrangement: I have employed my poor strength in writing a codicil to my will; you will find it in the private drawer of my secretary—read it, and see if I have not done you justice.”

Philip Thornbury did as his grandfather requested; he found the document alluded to, and glanced his eye over it. The old man was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe the fallen countenance of his grandson, and continued—

“I have divided my substance between you, but I have not made your cousin your equal in wealth. You have ever been submissive to my slightest wish—you have deserved more from me, and you have had more;—your education has been expensive and is thorough—the house and its appurtenances are already yours by gift, and are not included in the divided property—you are established in a lucrative practice—you are already a rich man, and can well afford to share with your cousin what would have been the inheritance of the parents of both, had they lived to lay me in the grave—and you are too generous to grudge a sacrifice of wealth, to purchase peace of mind to your grandfather on his death bed.”

This last appeal recalled from their momentary aberration, the better feelings of Philip Thornbury's really kind nature. He pressed the hand of his venerable kinsman, and assured him of his cheerful acquiescence in any disposal of the family estate which might be most agreeable to his grandfather.

“I knew you would say so,” replied the old man, exultingly. “You must call in a notary, to-morrow, and have whatever is necessary done to render the codicil valid: the world must do you justice, as well as I in this matter; and how shall this be secured,

unless you are known to have conferred with and assisted me in what I have done?"

His strength was exhausted, and he sank to rest, apparently happy in the certainty that he should now make amends for a severity, the thought of which had disturbed the tranquillity with which he would, otherwise, have contemplated the approach of death. The stern monarch of the grave was even nearer than had been believed; the rising sun of the following morning shone through the eastern windows, on the calm, cold face of the corpse of old Mr. Thornbury. He had passed away so gently that the nurse, who sat beside his bed, knew not the moment of his departure. And Philip was the sole heir of his grandfather's wealth—for it was well known to the public that the old gentleman had disinherited his other grandson, Egbert, in the fierceness of his first anger against the young man, for having, during his senior year at college, married a poor girl, the daughter of a carpenter. This hasty proceeding was thought, by many, to be discordant with the general mildness and justice of Mr. Thornbury's character; but there were others who knew that the fault of poverty was not the only one of which mention had been made concerning Egbert's bride, and the honor of his house was dear as its children to the old man's heart. Philip Thornbury was one of those fortunate persons whom all men speak well of. The undeviating correctness of the one cousin, and the impulsive virtues or delinquencies of the other, had been subjects of frequent discussion among their acquaintances. Their grandfather's opinion of both was frequently expressed, in substance, as follows:

"Philip is a good boy, and his cousin a wayward one—but Egbert has an affectionate heart, and wants only Philip's discretion to be his equal in every respect."

Egbert's unadvised marriage had excited less astonishment than the length to which the old gentleman carried his displeasure on hearing of it. It was expected that Philip would behave handsomely toward his cousin, and no surprise was manifested when a special messenger was despatched to the town in which Egbert resided, to invite him to be present, with his family, at his grandfather's funeral. But the messenger returned alone—bringing only the melancholy tidings that Egbert, also, was dead: he had been drowned, while bathing, on the day previous. Philip

was deeply affected by this intelligence; he really loved his cousin, and, whatever some might have surmised to the contrary, had never, either by word or look, encouraged the old gentleman's severity. He had resolved to carry out the wishes of his grandfather, as set forth in the codicil, though he knew that instrument to be incomplete, and, therefore, not legally binding. But the sudden death of his relative caused him to hesitate; true, Egbert had left a son, but that son was only eight years old, and, of course, incompetent to the management of "real estate." Philip had never become acquainted with his cousin's wife—he believed the unfavorable reports concerning her, which had so exasperated his grandfather; such a woman was not to be trusted with property. Never before had Philip Thornbury been compelled to test, so thoroughly, his own integrity. Hitherto, the current of his life had been like that of a smoothly flowing river—onward, increasing in strength and prosperity as he proceeded. His own wishes had coincided, most happily, with his grandfather's projects: nothing had disturbed the harmony of their mutual relation. The world applauded and respected him, as it always will those who do not need its kindness,—and he believed himself fully deserving of its adulation. He believed himself, either morally or naturally, incapable of any thing base, selfish, or unjust. He looked kindly on all his fellow beings, for none of them had ever crossed his path; he was generous, for he had much to bestow, and "to give is more blessed than to receive:" he had no suspicion that many of the high qualities for which the world admired him, were founded, solely on the absence of every thing that could create or provoke an opposite temper. This first resolve, after hearing of his cousin's death, had been—"Egbert's son shall have his inheritance: his right to it is as strong, in the sight of God, as mine to share what falls to me." But, then arose the thought,—“he is but one—I have five children; ought I to make him richer than any of them can be individually?"

It is generally easy to convince ourselves when our arguments follow our inclinations. Philip Thornbury soon ended his dialogue with himself. He reasoned in this wise,—“If report speak truth of my cousin's widow, she is not deserving of more than a respectable maintenance. If I allow her this, educate her son after the plan which I shall pursue with my own children, and

finally, divide my property in such a manner as to make him their equal in wealth,—shall I not have discharged, toward them, every obligation which the most scrupulous interpreters of duty could impose on me?" And here he abandoned the argument: he did not dare assume the responsibility of answering this question, but resolved to let time determine his course. The consequence of this evasion of the "golden rule" will furnish the theme of the following pages.

Had Mr. Thornbury known that his cousin's widow was a woman of strong mind, and, despite her humble origin, of fine and intense feeling,—that every word that had been uttered against her was the malignant invention of an interested enemy,—it is possible that he might have acted otherwise than he did; but it was in his power to ascertain this truth, and he took no pains to do so,—his ignorance was, therefore, no sufficient apology for his conduct. Margaret Thornbury, the widow of Egbert, was totally unconscious that any crime but that of poverty was laid to her charge; for by this cause alone, she thought, her husband's proud family had scorned her, disowned him, and finally robbed him of the fortune to which his birth entitled him. She was indignant, perhaps rationally so, at this thought: her first impulse was to reject the proffered generosity of Philip, but she looked upon her child, and for his sake, curbed her resentment,—stifle it she could not. Years rolled on, and the widow's son became a handsome and manly youth; he had profitted by all his advantages, and was as often admired for his genius and intelligence, as for his uncommon personal beauty. His mother, while urging him to improve the facilities offered him for obtaining an education, had not been able wholly to forbear insinuating a portion of her sense of the injustice that was done them both, in their being compelled to receive as charity that which should be theirs by right.

"Had your grandfather been less implacable," she would say, "or were your cousin disposed to act as he would wish others to act toward him and his, we should not be poor and dependent on his bounty."

The frequent hearing of thoughts like these, could not fail to produce an impression on the young mind of Edmund Thornbury. He felt his dependence a yoke unjustly inflicted: the im-

pression thus received "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength,"—and, notwithstanding all that he received from his father's kinsman, he was far from awarding to him the gratitude which the world thought due, but regarded him in his heart, as one who withheld, by the mere force of the law, an inheritance which ought to be his own without restriction. And what, during the lapse of years, had been the fortune of Philip Thornbury?—In the eyes of his fellow men, still onward and upward,—waxing strong in riches and honor. But his private path had not been altogether without thorns. One by one, three of his five children had been removed by death: his wife's health had declined under these repeated bereavements, until she had become a confirmed and hopeless invalid. His remaining children,—his eldest son, a spirited and promising young man, and a daughter several years younger, of rare beauty but of extreme delicacy of constitution,—were, in their father's eyes, all that a parent's heart could wish; and his solicitude for them exceeded even his ambition. His son was about to enter college, and he was hesitating to what Alma Mater to consign him, when chance threw in his way a former chum of his ill-fated cousin. The conversation between them naturally reverted to that cousin, and the loquacious and warm-hearted Mr. S. not only explained every doubtful circumstance connected with Egbert's marriage, but spoke of her who was his widow, and of the noble qualities of mind and heart of which her son gave promise, in such terms as to force on the mind of Mr. Thornbury a more vivid sense of his culpability toward those neglected relatives than he had ever before admitted there. He resolved, forthwith, to seek their acquaintance; and, to this end, decided that his son should enter college in the town in which they resided,—the same college in which their young kinsman had already commenced a course of study. Mr. Thornbury accompanied his son to D—, and introduced himself and Alfred to their cousins. Of Alfred, it is sufficient, at present, to say—he inherited his father's prepossessing exterior, and copied his persuasive address; both could readily please, where they wished to do so. Margaret and her son were first astonished, and finally delighted with their visitors; when they, in their turn, were surprised by their graces of person, refinement of manners, and intelligent conversation. Former prejudices appeared completely



removed from all their hearts, and the young men rejoiced in the prospect of having much of each others society. Edmund's deportment, toward all with whom he associated, was peculiarly frank, cordial, and sincere; Alfred's manners differed from those of his friend, by exhibiting the additional lustre of a somewhat higher finish, acquired in a school to which Edmund had not yet been introduced. Another difference soon became apparent in the demeanor of the cousins,—Alfred, young as he was, had the absurd air of one whose word is power, and who is thoroughly aware of his importance. This arrogance was not, at first, so marked as to be offensive to Edmund, who generally attributed whatever he could have wished otherwise in his friend, to the truth that Alfred was the son of a rich man, and accustomed to deference from his infancy. But when he saw, or believed that he saw, his cousin assuming toward himself an aspect of patronage and condescension, the fancy was by no means agreeable to a spirit already chafing under a sense of dependence, and of real or imaginary wrong. Alfred's behaviour was, probably, the result of a life-time habit of thinking of his kinsman as the recipient of his father's bounty, a result, it may have been, of which he was not himself conscious; but Edmund's long-nurtured discontent rendered him sensitive and suspicious, on this particular point. Friendship, of late, had lulled his indignant spirit to repose, but this repose was more apparent than profound; the most trifling provocation would dispel it, and this provocation occurred,—unhappily, it occurred in public—in the sight and hearing of many. No open show of anger marked their breach of amity, but, from that hour, the young men gradually became less cordial toward each other, and the lively friendship with which their acquaintance had commenced finally subsided into a cold and formal courtesy. The college year passed away, and commencement approached. Edmund received, by letter, from Mr. Thornbury, an urgent invitation to accompany Alfred, and spend the ensuing vacation with his relations. The invitation was expressed in such terms as hardly to admit of being denied, without a more cogent reason than Edmund could give for so doing, and he complied. It would be difficult to describe his emotion on visiting, for the first time and in such circumstances, the house in which his father had spent his years of boyhood. He was received with



almost a father's welcome by Mr. Thornbury, who conducted him to the parlor, and then left him alone for a few moments, to accompany his son to the apartment of the invalid mother. Edmund looked around at the spacious rooms, and out upon the verdant fields and waving woods of the domain of his ancestors, and could not repress the reflection,—“ ‘these fertile plains, that softened vale’ were as much the birthright of my father as of him who holds them in possession.”

He stood before the open window, and gazed with clouded brow, upon the landscape beneath. A light foot-fall on the carpet interrupted his agitated revery, while at the same instant, an arm was gently passed through his, and a hand, so small and transparent that it might have been mistaken for a fairy's, clasped his in joyous pressure. Edmund turned to see who had thus greeted him, and his surprise was not diminished by the vision of loveliness which he then encountered. A creature, half child, half woman, stood beside him, whose exquisite though undefined beauty surpassed the most poetic fancies he had ever indulged. Her complexion of purest blonde was enhanced by the raven hue of her hair, which flowed in profuse curls to her waist: her deep blue eyes, sparkling with affection and happiness, opened beneath beautiful penciled brows, and were shaded by long, silken lashes, of a color as dark as her hair. Her features and her whole figure were models of perfect symmetry, combined with a delicacy that seemed almost ethereal. But her smile vanished, and was succeeded by a crimson blush, as she met Edmund's wondering glance,—her hand was hastily withdrawn, and the half-articulate words:

“I thought it was Alfred—where is my brother?” at once explained the whole.

“He has gone, I believe, to pay his duty to his mother; will you not bestow a word or look upon your cousin?”

“My cousin!” responded the young girl, her face brightening up again; “you are Edmund, then.—I might have guessed as much,” and she extended her hand with the innocent frankness of a sister. In another moment she had flown in search of her brother, and Edmund was alone again. But he found it strangely difficult to return to the train of thought from which that fairy visit had aroused him; it was impossible to banish the visit from

his mind, and equally impossible to associate such a being even in imagination, with aught unholy or unjust.

We have not time, were we qualified for the task, to describe the progress of youthful love, from its dawn to its full strength, neither do we know the precise number of hours required for such rise and progress : we only know that but few days had elapsed, since Edmund arrived at Mr. Thornbury's, before he affirmed to himself, that the beautiful Constance realized the brightest ideal his boyish fancy had ever framed. He yielded, without reserve, to the power of her guileless fascinations ; every vestige of hostility toward those who were dear to her vanished from his heart, and he revelled in all the poetry of "love's young dream." And did Constance partake of his intoxication ? We believe not. She was still almost a child, and had never assumed to be more : an only daughter—an only sister, and looked upon, from infancy, as a flower of extreme fragility, she had received, through life, the most assiduous attention from all around her ; and probably saw little to distinguish Edmund's devotion from that of her brother. His position in her heart was yet to be defined. Mr. Thornbury proposed preparing for a fete,—to give Alfred an opportunity of paying his compliments to all his neighbors at once, and to introduce Edmund to their acquaintances. Alfred and Constance were delighted ; the arrangements were completed and the day arrived. Constance, in her gala dress of white and blue, looked in Edmund's eyes more seraphic than ever ; and, to judge from appearances, he was not the only one whom her beauty and grace interested on that day :—one young gentleman, in particular, who had been named to Edmund simply as, "Mr. Vigers, from a neighboring town," was much more attentive than mere friendship would have demanded. To Edmund's annoyance, he saw that this was regarded by Mr. Thornbury and Alfred as a matter of course ; and that Constance, though she exhibited no remarkable pleasure, appeared neither surprised nor disturbed. At a later period of the day he learned, from Alfred, that Mr. Thornbury and the father of Mr. Vigers had long contemplated a union between their children.

"My father," continued Alfred, "will do no violence to my sister's inclination, but she is evidently happy in Walter Vigers' society, and we hope that her girlish predilection will prove the foundation of a more permanent sentiment."

Edmund could not but acknowledge that this was possible. A sunset excursion on the beautiful lake which partially bounded Mr. Thornbury's estate, was followed by arrangements for a dance. Edmund relinquished his first project of soliciting the hand of Constance for a minuet, and secured that of Miss Vernon, a young lady whose appearance and manners, had his thoughts been less occupied with another, would have riveted his sincere admiration. A moment after she had engaged herself to Edmund, Alfred Thornbury approached Miss Vernon, and requested the pleasure of leading her out: She pleaded her engagement, and declined.

"My cousin is always fortunate;" responded Alfred, haughtily. "This is not the first time that he has been so at my expense."

Alfred's behaviour, not only throughout this day, but thus far during Edmund's visit at his father's, had been courteous, rather than friendly; but the sisterly demeanor of Constance, and the unqualified kindness of her parents, had atoned for every deficiency on the part of their son and brother, who had not, before, been actually uncivil,—and, possibly, Edmund could now have forgiven him, for the sake of Constance,—but, unhappily, he had all day long been suffering severely on her account. He bore the taunt, however, cutting as it was, in silence; but resolved on revenge. How many of the most bitter of human sorrows may be traced to such determinations:—when shall we put on the mantle of meekness, and learn to forgive as we would be forgiven? It occurred to Edmund that he had heard Constance, in a jesting manner, mention Miss Vernon as one whom her brother, in his school-boy days, had elected his "queen of love and beauty;" he proposed to amuse himself and annoy Alfred, by monopolizing her for the evening. The young lady, piqued, perhaps, by Alfred's supercilious anger, acquiesced in Edmund's manœuvres, and he had the satisfaction of triumphing in the ill-concealed vexation of his wealthy cousin, during several hours. The festival day was at length ended, and the guests departed. Long after the family had separated for the night, Edmund with moody brow and unquiet breast, was pacing the floor of his apartment. Alfred's insult had touched him to the quick,—had awakened, anew, his lately slumbering hostility. But Constance in her gentle loveliness floated in upon his angry thoughts, like an angel with charmed wing; and then all his resentment was directed to himself: he

censured his late conduct as severely as Alfred could have done. Unable to compose himself to rest, he passed from the large low window, and sought calmness for his perturbed feelings in the "stilly night" without. A single step beyond the antique balcony brought him to a gravel walk, that wound around the wing of the house in which his room was situated, into an extensive garden. A piazza stretched along the whole length of that side of the house which this garden bounded, affording at all hours a most agreeable promenade,—and thither Edmund bent his course. He was ascending the nearest flight of steps, to the floor of the piazza, when a light, streaming from one of the windows, and the shadow of a moving figure within, delineated on the snowy curtain, informed him that some other inmate of the mansion was sleepless as himself. The figure passed and repassed before the window; its outline, as developed by the curtain, was slight,—and its motions, graceful as those of the wind-wafted willow, caused Edmund's heart to thrill with the certainty that Constance was before him: he paused, fearful of betraying himself and alarming her, by his foot-steps. At this moment, the curtain was raised, and the young girl emerged into the piazza, arranged the curtain carefully over the window, advanced, and leaned against the pillar beside which Edmund was standing. This pillar was all that concealed him,—by stretching forth his hand he could have touched her,—yet he hesitated; he knew not how she would interpret his presence there, at such an hour. A sigh that floated to his ear, determined him; in a tone so low that the syllables seemed hardly to escape his lips, he murmured the name of "Constance." She must have recognized the voice, for, though she started slightly, she uttered no exclamation of fear.

"Are you not well?" pursued Edmund, in the same low tone; "you are watching late."

"Perfectly well," replied Constance; "but my mother has been restless. She has just now fallen asleep, and I came out to breathe the cool air a moment, before going to my room. I did not expect to find my cousin here."

"I, also, came hither for the benefit of the cool night air. I too was kept awake,—but not, like you, to smooth the pillow of one who loves me."

"But you have a mother."—

"I have—and she is my world. Of all who live, my mother alone cares for me."

"Oh, do not say so," returned Constance, earnestly, "I am sure you have many friends."

"Friends!" repeated Edmund, bitterly. "The poor make few friends. You forget, Constance, that I am poor."

"But my father will provide for you—I know he will—I have heard him say so."

A response that must have sounded harsh and ungrateful, to Constance, arose to Edmund's lips,—but he repressed it, and abruptly asked—

"Is Mr. Vigors rich?"

"His father is, I believe."

"And your father will make him rich by giving him his daughter."

Constance was visibly startled, but the light in which she stood was not strong enough to reveal the workings of her countenance, as she asked—

"Who told you this?"

"Your brother: and I acknowledge that it appeared probable enough. You were engrossed by Mr. Vigors during the whole day."

"Because no one else, for whose politeness I cared, thought proper to offer me any attention," returned Constance, with spirit.

My cousin, for instance, devoted much of his time to another."

"Am I to infer that Constance would have wished me to do otherwise?"

"I certainly did, for my brother's sake."

"And for his sake alone, probably."

"I will own the truth," said Constance, frankly, after a brief pause. "I was sorry for my brother, and I was afraid, too, that I had offended you—you neglected me so entirely. Was I correct—what have I done to displease you?"

"You have never, until to-day, Constance, in any manner grieved or vexed me. On the contrary, your unpretending kindness has many times led me to forget, as I have never forgotten before, all causes of disgust. But to-day—I was no doubt silly and unreasonable, but"—here he informed her at length, of what we have already communicated to the reader. The young lady's

reply was such as to assure Edmund that she had never been aware that her father cherished any such purpose respecting Mr. Vigers, as her brother had declared ; and, also, to convince him that he had only to thank his own proneness to adopt hasty conclusions, and to return evil for evil, for all his uneasiness of the preceding day : his pleasure was greater than he could have explained. A few more friendly sentences were exchanged, and the cousins separated ; Constance entered her mother's apartment, and Edmund turned to retrace his steps to his own. But he was not destined to reach it without farther adventure : a few paces from the piazza, he encountered Alfred. He could not repress a sensation of alarm, for the curtain that hid Constance from view had but just fallen ; his alarm was not groundless,—Alfred had caught a glimpse of his sister, and now, angrily confronting his cousin, demanded an explanation in the most imperious terms. Edmund's first impulse was to retort in language as haughty as that which was addressed to him ; but happily for his subsequent reflections, he recollected that appearances extenuated, if they did not excuse his cousin's conduct. He returned a calm and truthful account of his accidental interview with Constance, but Alfred either did not or would not seem to believe him. An hour or two previous, Edmund would not have declined a quarrel, but he was now sincerely anxious to avoid one ; and seeing Alfred determined not to accept his explanation, he left him and returned to his own room ; confident that he would, in the morning, vindicate himself to Mr. Thornbury.

TO BE CONTINUED.



IN the richness and beauty of our natural gifts, God calls us to be his own ; and in the sorrows and bereavements he gives us, he shows how dear a price he sets upon us, and how intent he is to gain to himself the rich affections we have to bestow. The preciousness, also, of all he has given us, as well as the value he assigns to what we may give him in return, are both pledges of the greater treasures he has in store for us.

## MEMORY.

BY BIANCA.

"There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness, and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever."

ENGLISH OPIUM EATING.

And is it thus, O Memory! hast thou  
A tablet, upon which our secret thoughts,  
Our waking dreams, and sleeping vagaries  
Are graven with an impress firm and deep,  
That may not be effaced? A fearful scroll  
Is thine—page after page of human deeds  
Is stamped upon it with unerring truth;  
And as each wayward thought, and vision bright,  
Or darksome dream, in quick succession pass,  
Thy ever ready pen transcribes them all,  
And in the deep recesses of the soul,  
Conceals the faithful record from the sight.  
Awhile, but not forever, it conceals;  
Else why come thronging back upon the heart  
"The sudden images of vanished things,"  
The parted thoughts, and long-forgotten scenes  
Of earlier days? Why live in memory,  
The noteless acts, and slight ethereal forms  
That danced a moment upon fancy's wing,  
And then we deemed, sunk in Oblivion?  
Why, through the vista of departed years,  
Moves the mind back, along the lengthened chain  
That joins the past and present, till it lights  
Upon some dim-remembered spot of joy,  
When hopes were fresh, and we had not looked forth  
As yet upon a dimmed and faded world?  
It is that Memory holds her sovereign power  
Within, and like a miser, hoards each slight,  
And delicately woven thought that moves  
Upon the restless, ever-changing brain.  
They cannot be forgotten. Yea, there comes  
A day when all shall be revealed. Before  
The Universe, shall every hidden thought  
Be spread, as on a map of wondrous pow'r.

Oh, well for us, if then the tablature  
That will forever meet the mental eye,  
A bright and stainless surface shall present;  
Reflecting nought but pure, unsullied traits  
Of thoughts and feelings cherished here—that we  
Through all the endless years to come, may view  
The changeless record with complacency.



## THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

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"SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS."

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WHEN the excellent Dr. Scott was inquired of with regard to the regulation of his family, he replied with characteristic humility, "There are few things which are looked back upon by me with less satisfaction than my conduct towards my children, except in *one* particular, which appears to have been the grand secret, viz: that I have always sought first for them, as well as myself, the kingdom of God and his righteousness." By strictly adhering to this rule of action, he secured the blessing, and he lived to see all his children members of the household of faith, and devoted followers of the Lamb.

The children of a family are to be looked upon in a two-fold relation; as members of civil society, and subjects of the moral government of God; and to qualify them for happiness and usefulness in both these relations, is the design of the domestic constitution. As members of civil society they are to take the places of those who have gone before them, in the various connections of life, with their multiplied duties and offices. To their care these important interests are to be committed, and consequently the interests of unborn generations depend on them; interests which the counsels and labors of ages have been employed to secure, and which treasures of wealth and seas of blood have been poured out to attain and preserve. All must see, that as families are the elements of states and nations, so they will decide their character. It is evident, too, that in a well regulated family, the future members of society are training, to perform hereafter the offices most essential to its welfare. By the habit of dutiful submission to parental authority, they are trained to render the same submission in all departments of life to superiors. By the mutual attachment and kind attentions of brothers and sisters, they are formed to the sympathies and accustomed to the offices which bind neighbors and citizens together as equals. And when there are domestics in the family, or if there are none, when the younger are taught

"I have—and she is my world. Of all who live, my mother alone cares for me."

"Oh, do not say so," returned Constance, earnestly. "I am sure you have many friends."

"Friends!" repeated Edmund, bitterly. "The poor make few friends. You forget, Constance, that I am poor."

"But my father will provide for you—I know he will—I have heard him say so."

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Constance was visibly startled, but the light in which she stood was not strong enough to reveal the workings of her countenance, as she asked—

"Who told you this?"

"Your brother: and I acknowledge that it appeared probable enough. You were engrossed by Mr. Vigors during the whole day."

"Because no one else, for whose politeness I cared, thought proper to offer me any attention," returned Constance, with spirit.

My cousin, for instance, devoted much of his time to another."

"Am I to infer that Constance would have wished me to do otherwise?"

"I certainly did, for my brother's sake."

"And for his sake alone, probably."

"I will own the truth," said Constance, frankly, after a brief pause. "I was sorry for my brother, and I was afraid, too, that I had offended you—you neglected me so entirely. Was I correct—what have I done to displease you?"

"You have never, until to-day, Constance, in any manner grieved or vexed me. On the contrary, your unpretending kindness has many times led me to forget, as I have never forgotten before, all causes of disgust. But to-day—I was no doubt silly and unreasonable, but"—here he informed her at length, of what we have already communicated to the reader. The young lady's

reply was such as to assure Edmund that she had never been aware that her father cherished any such purpose respecting Mr. Vigors, as her brother had declared ; and, also, to convince him that he had only to thank his own proneness to adopt hasty conclusions, and to return evil for evil, for all his uneasiness of the preceding day : his pleasure was greater than he could have explained. A few more friendly sentences were exchanged, and the cousins separated ; Constance entered her mother's apartment, and Edmund turned to retrace his steps to his own. But he was not destined to reach it without farther adventure : a few paces from the piazza, he encountered Alfred. He could not repress a sensation of alarm, for the curtain that hid Constance from view had but just fallen ; his alarm was not groundless,—Alfred had caught a glimpse of his sister, and now, angrily confronting his cousin, demanded an explanation in the most imperious terms. Edmund's first impulse was to retort in language as haughty as that which was addressed to him ; but happily for his subsequent reflections, he recollected that appearances extenuated, if they did not excuse his cousin's conduct. He returned a calm and truthful account of his accidental interview with Constance, but Alfred either did not or would not seem to believe him. An hour or two previous, Edmund would not have declined a quarrel, but he was now sincerely anxious to avoid one ; and seeing Alfred determined not to accept his explanation, he left him and returned to his own room ; confident that he would, in the morning, vindicate himself to Mr. Thornbury.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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IN the richness and beauty of our natural gifts, God calls us to be his own ; and in the sorrows and bereavements he gives us, he shows how dear a price he sets upon us, and how intent he is to gain to himself the rich affections we have to bestow. The preciousness, also, of all he has given us, as well as the value he assigns to what we may give him in return, are both pledges of the greater treasures he has in store for us.

## MEMORY.

BY BIANCA.

"There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness, and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever."

ENGLISH OPIUM SMITH.

AND is it thus, O Memory! hast thou  
A tablet, upon which our secret thoughts,  
Our waking dreams, and sleeping vagaries  
Are graven with an impress firm and deep,  
That may not be effaced? A fearful scroll  
Is thine—page after page of human deeds  
Is stamped upon it with unerring truth;  
And as each wayward thought, and vision bright,  
Or darksome dream, in quick succession pass,  
Thy ever ready pen transcribes them all,  
And in the deep recesses of the soul,  
Conceals the faithful record from the sight.  
Awhile, but not forever, it conceals;  
Else why come thronging back upon the heart  
"The sudden images of vanished things,"  
The parted thoughts, and long-forgotten scenes  
Of earlier days? Why live in memory,  
The noteless acts, and slight ethereal forms  
That danced a moment upon fancy's wing,  
And then we deemed, sunk in Oblivion?  
Why, through the vista of departed years,  
Moves the mind back, along the lengthened chain  
That joins the past and present, till it lights  
Upon some dim-remembered spot of joy,  
When hopes were fresh, and we had not looked forth  
As yet upon a dimmed and faded world?  
It is that Memory holds her sovereign power  
Within, and like a miser, hoards each slight,  
And delicately woven thought that moves  
Upon the restless, ever-changing brain.  
They cannot be forgotten. Yea, there comes  
A day when all shall be revealed. Before  
The Universe, shall every hidden thought  
Be spread, as on a map of wondrous pow'r.  
Oh, well for us, if then the tablature  
That will forever meet the mental eye,  
A bright and stainless surface shall present;  
Reflecting nought but pure, unsullied traits  
Of thoughts and feelings cherished here—that we  
Through all the endless years to come, may view  
The changeless record with complacency.

## THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

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"SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS."

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WHEN the excellent Dr. Scott was inquired of with regard to the regulation of his family, he replied with characteristic humility, "There are few things which are looked back upon by me with less satisfaction than my conduct towards my children, except in *one* particular, which appears to have been the grand secret, viz: that I have always sought first for them, as well as myself, the kingdom of God and his righteousness." By strictly adhering to this rule of action, he secured the blessing, and he lived to see all his children members of the household of faith, and devoted followers of the Lamb.

The children of a family are to be looked upon in a two-fold relation; as members of civil society, and subjects of the moral government of God; and to qualify them for happiness and usefulness in both these relations, is the design of the domestic constitution. As members of civil society they are to take the places of those who have gone before them, in the various connections of life, with their multiplied duties and offices. To their care these important interests are to be committed, and consequently the interests of unborn generations depend on them; interests which the counsels and labors of ages have been employed to secure, and which treasures of wealth and seas of blood have been poured out to attain and preserve. All must see, that as families are the elements of states and nations, so they will decide their character. It is evident, too, that in a well regulated family, the future members of society are training, to perform hereafter the offices most essential to its welfare. By the habit of dutiful submission to parental authority, they are trained to render the same submission in all departments of life to superiors. By the mutual attachment and kind attentions of brothers and sisters, they are formed to the sympathies and accustomed to the offices which bind neighbors and citizens together as equals. And when there are domestics in the family, or if there are none, when the younger are taught

to "submit themselves to the elder," they are prepared to show the respect and kindness, due to men in society, as inferiors.— "Here is the world in miniature, or rather in the bud and blossom of its being."

But these young immortals are, likewise, accountable subjects of God's moral government, and this is by far the most interesting relation in which they can be viewed. As soon as they are capable of knowing his will—indeed, as soon as they can understand the will, and feel the authority of a parent, or have any sense of right and wrong, they begin to act as accountable heirs of immortality, and as such, "every one that leaves the circle by death, passes into an eternity of torment or bliss." By nature they are sinful, prone to pride, anger, selfishness, and every hateful passion. Yet at the same time, they are susceptible of such moral impressions as will, by divine grace, counteract these evil propensities, and "form them after the image of God, in knowledge and true holiness." For this end they depend on parental influence. "The sweet flowers of spring do not more eagerly unfold their leaves to drink in the evening dew or the morning beams, than these blossoms for immortality open to receive from parental lips, parental looks, parental authority, and in a word, parental character, that influence which is to form their own."

For this purpose, mainly, was the domestic constitution designed. Every other object is subordinate, and in the comparison, of no account. It was to stay the current of sin, rolling down from age to age, bearing condemnation, death, and eternal ruin in its course; to bring the fallen children of men under the gracious influences of a great salvation, that this wonderful economy was designed and made known. "Did he not make one? And wherefore one? That he might seek a godly seed." Parents, then, are solemnly bound to keep in view this main end of the domestic constitution, as the object of all their labors in the education of their children. Whatever interferes with it must be wrong, however specious in appearance or sanctioned by the customs of society; for religion must be all, or it is worse than nothing. "We hear continually of the value and advantages of education, and its connection with happiness and virtue. But of what is this affirmed? Of "a thing of shreds and patches," splendid and many colored though it may be, yet not worthy of a



better appellation, because not connected with any principle, or directed to any end worthy of our being. To open the mind to human science, to awaken the pleasures of taste, and to decorate the external man with the adornings of civil and refined life, might be sufficient to occupy the office of education were there no God, no Saviour, and no future being. Were this life not preparatory, and man not hurrying on to the presence of his Judge ; had he no pardon to implore, no law to obey, then this would be education ; but most affectingly deficient will the knowledge of that youth be found, and negligent, in the highest degree, must the parents be considered, if the mind is left unoccupied with other objects and unused to higher considerations. They may thus rear a whited wall, or build a whited sepulchre, but they inclose an uncorrected corruption within. Perhaps they do worse ; they give play and activity to the powers, without directing their movements, and abandon instruments of incalculable energy to the stimulus of passions and principles which employ them only for the purposes of destruction."

Education, undoubtedly, includes whatever may strengthen the mind, refine the taste, and regulate the external conduct, but the ultimate end of the whole is, "TO TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO." "Not merely the training up a child in the way he should think, or speculate, or translate, or draw, or dance, or argue, but the way he should *go*," the implanting of right principles of *action*, and securing to these the highest possible energy and effect in a useful and holy life. This education of the heart, this moulding of the character, is in the hands of parents, and can never be transferred, or shared with another.—Whether they intend it or not, so long as their children are with them, they must and will educate them. Their example will educate them—their conversations with others—their business transactions—the sentiments they express—these will educate them ; the society in which they live will educate them, their domestics will educate them, and whatever may be their rank and situation in life, their house, their table, and their daily behaviour will educate them. To withdraw them from the powerful influence of these things without withdrawing themselves from them, would be impossible. Mother, you talk of *beginning* the education of your children ; "the moment they were capable of forming an idea, the education was already begun—the education



of circumstances, that insensible education, which is of more constant and powerful effect, and of far more consequence to the habits, than that which is direct and apparent. This education goes on at every instant of time—it goes on like time—you can neither stop it, nor turn its course.” Whatever these causes have a tendency to make your children, *that*, in a great degree, you may be persuaded they will be. You may do all in your power for their mental improvement and cultivation, but never forget, that the first book they read, the one they will continue to read, and by far the most influential, is that of your example and daily deportment. If this should be forgotten or disregarded by you, then wonder not, if you find hereafter, to your sorrow and vexation, and the loss of your domestic peace and happiness, that your children only “know the right, but love and *follow the wrong*.” Seed time and harvest are not more inseparably connected together in the economy of providence, than are the actions and habits of mature years with the impressions of infancy and the lessons of childhood. Whatever is sown in the nursery by the father and the mother, will assuredly bear fruit in after life, either to glory, honor and immortal life; or to sorrow, shame and everlasting destruction.

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#### RESTRAINT OF MATERNAL LOVE.

It is impossible to guess what men would be, till they throw off the hold, for instance, that a mother has upon a profligate son. We must recollect how John Newton managed, and how miserable he was while a mother lived, to hold the cord entwined about his heart. When every other tie had been sundered, the mother kept hold of him by this; when his character was gone, when he had descended to the meanness of serving a black mistress, and of eating his morsel from her leavings—when her favor was life to him, and her frown filled him with deep despair, and he had no other friend—then he remembered a mother’s counsels and a mother’s prayers; and then and there gave his heart to the Saviour. There, from Africa’s dark soil, and from a condition and character darker still, he first lifted his eyes to heaven, and began to breathe eternal life; and he lives now, and sings redeeming grace in heaven, and tells in every song how hard it is for a sinner to conflict with the restraints of infinite love.—REV. D. A. CLARK.

## "I SIGH FOR HOME."

BY LINA MORRIS.

You "sigh for home"—you long to dwell  
Within that hallowed place  
Where pleasant memories ever tell  
Of some familiar face,—  
Where every sound your footfall makes  
Among the haunts of yore—  
A strangely mournful echo wakes  
Of scenes that are no more.

You "sigh for home"—you love to stand  
Beneath the green old tree,  
Where oft you met a merry band,  
To mingle childhood's glee.  
And where at noon, you often strayed  
In summer-days of light,  
To weave amid the waving shade  
A vision of delight.

You "sigh for home"—each rock and hill,  
Is linked with moments gone,  
And, oh! their brightness lingers still  
Upon each mossy stone.  
Each sunny spot reflects the smile  
Of some gay spirit fled;  
And wakes within your heart the while  
The voices of the dead.

You "sigh for home"—you love to gaze  
Upon the hearth-stone wide,  
Where oft were gathered round its blaze,  
A household in its pride;  
A father's brow unmarked by care—  
A mother's undimmed eye—  
And fond young hearts have met you there  
In happy years gone by.

You "sigh for home"—forever gone  
Are days of dear lang syne—  
And friends have parted—one by one,  
To dwell with Love divine.  
All silent are their lips of song,  
And hushed each voice of mirth—  
But, oh! their memories ever throng  
About the household-hearth.

You "sigh for home"—Thus ever sigh  
Our souls whene'er we roam  
From Him who rules the hosts on high,  
Ye! "makes our hearts His home."  
Oh, when shall our dark wanderings cease,  
And we with spirits blest,  
Inherit all the Saviour's peace  
In Heaven—our Home of rest.

## OUR COUNTRY AND ITS LITERATURE.

BY H. W. CORNING.

[THE following communication is from the pen of a young lady of fifteen, the daughter of a Home Missionary in the interior of Michigan. With no pretension to second sight, we nevertheless predict for its youthful author, if faithful in the process of self-culture, a name and standing in future years among those benefactors of their country, whose breathing thoughts and burning words are its rich and imperishable treasures.—ED.]

THERE is no one we presume, in whose veins American blood courses, whose earnest aspirations do not ascend for the welfare of his country, the happiness of her people and the permanence of her institutions—yet those among us who turn from the present and gaze wistfully into the future, tremble at the half-formed shadows that flit behind its veil. They pretend not to the prophet's ken, but judge of the future by the present, as from the brilliancy of a declining sun we argue a bright unclouded morrow, or from the gathering clouds foretell tempest and storm.

The sun in his daily course, illumines no fairer land than the broad extent, embracing every variety of climate, surface and soil, which we proudly call our country. No nation has so firm a pedestal whereon to erect a name that shall endure to future ages, as our own, and none to a greater degree possesses within itself the elements that constitute permanent national greatness.

A voice is heard from the rocky hills of the Granite State, to the undulating savannahs of the South and West—from where the foam-crests of the Atlantic break in fury upon our eastern coast, to where the waves of the Pacific meet the green shores of our western border, proclaiming that nature has endowed no land more beneficently, more richly than our own. As that voice borne on the wind, reaches them, the dark pines wave their sombre foliage, the oak tosses his gnarled branches upward in reply—the ripened grain bends in acquiescence, and the rustling cane and snowy cotton of the South breathes a response.

Commerce too has unfurled her sails upon our inland waters, and the broad ocean bears upon its bosom stately vessels at whose

masthead floats our country's flag. Our intercourse with foreign lands, pours luxury and abundance into our coffers, while our internal resources are constantly increasing the sum of national wealth.

In future, when from hill-side and valley, from mountain and glen, shall be heard the hum of active life—when under the hand of persevering industry, the waste places shall be made to bud and blossom as the rose; when our internal resources shall be fully developed, when the El-Dorado of the West shall pour into our land its uncounted millions, while the lucrative commerce of Asia shall here meet that of Europe, what people on earth can compete with us?

Here genius has found a resting place where she might plume her pinions for loftier flights. Here science has reared her temple, from whence fountains of knowledge flow free to all, and here religion has found an asylum where undisturbed she might erect her altars and summon her votaries.

As we look over the chronicles of past ages, we find that upon the infancy of nations now no more, Providence smiled as benignly as it does upon us, and that their institutions seemed as permanently fixed as our own, but they have long since perished and passed away as though they had not been. Wealth lavished her treasures upon them—with riches came weakness and effeminacy—their morals became depraved. Vice usurped the throne of Virtue, and weakened, both physically and mentally, they became the easy prey of surrounding nations then in their prime, but who in the course of time, regardless of the warnings thus afforded, gradually followed in their footsteps until they too were lost in the gulf of oblivion. The history of the past is fraught with deep lessons to us—as we peruse them may we derive instruction.

In our hands are placed the means to form our future destiny. Shall we be as a brilliant meteor that for a brief time is seen in the heavens, dazzling all beholders, but is soon lost in midnight darkness, or as a fixed star shining 'mid tempest and storm, darkness and mutation ever the same?

Shall we disappear from that stage on which the drama of life is being performed, with nations for actors, and shall our place be filled by those we know not—or shall we remain to act well our part?

Shall the nations who build upon our ruins, point the finger of

scorn, and with exulting and contemptuous tones ask, "Where now are the people who aspired to build a permanent republic?" or shall we, erecting our national superstructure upon the broad basis of honor and piety, exhibit to the admiring world an edifice complete in all its parts, perfect in all its proportions, that will endure throughout all the convulsions that may agitate the world? Potentates may fall, thrones tremble, dynasties be overthrown—and empires hurled from their foundation, but such a republic will remain unmoved.

But to this national greatness and permanence, a pure religion, just and equal laws, and a pure literature are absolutely necessary. To the last we would especially direct our attention. It is from the popular literature of the day, that the great mass of the people receive their information; acquire ideas and form those principles which are to guide and direct them through life. And now a startling and momentous question meets us,—Is our current literature, of the high character which its importance demands? Is it such as at the present day is needed to counterbalance the moral degradation and impurity which is flooding our land from the Old World? Let the vast publishing houses of our cities, the innumerable book-stores of our towns and villages, and the fire-side of the private citizen utter a reply. In our large publishing houses, while many books of a high moral and religious character are sent out to the world, much also is published that is of doubtful tendency, and much that tends directly to destroy all moral principle.

From thence, these publications of the latter class the creations of the impure imaginations of degraded French and English authors, and their still more degraded American imitators, are disseminated throughout our land, bearing destruction and ruin in their train. We meet them go where we may their venders are found at all our steamboat landings, in all our rail-road depots, and other places of public resort—and even the libraries of our private citizens are not free from them, and many a wife, mother or daughter reads as she reclines in her softly cushioned chair the last productions of Sue, Dumas, George Sand, or their servile American imitators. Thus these works, whose tendency is the subversion of public and private morality and virtue, and which are fraught with poison more destructive in its effects than the famed Upas,

gain ready access from their brilliant style or alluring title to the homes of too many even of the friends of virtue. The seeds thus sown, aided in their growth by the natural evil tendencies of the heart, in time bring forth their fruits with which our prisons, alms-houses, and penitentiaries are filled.

Another kind of reading not as pernicious in its effects, yet far from being universally beneficial, is the magazine and newspaper literature so widely diffused. These periodicals penetrate into every family, and although their influence may be nominally upon the side of virtue, yet they present such distorted and unreal views of life and the world, as must be injurious to the young, while there is but little found upon their pages which tends to strengthen the mind, or develope the intellect. We seek almost in vain, for articles which require that deep thought so necessary to unfold and invigorate the mental capabilities. Such is the mass of that which constitutes the light reading of the present day. Periodicals have been established which advocated purity of religion, and of literature, but which, to the shame of the American people, failed of accomplishing their high mission for want of the support which it was in the power of an enlightened public to bestow. Some there are now which stand forth bright beacon-lights amid the moral darkness, and which every American hails as the harbinger of a new era in our literary history.

The vast foreign population which is rapidly filling our land, debarred as they have been in the Old World from all mental culture, seize eagerly upon every thing in the form of cheap reading with which our towns and cities abound. Shall we place in their hands the works of Eugene Sue as a standard of morality? Shall we give them the productions of the French school to form their principles and instruct them in their duty to God and their fellow man—or shall they seek amid the columns of our magazines and newspapers for food to unfold and invigorate their newly awakened mental energies? Has American taste become so depraved, American genius so perverted, or American mind so degraded, as to seize and feed with avidity upon the impure and demoralizing productions of the Old World with which our country abounds?

American patriots, who love their country and desire her lasting greatness tremble, as they behold the vast tide of vice sweep-



ing over our land, and which unless soon arrested threatens to overwhelm the last vestige of national greatness and prosperity. This tide may be turned back, and vice compelled to retreat to her ancient strongholds, but for this section immediate action is requisite. Friends of purity and virtue, rally around you standard, and trusting in Him who presides over the destinies of nations, go boldly forth to the conflict, and right shall triumph. Future years may then behold what now so ardently we wish—a nation virtuous and happy whose God is the Lord.

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### WALKING WITH GOD.

WRITTEN IN 1691—BY JOHN BYROM.

To the God of my love, in the morning, said she,  
Like a child to its parent when waking I flee;  
With a longing to serve him, and please him, I rise,  
And before him kneel down, as if seen by his eyes:  
I resign myself up to his absolute will,  
Which I beg that in me he would always fulfil;  
That the prayers of the day, by whomever preferred,  
For the good of each soul, may be also thus heard.

If obliged to attend to some household affair,  
I have scarce so much time as to say the Lord's prayer  
This gives me no trouble; my dutiful part  
Is obedience to him whom I have at my heart,  
As well at my work, as retiring to pray,  
And his love does not suffer in mine a decay;  
He has taught me himself, that a work which I do  
For his sake, is a prayer very real and true.

At the hour of night when I go to my rest,  
I repose on his love like a child at the breast;  
And a sweet peaceful silence invites me to keep  
Contemplating him, to my dropping asleep:  
Many times a good thought, by its gentle delight,  
Has withheld me from sleep a good part of the night,  
In adoring his love, that continues to share  
To a poor wretched creature, so special a care.

This, after my heart was converted at last,  
Is the life I have led for these twenty years past:  
My love is not changed, and my innermost peace,  
Tho' it ever seemed full, has gone on to increase.  
'Tis an infinite love that has filled me, and fed  
My still rising hunger to eat of its bread,  
So satisfied still, as if such an excess  
Could have nothing more added than what I possess.



## THE RESPECT DUE TO WOMAN.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SILVIO PELLICO.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

THE spirit of bantering, jeering cynicism is essentially the genius of vulgarity—the Satan of the world, always scattering calumnies among the human race, to induce them to laugh at virtue, and trample it under foot. He collects all those facts which dishonor religion, and concealing the opposite facts, exclaims,—“Who is God? What is this beneficent influence of the Gospel, and religious instruction? They are nothing but fanatical chimeras!”

He collects all the facts which dishonor politics, and exclaims,—“what are laws? What are civil ordinances? What is honor? What is patriotism? It is all a war of the strong and the cunning on the part of those who govern, or who aspire to govern, and of imbecility on the part of those who obey!”

He gathers together all the faults and follies which dishonor celibacy, matrimony, the relations of parent and child, neighbor and friend, and exclaims, with infamous triumph, “I have discovered it all to be egotism, imposture, sensual madness, hatred and mutual contempt!”

The fruits of this infernal and lying wisdom are really egotism, imposture, sensual madness, hatred and mutual contempt.

Is it to be expected, that this base genius of vulgarity, the reviler and desecrator of every excellent thing, should be otherwise than the supreme enemy of female virtue, and anxious always to vilify it?

In all ages he has exerted himself to depict woman as an abject being, vicious, artful, inconstant and vain: he has denied to her the sacred fire of friendship, and the undying flame of love. But the generous tendencies of humanity will protect the character of woman. Christianity has exalted her, in banishing polygamy and unlawful love, and next to the Man-God, presenting, as the highest form of created excellence, superior even to saints and angels, a pure and virtuous woman.

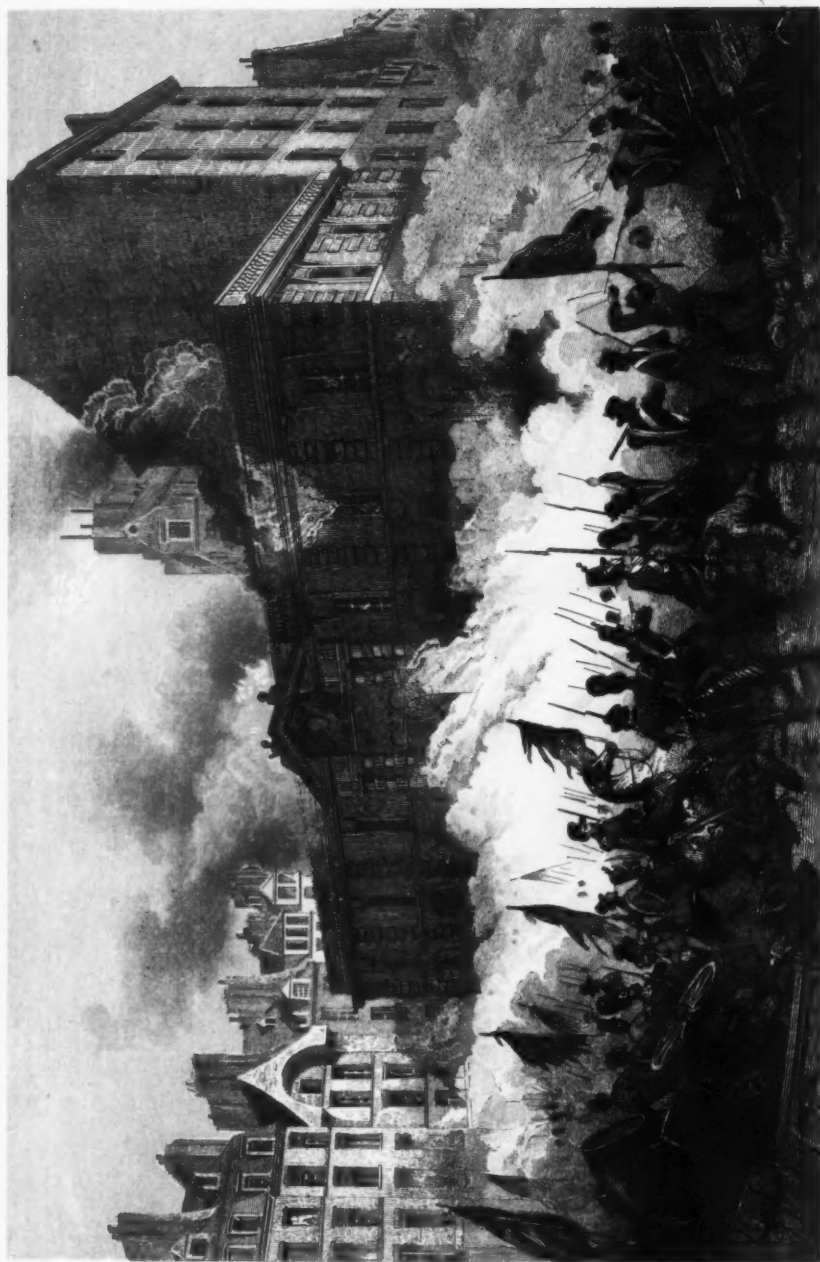
Modern society feels the effects of this spirit of refinement. Amid the barbarism of the middle ages, the institution of chivalry was embellished by the influence of devoted and disinterested love ; and we, rude Christians, sons of Chivalry, respect none but the man who honors the sex, in which meekness, the domestic virtues, and the graces are found.

Nevertheless, the ancient enemy of virtue and of woman, is still in the world. He has for his followers the whole tribe of depraved and debased geniuses, who, having rejected Christianity, that sole sanctifier of man, turn away from the light of goodness, wherever it is found, and affect to disbelieve in its existence.

We have seen philosophers, (thus at least they call themselves) who sometimes manifested an ardent zeal in the cause of humanity, and, at others, busied themselves in scattering obscene publications, anxious only to feed the intoxicated senses, with infamous poems and romances, with reasonings, anecdotes and fictions, designed to destroy all faith in human excellence. We have seen the most fascinating of writers,—Voltaire himself, a man who gave evidence of some good qualities, but corrupted by base passions, and by an unbridled and buffoon-like desire to provoke laughter, compose a long poem, in which he makes a mock of female honor, and jests with the misfortunes of the most sublime heroine who has ever adorned his country's annals,—the magnanimous Joan d' Arc. Madame d' Stael justly calls this book, "an act of high treason against the nation."

From men celebrated and obscure, from authors, living and dead, from the imprudence of many women, who have thrown off the modesty of their sex,—in fine, from a thousand quarters, the cry often swells around us, "feel nothing but contempt for woman." Reject the infamous temptation, oh, thou, whoever thou art, the son of woman, to look upon her with disdain. Turn away thy steps from all who do not honor in woman the mother who gave them birth. Trample under foot the books that vilify her, thus promoting licentiousness. Render thyself, worthy, by a noble esteem for female honor, to protect her to whom thou owest life, to protect thy sisters, to protect, perhaps, one day, some being, who shall acquire the sacred title of the mother of thy children.

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THE ATTACK ON THE PALAIS ROYAL

THE ATTACK ON THE PALAIS ROYAL





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## BOOKS AND READING.

BY C. W. TOLLES.

"Read not to contradict and refute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."—BACON.

AT the Olympic games, thousands assembled from all parts of Greece. Merchants, peasants, artisans, warriors, statesmen, philosophers, were congregated. Their habits, modes of thought, scenes of action and subjects of affection, were all diverse, and as far as the daily routines of life were concerned, little knowledge or sympathy existed between them. But the vast amphitheatre is densely crowded. All are eagerly attentive. A faint hum arises and immediately subsides, like the flapping of a bird's wings just before she poises herself quietly in the air and skims its surface. One arises to whom all eyes are directed. He bears a roll of parchment or papyrus and reads. His words fall among the vast assemblage "like snow flakes on the sea." Merchant, peasant, artisan, warrior, statesman, and philosopher, yield to their influence, and one feeling thrills every breast. The reader is delivering a history or a poem of his own composition, and thousands who before had nothing in common, now like the orbs of one system circle about a single centre.

Such is the influence of written thought. It creates a bond of acquaintance between strangers, like a common country, or a common pursuit. These bonds of acquaintance in the present age of the world are many. In ancient times, before life had become intricate and multiplex, there was but one—Nature. The Nomadic shepherd, gazing upon the heavens at night from among his sleeping flock, and the Egyptian priest constructing a horoscope from those stars which filled his soul with mysterious contemplations, for the time were assimilated. But this was the only common ground they had. Like circles their lives had but one point of contact.

But as the world grew older, the lives of men became more interlaced and concurrent. Arts were introduced, cities were constructed, governments were organized, and these all became so

many forums or common platforms, where men met and shook hands. At the present time, commerce, inventions, steamships, telegraphs and a thousand things have so perforated the world in all directions, that sympathy flows unobstructed through innumerable channels, and leaves not a heart untouched. Egypt's kings and priests might have risen and fallen, dynasties might have changed and hierarchies have been subverted; but what cared the shepherd so long as the eternal stars still shone the same night after night? Now a rural mob in a distant kingdom is heralded over the world; men sieze the newspapers anxiously and feel intensely—if not for the suffering and dethronements it may occasion—at least for the effect it may have on stocks and cargoes.

But of all bonds of communion, except Christianity, the greatest is written thought. Of all machines for throwing a magnetic current of universal, simultaneous sympathy through thousands of hearts, the greatest is the press. Of all perambulators in the earth, missionaries breathing inspirations kindled at a common flame, the most indefatigable and successful are books. Like the call of Muezzins from the minarets of a mosque, their voices echo through the world, and lo! thousands bow at the sound and obey their behests.

When we look upon the rainbow or an eclipse, we may fancy ourselves but units in an extended row of wondering faces dotting the earth's surface, all similarly engaged. So when we read a book, we are in sympathy not only with its author, but with all his readers. If we would open our ears, we might hear a host of laughers when we laugh, a murmur of sighs while we are sighing, and could see thousands of faces whose expression is but the reflection of our own. I can associate with the great of many ages by reading the same thoughts which once coursed through their minds. When I take up Virgil, I am a companion with Dante, Petrarch and Milton. For the time we are fellow travellers. Every book of any worth that enters the world becomes a chain binding its own age fast to eternity. Each year adds a new link, and each link is forged from the thoughts of new minds.

In the universe not an atom is ever annihilated. Neither is a thought ever lost. Let it once coalesce to a human mind, though

it disappear like a drop in the ocean, though the page on which it was written be consumed, yet it has entered into the composition of human knowledge, and there performs an office. Libraries may be burned, but the thoughts contained within them are inconsumable. They are dispersed in the elements of a thousand minds, and will be there combined in a thousand different forms. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." This is true in the intellectual, as well as in the moral world.

Thought loses not its power by age, use, or dispersion. In matter all power is lost by the communication of motion. But a thought once promulgated continually widens its sphere of action, spreading out like rings of water, till it reach the farthest shore of humanity. To each generation it is new, and therefore becomes not wearisome to the world through familiarity.

All thought is creative. Perhaps there are few who cannot refer to some particular books which were to them the exhibitors of a new world—which rent the veil that had hitherto obstructed their vision, and disclosed beyond, a vista interspersed with light and shade that attracted and stimulated. These books stood like seers, pointing onward, and saying, 'there is your appropriate sphere.' Dante represents Virgil as conducting him through the circles of the infernal region. But doubtless long before Dante, wounded in spirit by misfortune, and maddened by exile, conceived the plan of his weird poem, Virgil had opened to him realms of thought and feeling, of which even the *Divina Comedia* affords no adequate description. This is the true glory of authorship—the power of inspiration—of wakening up other minds—of guiding them—of impelling them forward to the discovery of new cycles of truth and thought. This constitutes the difference between a God and a man. He who produces a thought within the soul, or who directs it in a path of moral or intellectual utility, approximates to the character of him by whom the soul was created. It should be matter of public thanksgiving with every Christian of extended views in relation to the government of God, that he has created and preserved so many thought-ennobling books. The intelligent and liberal mind will see the same Providence in the preservation of Homer, and of the Bible.

One of the most grand and elevating, yet melancholy and de-

pressing places is a large library. Enter cautiously that mausoleum of the great, and in silence and seclusion sit and meditate. How many sleepless nights, how many anguished hours, how many high hopes, how much toilsome, unremitted industry have worked together in piling up these huge heaps of tomes. Many were written in poverty, in hunger and thirst, when animal vitality scarce afforded sufficient foundation to sustain the lofty monument of hope and fame, which the aspiring author was imagining, or slowly constructing. Now call forth the portraits of those who after their life of anguish and excitement sleep calmly there. What a gallery of pale, wan, melancholy faces! Is not melancholy an element of greatness? When we hear the vast rumbling of thunder, or the roar of Niagara—when we see the wide unfolding of the ocean—there is no feeling noisy or vociferous excited. It is rather melancholy, quiet and pensive. So may it be with all great minds. The majestic face of Dante, the quaint physiognomy of old Burton, the godlike features of Milton, all are impressed with the mournful yet resigned and uncomplaining cast. "Peaceful and serene and self-enshrined." Even on the rotund head of Shakspeare, and in the eye of humorous Lamb, you see no traces of the broad wit or the lurking conceit which ere now has thrown the world into convulsions of laughter. Now ask, 'what feeling—what motive accumulated these vast masses?' Did ambition—did avarice—did philanthropy? To the first two the heart should answer indignantly, no! To the last—hesitate before replying. It has a specious appearance, but we fear must receive a negative. What was it then? If we mistake not, it was the restless, uncontrollable, not to be silenced feeling of truth at the heart—ever pressing from within outward, and ever demanding utterance. Yes, the *feeling* of possessing the Truth. Many have been deceived. Many have possessed but mere simulacra and not realities. But they were sincere.—Whatever rigid orthodoxists may say to the contrary, there is a natural love of truth in the heart of man. He does not write himself a fool designedly. Often indeed he allows his own prejudices to usurp the place of reason, but even these are posted as an additional guard against error. Oh! there is something in the majestic countenance and attitude of truth, when a man imagines he has a glimpse of her through her cloudy robes, that

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Let us then reverence books, for they were written under the real or imagined suggestion of truth. Let us reverence them on account of the travail which gave them birth. Let us reverence them because "in books lies the soul of the whole past time—the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished as a dream." Let us reverence them for their own sake. For who cannot find companionship with them? What loneliness will they not enliven? What sorrow not alleviate? What longings not gratify? What perturbations not calm? How favored is he who in solitude can move in the great world under the guidance of Shakspeare, Fielding, or Scott! Who in his graver hours can relish the engaging logic of Cicero, the profound morality of Johnson, or enshroud himself in the vision of Dante! Who can revel in the exuberant creations of Tasso, Pope, or Byron! Who can travel back the path of time with Gibbon, Niebuhr and Thirlwall—viewing Greece in her brilliant splendor and her ignoble descent—Rome in her magnificent glory and her almost as magnificent decline! Whose ear can appreciate the stateliness of Virgil, the lute-like tones of Petrarch, and the organ harmony of Milton! Who can take up books in every phase of feeling, regarding them not as mere lifeless inscriptions or directories, necessary in order to know the events and changes which have occurred in this vast graveyard—earth; mere austere intellectual school-masters,—but as voices from the past, coming to his ears like the voices of loved friends from the spirit-land—nay, as real, present, living, sympathizing friends!

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We cannot too soon learn the lesson of self-dependence. It is as necessary in reading as in intercourse with the world. That which is to make us, lies not in books, in men, in beautiful scenery or foreign lands. It is encased within our own bodies : it never strays from home : it is always at command.

Many great philosophical discoveries have been suggested by trivial circumstances. The circumstances were but occasions, the attention and habit of thought were the discovery. A thousand apples might fall on a bumpkin's pate without ever shaking up a thought. But one, on the head of Newton writes a Principia.—So he

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I do not care who knows it, no enemy to meditations on broomsticks. In hazarding this confession, however, I beg leave to put in a *provided always*, that the said meditation on a broomstick, shall be as truly a meditation as the broomstick is verily a broomstick. For meditation I presume is that act of the mind, by which it seeks *within*, either the *law* of the phenomena, which it had contemplated without, or semblances, symbols and analogies corresponsive to the same. At all events, therefore, it implies *thinking*, and tends to make the reader *think*; and whatever does this does what in the present over-excited state of society is most wanted, though perhaps least desired."

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when the seal of their words is broken, towers and widens into gigantic shape and stature.

*Words* may be suggestive. There is more in what is technically called command of language than the power of bold inversions, novel meanings, and rhetorical corruscations. Words are properly pictures; and he who by a single word can present a picture the most vivid and complete, be that word homely or common, is a sovereign in his own right. In this, Shakspeare is undoubtedly preeminent. In the well known passage, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank," the whole beauty of a moonlight summer is presented by the word "sleeps" to the reader, with vividness and celerity, as if he had drawn a curtain and looked forth upon it.

*Figures* are suggestive. Rhetoricians tell us that figures must be used only as illustrations. But this like other proverbial maxims admits of an indefinite range. Figures have an *extensive* rather than an illustrative office. They are wedges inserted into the cleft of thought to widen and let light farther down into its abysses, that we may discern its innermost fibres. When imagination strikes upon the trail of a figure give it the rein. Let it whirl you along as Mephistopheles did Faust, over mountain, chasm, or ocean. Be not careful, but reckless—not fettered by rules, but erratic.

Milton is an example of suggestive *description*. No geographer can tell the latitude, longitude, or extent of Pandemonium, yet who cannot picture it to himself! No physiologist can determine the stature of Satan, yet who does not have a distinct visual perception of him and his infernal legions tossing on the heaving molten marl!

Who has not at times watched the clouds and attempted to construct from the scattered fragment figures grotesque or grand? The exercise is delightful. In suggestiveness resides one superiority of the works of God over those of man. I may become heartily tired of seeing the artificial splendor of New-York; but when shall I weary of visiting nature? I may get Shakspeare by heart, but when shall I exhaust the Bible? In nature the reason of pleasure is easily told. She is always regular—never precise. Always truthful—never minute. Always consistent never complete. She presents as much care and rule in the con-



formation of a leaf, as in the adjustment of the most stupendous object. Yet no leaf is faultless—no two are alike. A thing absolutely perfect in all detail, gives no scope for exercise of any power but mere copying. That which presents the general plan, and indicates the rest, affords exercise for invention and ingenuity and the mind is pleased at its own success in comprehending and translating. Precisely as we study the clouds should we study books. The mind returns as much more satisfied and improved from such an active pursuit, rather than from mere passive recipient reading, as the hunter who has been all day pursuing noble game though at the expense of exertion and fatigue, feels happier than he who has stood in his window, and with a string snared a few unwary pigeons.

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### NATURE'S LESSONS.

BY MRS. A. J. GRAVES.

"WHEN we look on earth, every thing we see reminds us of man; the opening bud and the scattered petals, the tender foliage of spring, the sear and yellow leaves of autumn, sunshine and shadow, ruggedness and beauty, barren wastes and fertile fields succeed to each day, or mingle together. And from his own handiwork, man may read the same lesson on human life—the towering edifice fresh from the labors of its builders, and the crumbling ruin with its broken columns, its fallen, grass-grown walls—populous cities, the sudden growth of a few years, instinct with the hum and bustle of vitality, and cities desolate, without an inhabitant, and without a name, whose dilapidated temples are the only traces left of a long buried forgotten race on this earth. Vicissitude and decay are marked upon the works of God and the works of his creatures, but when we look above all is bright and unchanging,—one eternal Now from the first creation of the universe to the present hour. The clouds rising from earth may obscure the blue heavens, but it is still the same; the sun and the stars roll on, immutable in their lustre, and even the changes in the silvery moon are not in herself, but from the varying shadows that our own world casts on her surface. The earth indeed is the type of man, but the heavens are the glorious emblem of Him, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever!"



## THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY CELIA.

SWEET Harp of Æolus!  
Oh! play for me again  
The sad and plaintive strain,  
That troubles thus  
The deep and sacred fount of tears,  
And to my yearning spirit bears  
Such pleasant mournfulness!

Hark! like a Seraph's song,  
Heard in a blissful dream,  
Its cadences now seem  
To float among  
The distant stars of radiant even,  
And echoes from the glorious Heaven  
Its rapturous tones prolong!

And now, with fitful moan,  
As a low, earnest plaint  
Of spirits sad and faint,  
It murmurs on;  
Now breathes a prayerful, tearful cry—  
Then, like the echo of a sigh,  
In silence dies alone!

But, pealing forth again,  
A joyous pæan rings,  
And *Liberty* now sings  
A noble strain!  
With freest touch she sweeps the lyre—  
In clearer melody and higher,  
Resounds her glad refrain!

Now *playfully* it trills,  
With mellow bird-voice singing,  
Or as the merry ringing  
Of fairy bells!  
Now, like the happy laughter of a child—  
Then, like the hollow frog-note hoarse and wild  
Discordantly it swells!

In sombre monotone,  
Like far-heard Ocean's roar  
Or bell at midnight hour,  
Now list its moan !  
Now, seems to swell upon our ears  
The music of the "silver spheres,"  
Through far blue ether borne !

Hark ! sweetly now it rings  
With Sabbath hymns of praise,  
And solemn, sacred lays  
Serenely sings !  
And list ! from dim Cathedral choir  
The distant *organ* to our ear  
Harmonious echo brings !

With cadence full and free,  
As the far booming  
Of music coming  
Over the sea,  
Its firm, deep symphonies now rise and swell—  
Then, like the tuneful murmurs of a shell,  
They whisper plaintively.

When timid Zephyrs play  
Upon its silken strings,  
Sweet wild-wood Music sings  
A silver lay—  
But when the Storm-Fiend strikes the lyre  
It shrieks in accents shrill and dire,  
That, wailing, soar away !

Such is thy magic skill,  
Thou wild and fitful sprite,  
With sweet and sad delight  
The heart to fill !  
Oh ! gratefully my spirit owns  
The influence of thy changeful tones,  
That gently haunt me still.

Heart ! may thy tender lyre  
In sweetest tune be found,  
Forever to resound  
Serenely—higher—  
Swept by the gentle hand of Him  
Who taught the holy Seraphim  
Their notes of living fire !

## PUNCTUALITY.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

Punctuality ! a word which is in every one's mouth, but so seldom to be met with elsewhere, that its existence is regarded almost like that of the fabled Phœnix, one of the creations of fancy. Let no one, however, lay the flattering unction to his soul, that there is no such thing in reality, for there have been some shining examples of this virtue in every age, just enough to show the practicability of its attainment by all who will stoop to cultivate a quality so common-place and unpretending.

By punctuality, we mean the strict keeping of our engagements of every kind, precisely at the appointed time. The punctual man or woman, will be ready at the season of family worship ; ready at the hour of meals ; ready to go to the house of God in due season ; ready to attend the public meeting before the services commence ; in a word, ready for the performance of every duty in its proper time. That little word, ready—what a talisman is it in the domestic circle ! It is the healer of discord, the soother of strife, the promoter of every good word and work, the sweetener of toil and the strong cement of affection. The wife and mother who is always ready to meet and fulfil her domestic arrangements in their season, is a blessing not only to her own household, but to society in general, for those under her influence will imbibe her spirit, and be trained up to habits of order and punctuality.

“ Her children shall arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he shall praise her.” The opposite of this character is too well known to need description. The remissness that suffers the fragments of time to escape unimproved—the busy idleness that wears the semblance of activity, while nothing is accomplished—the feverish bustle which seeks to crowd the duties of a day into the last half hour—these are familiar to all who have looked upon society in its varied forms, and we need not dwell upon them here. The limits allotted to this article, will allow us to notice only one of the many phases, which this vice (for such we call a want of punctuality) assumes.

There are at the present day, so many demands on the time of those who are engaged in the various departments of benevolent effort, that every moment has its proportionate value. The lady who belongs to several different societies, and feels the importance of attending regularly the stated meetings of these societies, is able by a methodical arrangement of time to give just such a portion to the claims of each. A meeting is appointed at a certain specified hour. She cannot, without neglecting paramount duties at home, be absent longer than the time necessary for the discharge of her duties as a member. She is on the spot, precisely at the time, but she is there alone, and after a long period of waiting another comes in—another—and another, until when the hour has nearly expired, a sufficient number have assembled to commence business. What a loss of precious time does the punctual woman sustain! The whole weight of vexation falls on her, and she leaves, either determining to be found there no more, or resolving to be half an hour behind the time, and thus inflict on another the uneasiness she has herself experienced. And what has occasioned this loss of time? There may be instances in which the late arrival was unavoidable, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is attributable solely to the spirit of tardiness which has seized so many of the sons and daughters of Adam. But no one is conscious of this defect in themselves, though all are ready enough to complain of it in others. Who ever heard the honest confession—"I am late, because it is my nature to be tardy—I am in the habit of putting off to the future what ought to be done now, and am therefore always in a hurry at the last moment, and always half an hour too late." The shame of such an acknowledgment from the victim of procrastination, might go far towards producing amendment, but it has never been, and we venture to predict, never will be heard. The veriest "thief of time" has always some plausible excuse for tardiness in meeting an engagement, and often succeeds in persuading herself that she is the most unfortunate being in having every thing to do, just at the wrong time. She has yet to learn one of the first practical lessons of life, "a time for every thing, and every thing in its time," and in this respect she will, unless she possess uncommon energy of character, belong to that class, who are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Mothers, sisters, daughters, be entreated to cultivate most diligently the virtue of punctuality. Do not consider it beneath your notice, for the want of it will greatly impair both your usefulness and comfort. You may go through life without it, and be highly esteemed for many admirable qualities, but be assured this defect in your character will be severely felt and commented upon, because it is at every step interfering with the convenience and happiness of others. You cannot always command your own time. The best laid plans may be disarranged by some unforeseen event, but this forms the exception, not the general rule. If you have an engagement at any particular hour, where others are concerned, let no ordinary hindrance prevent you from meeting it. It is just as easy to keep an engagement at the appointed hour, as to be half an hour too late, and the difference to others is so great that it is worth while to make even some sacrifice for punctuality. It is not a trifle we are pleading for, however some inveterate procrastinator may consider it, and could all who have suffered, and are suffering from the sad effects of this vice, join their voices with ours, the cry would be heard through all the wide extent of our country.—“If thou hast any employment of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of an immortal being, it is of importance enough to be done just at the right time, for that time once past, no other moment can ever be found to take its place, since every moment has its appropriate work which belongs properly to it.”

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#### THE LAST—THE STRONGEST LINK.

“Oh! in our sterner manhood, when no ray  
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,  
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil  
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil—  
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain  
One link that knits us with young dreams again,  
One thought so sweet, we scarcely dare to muse  
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,  
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,  
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,  
And every spring, untouched for years, to move,  
It is—the memory of a mother's love.”

## THORNBURY;

OR, "HOLD FAST THINE INTEGRITY."

BY ALICE CRAIG.—CONTINUED.

HE arose at once, resolved to seek an interview with his host as early as he thought one could be obtained. He was hardly dressed, when a confused sound, as of many mingled voices, reached his ear from another part of the house: the tones were those of intense distress, and seemed to approach nearer. Edmund's hand was upon the key, when a loud and repeated knocking threatened to demolish the door of his apartment. He opened it immediately, and found himself in the presence of Mr. Thornbury and three or four of the servants, all looking on him with eyes in which grief, anger and suspicion were plainly blended.

"Where is my son?" demanded Mr. Thornbury, in a loud and agitated voice. "Keep the money—if you had asked me, I would have given it to you—but where is my son?"

Edward recoiled in astonishment—we might say horror; and while he is slowly gathering the meaning of what he saw and heard, we will explain it, more concisely, to our reader. Mr. Thornbury still used a private drawer in his grandfather's secretary, as a place of deposit for articles of small bulk, but of greater value. The drawer was concealed within a recess of the secretary; this recess was guarded by a small door—which door was, in its turn, secured by a diminutive but peculiarly constructed lock. On the day preceding the fete of which we have spoken, Mr. Thornbury had occasion to look into the recess, but the requisite key was not to be found. To supply its place, every key of a corresponding size belonging to the family was applied to in vain; none answered the desired purpose, until Edmund offered the key of a casket in which he usually carried a writing apparatus. This key fitted the dainty lock—was used, and then duly restored to its owner. On the morning to which we have last referred, Mr. Thornbury on opening his secretary, saw the door of the recess swinging; looking farther, he found that a large sum of money, in bank notes, had been abstracted from the secret

drawer. This discovery gave rise to a suspicion, quite as embarrassing to Mr. Thornbury as the loss he had sustained. He asked himself what course he should pursue—and, as a first step, went to consult his son. Alfred was not in his room—could not be found in the house: but in the garden, near the window of the room in which the secretary stood, were traces of the footsteps of more than one person, and several marks of blood, on the same spot, gave evidence that it had been, within a few hours, the theatre of a disastrous, if not fatal occurrence. Mr. Thornbury's agitation now amounted to agony: as if to give force to his most dreadful suspicions, one of the servants informed him that, happening to look out of her window some time during the night, she had observed two figures in the garden, one of which she knew to be that of Mr. Alfred; "the other, she had taken for Mr. Edmund—but, of course, she must, in that, have been mistaken." Mr. Thornbury waited to hear no more, but proceeded at once to the apartment of his guest.

Edmund was committed to prison, to await his trial for robbery and murder. Months rolled away, and the dreary walls of the "house of bondage" still echoed the young man's footsteps. He was not alone in his cell—his mother was permitted to share it with him, and the hearts of the parent and child were more closely knit than ever by this mutual endurance of evil. The trial had been postponed, from time to time, at the urgent request of Mr. Thornbury, who, notwithstanding the injury he had received, really appeared to suffer more from the thought of the dreadful fate that threatened his young relative than Edmund himself.—This difference of anxiety was attributed, by those who remarked it, to the overflowing kindness of Mr. Thornbury's character, and to an unnatural and guilty apathy on the part of Edmund. They did not suspect—they would not have believed had they been told that Mr. Thornbury's solicitude was the result of self-accusation, and that Edmund contemplated the fearful prospect before him with the tranquillity of conscious innocence. The opinions of the public with regard to the prisoner were various, but the prevailing one pronounced him guilty: the most diligent search had failed to discover the body of his victim, but numerous instances were called to mind, which proved, clearly, that an unfriendly state of feeling had existed between the two young men,



for some time previous to Alfred's disappearance. On the day immediately preceding that event, this feeling, as we have related had betrayed itself in a marked manner. Edmund's footsteps had been traced, in the garden, from a point beyond the scene of the supposed murder, to the window of his apartment; and, when questioned respecting his nocturnal promenade, he had replied with evident embarrassment, though he had not denied it. Another circumstance, though apparently trifling, weighed heavily against him: a key, which he admitted to be the same that he had lent to Mr. Thornbury, had been found on the carpet, near the secretary; he persisted in asserting that he had made no recent use of it, and must have lost it accidentally—but this assertion, of course, was not credited. The day fixed upon for his trial came, but was again deferred;—the angel of death had again visited the dwelling of Mr. Thornbury. From the hour in which the loss of her son had been made known to her, Mrs. Thornbury had been gradually, but certainly, declining in strength: on the day appointed for the trial of the suspected murderer, Constance, at an early hour, bent over her sleeping mother, and pressed her morning kiss upon her lips. Those lips responded not to that affectionate pressure—their icy coldness told the sad girl the heart-piercing truth, that her beloved parent slept the long, deep “sleep that knows no waking.”

The year was in its prime, when Edmund was committed to prison—the summer leaves had faded into the “sere and yellow” foliage of autumn, autumn had given place to winter, and winter to mantling spring, before he was, at length, brought face to face with a jury of his countrymen, to answer to the heavy charges that had so long stood against him. Mr. Thornbury manifested much unwillingness to prosecute for the robbery, but the court demanded that every circumstance which could have induced the commission of the fearful crime of which the prisoner was accused should be fully stated, and no abridgment of charges was admitted. Edmund pleaded his innocence in the customary form, and awaited his doom, with a calmness of demeanor equally removed from fear or insensibility. The trial progressed—day succeeded day, and with every setting sun the prisoner's chance for life appeared more desperate than before. Constance, had the newspapers been less faithful in their details, could have read the

dreadful truth in her father's unwonted discomposure. One afternoon, as they rose from their now cheerless tea-table, he remarked, as if thinking aloud—

"It will be decided to-morrow." He did not look at Constance as he said this, but could not close his ear to the tones in which she asked—

"Do you think, father, that they will doom my cousin to the gallows?"

"I tremble for him, my dear," replied Mr. Thornbury: "he is in very great danger." This time there was no response, and the father turned toward his daughter: he reached her only in time to prevent her falling to the floor. He bore her to the window—the air seemed to revive her—she breathed again, but lay motionless in her father's arms; and as he pressed her form, of almost infantile lightness, to his heart, and gazed on her young, pale face, and noted, more closely than he had before done, the havoc which mental suffering had made in those fair lineaments, he murmured audibly—

"I have often thanked Heaven that you, my gentle, innocent child, were spared to me—but now, I see that I have killed you too. May God forgive me, though I deserve it not."

When Constance arose from her father's breast, her first action was to embrace him, with her own childish, affectionate grace; as she did this, she fastened her eyes intently on his, and asked, slowly and earnestly—

"Do you, sir, believe him guilty?"

"I did believe him so," replied Mr. Thornbury, "candidly. I dare not, yet, pronounce him innocent, though I would most gladly hear the jury acquit him."

"But, father," pursued Constance, with a fervor that betrayed more plainly than her words, how deeply her heart was interested in the cause she was pleading—"he is innocent—he cannot be guilty. He would never stoop to theft, and of murder—my brother's murder"—and she shuddered visibly—"he is as incapable as we."

"I would give all I am worth in the world—every thing but you, my precious child, to convert the jury to your opinion; but God, alone, knows the truth, and—I fear—I fear."

A knock at the door interrupted them; Constance rose from

her father's knee, as one of Mr. Thornbury's clerks entered the parlor. Henry Somers bowed to Constance with a look of peculiar sympathy—she returned his salutation with her customary friendliness, and passed out of the room. The young man's business with Mr. Thornbury occupied but a few minutes; when he descended the steps from the hall door, he did not take the direct path to the road, but turned to the left, apparently preferring to reach the gate by a more circuitous route, which would afford him an opportunity of seeing a part of the garden, as well as the lawn. Had any one taken the trouble to watch his motions, they would soon have convinced an observer that it was not a garden, but a single flower, that attracted his footsteps:—the beautiful figure of Constance could be seen, in the shade of the arching trees, moving slowly along the walk he had chosen. She turned on hearing some one approaching:—Henry Somers advanced respectfully, but with more freedom of manner than he had ever before adopted toward his employer's daughter. Constance was surprised, but could not feel offended when he addressed her:

"Will Miss Thornbury forgive me, if I acknowledge that I heard the concluding sentences of her conversation with her father? The parlor door was ajar, and I could not, without turning back, avoid hearing what was said. I recall it now, merely to say that my own opinion was precisely expressed."

"Then you do not believe my cousin guilty," returned Constance, with instant animation; "there is, at least, one who thinks as I do."

"But I am afraid," said Somers, "that the jury will not agree with us—the evidence against the prisoner is powerful."

"Then they will kill him," responded Constance—losing the transient bloom which pleasure had called to her cheek a moment before, and clinging to the shrub beside her for support. The young man looked on her pale face and drooping figure, now almost transparent in its fragility, and muttering to himself—"she will not live a month—I'll run the risk"—he moved nearer to the trembling girl, lowered his voice, and abruptly asked—

"Would you make a trifling venture, young lady, to save your cousin's life?"

"Would I?" returned Constance, looking up with brightening eyes. "Ask, rather, what I would not do—what—at least, that is not wrong."

‘What I propose,’ said the other, “is not wrong—but you may think it unpleasant. I would not ask it, if I had time to make any other arrangement. It is that you come to this spot, two hours hence, prepared to take a short ride.”

“Shall not my father come with me?” asked Constance.

“He must not even know your purpose. He is going out, to-night—he told me so, a few minutes since; you can easily elude the notice of others; tell no one, and come alone.”

“I cannot,” said the poor girl—and her head fell, again, on her bosom.

“But I tell you,” said Somers, with some vehemence, “you may save life—your cousin’s life. I can put it in your power to convince others of his innocence.”

“Then I will come,” replied Constance, with sudden energy. “It cannot be wrong, with such a motive; and I do not care for danger.”

“You will encounter none. Observe my directions, and, believe me, you will never regret having done so.” He disappeared, and Constance, almost believing herself dreaming, returned slowly to the house. She was too young to realize any particular imprudence in the adventure which she had undertaken: she dwelt only on the thought of learning her brother’s fate, and of saving her cousin from an ignominious death. It did not once occur to her that her credulity might have been played with by the young man, with whom, though he had been her father’s confidential clerk for four years, she was but slightly acquainted. She knew too little of imposture and treachery to be disturbed by any such suspicions; but she was troubled by the idea of concealing from her father the step that she was taking, and she trembled, without knowing why, as she wrapped her shawl about her and moved stealthily down the steps of the piazza, and along the gravel walk, to the tree at which she had promised to meet Henry Somers.—He was already waiting: he silently offered his arm to Constance, and conducted her without the gate. A short walk brought them to a group of trees, whose drooping branches approached the ground so nearly as entirely to conceal a horse and a light carriage, in the latter of which, Constance and her companion were soon seated, and moving rapidly away from her home. The still trembling girl had scarcely time to ask herself whether she re-

pented or not, of having been induced to take this, with her, unparalleled step, before Somers opened a conversation by remarking:

"You will, it is probable, hardly credit me, Miss Thornbury, when I assert that my risk, in this adventure, is much greater than yours."

"How can that possibly be?" she demanded.

"I will tell you," he replied; "it places my freedom from a prison, my good name, and perhaps my life, at your disposal.—Before we proceed farther, I must obtain your promise—for my mother's sake—I do not ask it for my own—that what I am about to relate, shall not be revealed to my injury."

The wondering girl gave the required promise, and he continued:

"My confession, then, shall be made at once. I robbed your father; I wounded your brother."

"You?" gasped Constance.

"I," he repeated. "But do not call me a murderer: the robbery was premeditated—the injury inflicted on your brother was not."

We will leave Constance to recover from the shock of finding herself alone, in such circumstances, with one who was declaring himself the instrument of the bitter sorrow that had almost destroyed her young life, and, if the reader do not object, precede the travellers to a solitary, old-fashioned, but neat and convenient farm-house—surrounded by oak, pear, and cherry trees, and located at the distance of three or four miles from Mr. Thornbury's residence. In a back room of this comfortable domicile, in an arm-chair cushioned with pillows, and, as the night was cool, placed not far from a cheerful fire, sat, or rather reclined, a young man, in whose handsome but wasted features it was easy to recognize our acquaintance, Alfred Thornbury. He was reading, by the light of the lamp that stood on a small table, beside him. Suddenly the rumbling of carriage wheels was heard; apparently this was an unusual occurrence, for the young gentleman closed his book, and asked himself aloud—"What can it mean?" A few minutes afterward, the door of his apartment opened, and a respectable looking, matronly woman entered.

"Do you feel strong enough, to-night, to receive visitors?" she asked, in a kindly and pleasant voice.

"I shall be most happy to do so," he replied, "provided, of course, they are not enemies."

"We shall soon see," she said. "Prepare yourself—do not be too much overcome." She withdrew, and Alfred awaited her return with feelings which may, perhaps, be more easily imagined, when we have related that for seven long months, he had seen no human face but that of the skillful and attentive nurse who had just left him. He started nervously at the sound of approaching footsteps, and turned toward the opening door a look that betrayed as much anxiety as hope: but every other expression gave place to one of unqualified delight, as his sister—her lovely face divided between smiles and tears, glided into the room, bent over her brother, and clasped him to her bosom. We leave the scene, and the narrative that Constance gave her brother of all that had taken place at home, during his absence, to the reader's own fancy. Alfred wept for his mother, and the history of Edmund's imprisonment and trial awakened his liveliest sympathy.

"And now, brother," continued the sweet girl, "you must promise me to forgive Henry Somers, and not to betray him. He has proved that, though he has done very wrong, he is not altogether wicked."

"I am in a mood to forgive and forget every injury," replied Alfred: "let him come in."

In the snug parlor of the farm-house sat Henry Somers, in earnest conversation with the kind looking woman of whom we have spoken.

"And so," said the matron, "you have really given to that young thing, the keeping of so dangerous a secret."

"I have," replied Somers. "My resolution to do so was not taken until late this afternoon. I called at Mr. Thornbury's, on an errand from the office, and saw Miss Constance, for the first time in many months. I was shocked at the change in her appearance. I had time for few thoughts, but one of them was, that she was dying, and that I should be her murderer. I had enough on my conscience, already, and could not resolve to let one so young and innocent die of grief and suspense, when it was, probably, in my power to save her. I acted as you have seen, mother, and do not yet repent of it."

The opening door announced the young girl's return. "Come," she said, "my brother is waiting to say that he forgives you."

Henry Somers entered Alfred's room with an embarrassed air,



and his eye fell beneath that of his employer's son—who, however, extended his hand with a look of friendship, and only remarked, "I would not have believed this, Henry." This mild reproach was more effective than a torrent of angry words would have been, and the guilty young man wept as he pressed the proffered hand. A few questions and answers prepared the way to a thorough explanation of Henry's guilt, and Alfred's misfortune. The mother of Henry Somers had been an orphan, and reared in the family of old Mr. Thornbury. After her marriage and removal to the house in which she still resided, her excellent qualities as a nurse caused her to be sent for, by the family in which she had so long lived, whenever any among them required the offices of such a person. In this capacity, she was summoned to attend the old gentleman in his last illness. Of his two grandsons, Egbert had been her favorite: she accused Philip, in her thoughts, of having, as she termed it, "undermined his cousin" in their grandfather's affections; and she watched his behaviour around the old gentleman's death-bed, with a jealous scrutiny which he little suspected. She overheard their conversation relative to the codicil; she knew that that instrument, though not legally complete, clearly informed Philip of his grandfather's wishes; we have already shewn how far these were carried into effect. Mrs. Somers was now a widow, in embarrassed circumstances, and greatly dependent on Mr. Thornbury. She was too prudent to risk offending him by revealing what she knew, but could not deny herself the gratification of speaking freely on the subject to her son, as soon as he was old enough to comprehend her views of it. Henry's father had left his farm subject to a heavy mortgage; the chief ambition of the son was to remove this mortgage, and possess the soil on which he was born, free from any incumbrance. He entered, with the quickness of youthful feeling, into his mother's prejudices: Mr. Thornbury was a kind and liberal patron, but, in Henry's view, his right to the wealth which he held was very doubtful; and the young clerk drew from this idea, by a sophism of his own, the conclusion that there was little harm in defrauding his master. He frequently purloined small sums from the office, which were carefully added to his honest savings, to be appropriated to the grand purpose. He was acute and attentive in business, and was greatly trusted by his employer; he



earned, at length, the secret of the concealed drawer in the secretary, contrived to possess himself of the key, and resolved on a bolder venture—for a richer prize—than he had before attempted. He was entrusted with the conduct of some important commercial transactions in the west, the arrangements for which were completed early on the day of the fete to which we have so often alluded. The occasion was urgent, and Mr. Thornbury would consent to no delay. Henry, however, did delay; he had fixed on that night for his nefarious enterprize; he hoped, by remaining out of sight through the day, and leaving home before the dawn, next morning, to mislead suspicion effectually, by causing his patron to believe him at least thirty miles distant. He accomplished the theft, and was leaving the house from the window by which he had entered, when he was observed by Alfred, who hastened forward and demanded his errand. No answer was returned, but Alfred, rightly supposing that such a visit was made with no creditable motive, seized the intruder's arm and repeated his question. A struggle ensued; for some moments, Henry strove only to escape; but finding that impossible, and knowing that the danger of being seen or heard from the house grew every instant more imminent, he became desperate, and struck his opponent a blow with his heavy riding-whip, which, falling across the forehead, brought him to the ground. Henry turned to leave the spot—but the thought that he had possibly committed a murder arrested his steps: he bent over the prostrate young man, who lay perfectly motionless—the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. With an indescribable sensation of horror, Henry now asked himself, “what must be done?” To leave his victim unassisted, might insure his death; to arouse the family, would bring discovery and destruction on his own head—neither must time be lost in hesitation. He bound his handkerchief across Alfred's mouth, raised him in his arms, and was soon beyond the gate and beside his own horse, beneath the same trees to which he afterward conducted Constance. How he managed to support his insensible companion, he could not tell; but the horse bore himself nobly under his double burthen—the road was lonely, and he reached his home without encountering a single impediment. A full confession to his mother (who now heard, for the first time, with grief and amazement, of her son's dishonest prac-

tices), was unavoidable. The importance of providing, at once, for the accommodation of their senseless guest, was quite as apparent to Mrs. Somers as to her son; and Alfred was conveyed to the room which he had ever since occupied. The alarming termination of his adventure, created the most poignant emotions in Henry's not yet callous heart. The money which had so tempted him, now appeared stained with blood: he declared to his mother that, for twenty farms, he would not retain a dollar of it; and entreated her to invent some method of returning it to his employer. She assured him that she should both think and act with greater facility, when she knew him to be out of the way of present danger; and entreated him to hasten his departure. When the sun arose, Henry was many miles from home. Mrs. Somers hoped that, after a few hours' sleep, Alfred would be able to return to his father's: she intended to accompany him thither, restore the money, and give a truthful account of the whole matter. She believed that Mr. Thornbury, though he might not retain Henry in a post of confidence, would so far forgive as not publicly to expose him. But Alfred proved to have been more seriously hurt than she had suspected; his life was in danger, and for her son's sake she dared not make the proposed communication. She had no near neighbors—her isolated situation and her son's known absence preserved her from the search to which others were subjected; domestic in her habits and reserved in her manners, she made and received few visits, and was able to devote herself entirely to her unfortunate guest. Days and weeks glided into months: Henry returned—he had not remained ignorant of what was transpiring at home, during his absence, and we will do him the justice to record that he was truly grieved that his crime should have resulted in so much sorrow to others. He often entered Alfred's room at night, and gazed with inexpressible pain on the wasted figure of his sleeping victim; and these visits went far to confirm his repentance and reformation. Alfred's recovery was retarded by his own imprudence; he attempted to escape from his comfortable prison, failed, through weakness, caught cold and suffered a relapse. Edmund's trial commenced: Henry, partly to see if a person so thoroughly innocent could be legally convicted of a capital crime, and partly from fear that Alfred was not yet out of danger, awaited the verdict—but intended, should that

verdict pronounce the prisoner guilty, to prepare a faithful statement of the truth, and leave it with his mother, to be placed in Mr. Thornbury's hand when the writer had withdrawn to a safe distance. He called at his patron's house, and his call was productive of the revolution of purpose whose consequences we have related.

Our narrative is already long,—we will abridge it of a description of Alfred's restoration to his home, of the denouement of Edmund's trial, and of the happiness—not untinged with sadness—of all who were interested therein. Mr. Thornbury listened with mingled emotions, to the plainly-worded revelations of Mrs. Somers and her son. The so nearly fatal occurrences, whose origin could be traced, undeniably, to his departure from the simple and visible path of integrity, awakened in his heart a degree of self-upbraiding not easily to be portrayed. He had, before, accused himself of having caused the crime to which, he supposed, an impatience of dependence had prompted his young relative, and, also, the unkindly spirit which had, as he thought, resulted in his greater loss, and Edmund's more heinous guilt: but the truth was now palpably before him. Edmund was innocent, but Mr. Thornbury could not close his eyes to the part which his own delinquency had borne in the troubled drama. He was a proud man—his humiliation equalled his remorse—no wonder that he shrank from the retrospection thus forced upon him. He readily extended forgiveness to Henry—but preferred assisting him immediately to cancel the mortgage on his farm, rather than keeping him longer employed in the office. He bestowed on Edmund, without farther delay, a larger proportion of his fortune than had been mentioned in the codicil, and appeared determined to efface, by present generosity, the memory of former injustice.

Several weeks elapsed before Alfred's completely established health and strength banished all gloom from the grateful household. The young men, subdued by suffering, and no longer separated by any ideas of a relative position which could wound or inflate the pride of either, became again, more as brothers than as cousins. In the autumn, they again entered college: they strove nobly for the "spoils of learning,"—their aspirations after "honors" were successful: Edmund gained the highest, but Alfred yielded the palm with excellent grace, and no unworthy

jealousy was enkindled by his friend's triumph. We would gladly close our narrative by recording the happy marriage of our hero; but, as that event has not yet taken place, we can only announce the favorable prospect thereof.

Reader, however darkly your aberrations from the "straight and narrow way" may seem hidden—be sure "your sin will find you out." The only "golden rule"—by following which, through life, you may not only defy detection and punishment, but insure to yourself, when life's toils are ended, an "exceeding great reward," is—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

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"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER."

BY MRS. H. N. COVEY.

HOPE on, though thy young heart is filled with dismay,  
And those that thou lovest are passing away;  
Though Death unrelenting thy dearest ties sever,  
And friends *all* forsake thee—O, hope thou still ever.

Hope on, though thou'st felt all the sorrows of earth,  
And thy youth's glowing visions fade just at their birth;  
Though Envy and Scorn round thy pathway shall hover,  
Nerve thy spirit to duty—and hope thou still ever.

Hope on, though thy cheek hath forgotten its bloom,  
And thy spirit star sinks 'mid life's gathering gloom;  
When Love proves a "*cheat*" and its last tones shall quiver  
On thy fast breaking heart-strings—hope on, hope thou ever.

Hope on, though in hoping life weareth away,  
And leaves in its foot-prints scarce one cheering ray,—  
Though its last sunny gleams on thy spirit-cords shiver  
Cast thine anchor in Heaven, and hope thou still ever.

## BIRD MUSIC.

FROM THE "MEMOIR OF MARY JANE GRAHAM."

"I CAN tell you that the little musicians of the grove do not attain their wild and delicate modulations without practice. When I lay in bed last summer, unable to speak or move for many hours in the day, the song of the birds furnished me with an inexhaustible source of amusing observation. I could not but feel grateful to the melodious little creatures, who beguiled me of half my pain, and made the weary hours of sickness fly away upon wings as light as their own. As if led by an instinctive sympathy, numbers of blackbirds and thrushes came to build their nests round our garden; and the woodpigeons, which had been silent the year before, renewed their soft notes in the high-trees by the parsonage lawn. However, they were shy, and I thought myself fortunate, if once or twice in the day their gentle cooing found its way to my ear. But there was one thrush, whose notes I soon learned to distinguish from all the other thrushes; indeed his skill seemed to exceed theirs as much as Cordoba's exceeds yours or mine. Every morning I listened for his voice, which was sure to precede the matins of all the other birds. In the daytime, his brilliant tones were mingled and almost lost in the general melody; but as soon as the sun was preparing to set, when the blackbirds had either sung themselves to sleep, or were flown off to keep up their festivities elsewhere, then was my thrush's practising time. He was kind enough to select a tree not far from my window, while the other thrushes placed themselves at a respectful distance, and edged in a note here and there as they could. He opened the rehearsal with a number of wild trills and calls, which I could not well understand; only they were very sweet and cheering to me; and he would pause between each, till a soft response was heard from some distant bough. But when he had fixed upon a little cadence which pleased him, it became a more serious business. Strange to say, I could always tell when this would be; for what pleased me particularly was sure to please him; so true is it that nature has given the same perception of melody to man and to birds. He would chant it over in a low tone two or three times, as if to make himself sure of it; then he caroled it out with triumphant glee; then stopped

short on a sudden, as much as to say to his rivals,—‘Which of you can imitate my strains?’ Their notes sounded most sweet at various distances during these little intervals; but they seemed conscious of their inferiority to my favorite, who would suddenly break out into the very same melody, upon which he had doubtless been musing all the while, enriching it by some little note or trill, the wildest and most touching that ever came into a thrush’s heart. I needed neither concert nor music-master, while I could listen to the untaught, but not unpremeditated, harmony of this original professor; nor could I quarrel with the sickness which had been the means of developing another link in that mysterious chain, which binds me to the rest of creation, by opening my ear and my heart more than ever to the language of universal nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every thing in nature has a melody which goes to the heart, and from which we may gain some new and delightful ideas. I have called your attention to the song of birds. Then there is the bleating of flocks, and the lowing of distant herds, and the busy hum of insects. Above all, the modulations of the human voice afford us a perpetual source of observation. From thence we may gather the expression of every stormy passion which agitates, and every tender affection which soothes the heart. Nor can we listen to the fairy tones of children, their light-hearted carols, their bursts of tiny merriment, their mimic griefs, and simple told stories, without imbibing some new and charming combinations of harmonious expression. If music brings no lovely thoughts and associations to your mind, you are learning it to very little purpose. If it does, an intimate acquaintance with the music of nature will invest the expression of those thoughts with a grace and refinement, which the most persevering practice will fail to impart. Take lessons of the winds and of the waters, and of the trees; of all animate and inanimate nature. So shall the very spirit of sweet sound and expression enter into your bosom, and lie there, ready to pour itself forth upon the otherwise low and mechanical music, which the pressure of your hands produces on the instrument. One of Handel’s finest pieces is said to have been suggested by the labor of a blacksmith at his anvil; so successfully did he watch for the harmony that lies wrapped up in the commonest sounds.”



## ATTACK ON THE PALAIS ROYAL.

SEE ENGRAVING.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

THE traveler who visits Paris now, sees in the Palais Royal only an epitome of the gay and dazzling capital—an assemblage of every thing beautiful and rare in merchandize and art. The garden, of an oblong shape, is surrounded on the eastern, northern and western sides with buildings, the lower portions of which present a brilliant show of every variety of merchandize, while the upper stories, supported by stone pillars, form an elegant promenade, where the fashion and beauty of Paris delight to congregate. It is no longer the magnificent abode of royalty—its halls and saloons echo no longer to the tread of liveried menials and bowing courtiers, or give back in multiplied reflections, from innumerable mirrors, the forms of the young and gay who once gave life and brilliancy to the scene. All is now changed, but still as we gaze upon a spot, rich in so many historic associations, the past comes up before us, and we seem again to see the stately figures of the Cardinal Richelieu, the haughty Anne of Austria, the vain and ambitious Louis Quatorze, with his profligate successor Louis Quinze, and lastly, of Philip, Duke of Orleans, whose violent death upon the scaffold left this princely residence a prey to his executioners.

The Palais Royal, originally termed the Cardinal Palace, was built in 1628, by Armand Jean Duplessis, Cardinal Duke de Richelieu, the prime minister of Louis Thirteenth, at an expense of more than four millions of livres. More powerful than his sovereign, the proud and wily Cardinal was resolved to be more magnificent. All that the taste of the time could devise, when directed by absolute power and boundless wealth, was summoned to adorn the newly erected palace. Its walls were hung with paintings wrought in rich mosaic, and its ceilings covered with flowers, ciphers and allegories on a golden ground, while in the oratory, a single window, whose frame was of solid silver, served to light the apartment.



But death, the leveller, found his way even into this superb abode of power and arrogance, and on his dying bed the Cardinal bequeathed his palace with all its rich appurtenances to the infant Dauphin, afterward Louis Fourteenth. After the decease of her husband, Anne of Austria, then regent, took possession of this magnificent bequest, and removed into it with the young king and his retinue. At the suggestion of the Marquis de Prouville, who thought it not proper that the king should inhabit the residence of a subject, under any circumstances whatever, the inscription above the door-way, placed there by command of Richelieu himself, was effaced, and the name Palais Royal substituted in its stead. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, niece of the Cardinal, remonstrated warmly with the Queen upon this ungrateful disregard to the memory of her illustrious relative, and Anne of Austria instantly ordered the restoration of the original name. But though it thus became again on stone, the Cardinal Palace, popular taste had decided in favor of the alteration, and by the Parisians it was still only known as the Palais Royal. After some years, the Palace passed into the possession of the younger branch of the royal family, and was inhabited by the successive Dukes of Orleans, until the revolution of '93, when the wretched Philip, better known by his assumed name of *Egalite*, paid the forfeit of his vacillation and his crimes by a cruel and untimely death upon the scaffold. In the splendid apartments and spacious gardens of the Palais Royal, the childhood and youth of Louis Philippe, late king of France, were passed, but though upon the return of the Bourbons, the confiscated estates of the exiled prince were restored to him, he has never since inhabited the former residence of his family.

Our artist has chosen for his scene the moment when the *Place du Palais Royal* is lighted up with combustibles for the purpose of burning in the doors that the mob of February 24th had not means to force. Royal carriages, broken furniture, straw couches and all else that either men or women could furnish are blazing fiercely. The building is on fire in several places, and enshrouded in clouds of smoke. Showers of balls have been rattling against the walls. Arago and several others, at the risk of their lives, approach, and telling the brave defenders that the king has abdicated, urge them to surrender. They refuse, fearing lest they shall be massacred by the mob and the affiliated National Guard ;

but with the parley a pause is made in the fire of the assailants as well as the besieged. Supposing they had surrendered, the crowd rush into the open square. The defenders of the Palais Royal perceive their chance for vengeance, and their fire makes murderous havoc among the masses. The fountain pipes give way and flood the square. The crowd renew their fire; the doors are burned from their hinges. The garrison attempt a desperate sally from their strong hold, but are all shot down. Out of some one hundred and fifty soldiers, not one survives. The firing ceases, and, with a yell of horror for the butchery they have perpetrated, the crowd turn away to whatever other tragedies may still await their bloody arms. The façade of the Palace is a specimen of the mean taste for architecture that prevailed in the seventeenth century; and the attack is only a sample of the useless fury that prevails in French *emeutes* of the present day



### FLOWERS:

"Ye are the scriptures of the earth,  
Sweet flowers, fair and fraï.  
A sermon speaks in every bud  
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn  
To greet the sunny ray;  
And cast your fragrance forth to praise  
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,  
Ye slumber for awhile—  
Then waken unto glorious life,  
And bid creation smile.

Thus, when within the darksome tomb  
Our mortal frame shall lie,  
The soul freed from the bonds of sin,  
Shall join the choir on high."

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Designed by T.H. Matteson.

Engraved by T. Doney.

*Clara and Katie.*

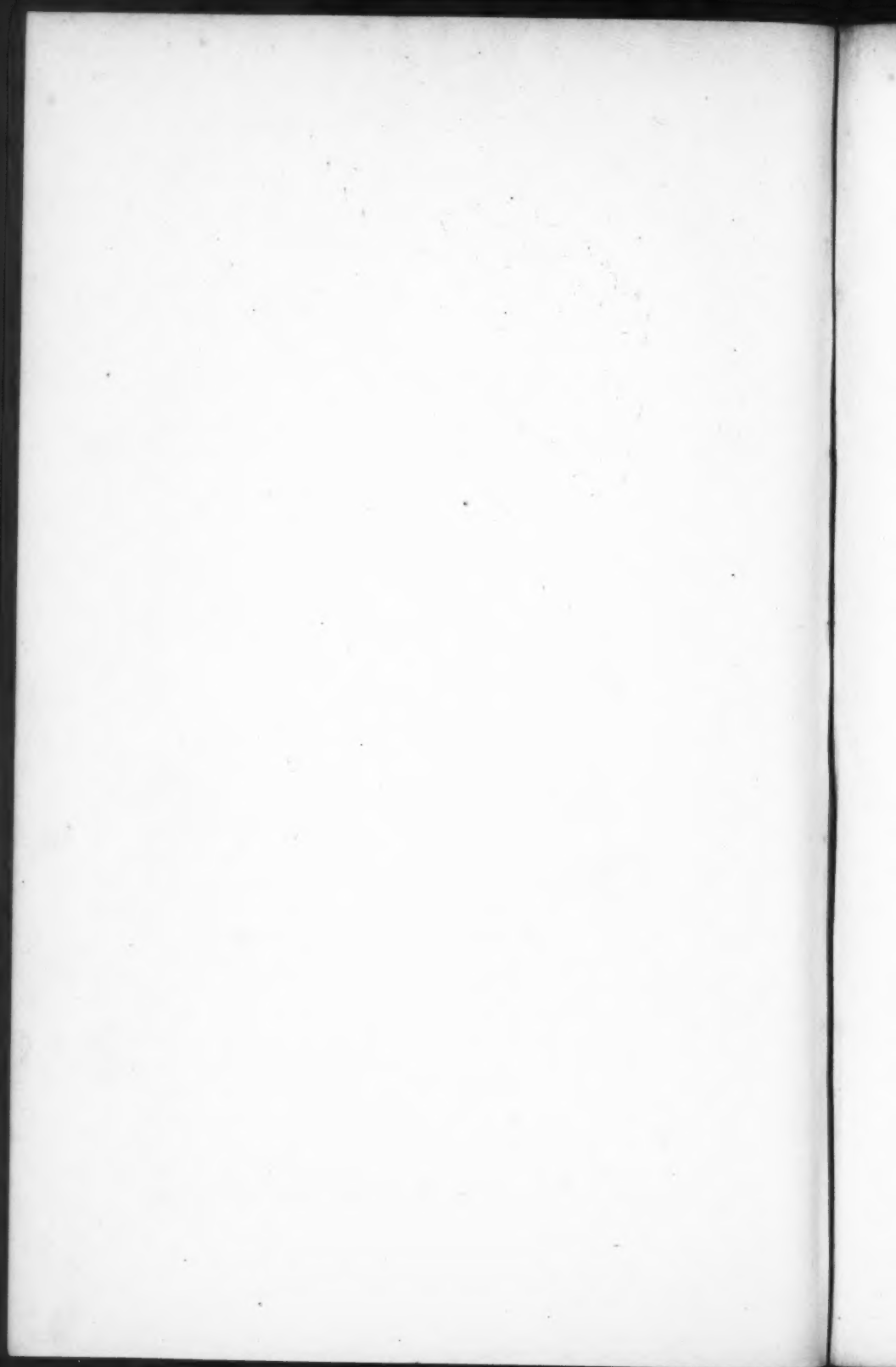






ROSA DAMASCENA.





## A PURE LITERATURE

ESSENTIAL TO THE WELFARE OF OUR REPUBLIC.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

IN the Divine arrangement, mind was formed to act on mind, and heart on heart. Thought, idea, and feeling burst forth from the surcharged bosom to take lodgement in another soul, from whence they are again evolved, passing from mind to mind, and from heart to heart, with new expansion and increasing weight, from generation to generation, until theories are rent asunder—systems are demolished, and the world of intellect is shaken by the concussion. So lightnings pass from cloud to cloud, with ever increasing sound, and more threatening aspect, until overburdening the skies, they are spent upon the earth, shivering all obstacles in their course, and shaking the foundations of the hills with their shock.

He who has power with the tongue or the pen to thrill the heart, to awaken slumbering thought, to control the views and shape the opinions of mankind, sits upon a throne higher than that of Alexander, more absolute than that of Bonaparte, and more lasting than that of the Cæsars : for he gives an impulse to mind that is universally felt, and felt forever. As the angel in the Apocalypse poured his vial into the fountains of water and tainted the beverage of mankind, so does he infuse his own spirit into the fountain from whence the human intellect is nourished.

The considerations presented in this article are to be restricted to the influence of the pen, by the production of a national literature, upon the welfare of our glorious republic. We shall say but little of that large portion of our present literature, in which a piratical band of reckless adventurers upon the sea of thought, without the Bible for a chart or moral principle for a rudder, are making predatory incursions upon the republic of letters, and dealing out blight and mildew to every thing noble and good.—But we shall define a pure literature and show its relations to the human mind, and its influence upon our institutions.

A pure literature consists of whatever is agreeable, graceful and true, in human knowledge and human experience, appropriately

and impressively exhibited. This will exclude every delineation of character and life, unworthy of imitation, unless stripped of all false coloring, and held up in the native loathsomeness of vice.—It will embrace in matter, every thing in letters of a character to improve the mind or purify the heart, every thing truly worthy of study or contemplation ; and in manner, every form of expression worthy of the thought or emotion to be conveyed. But it is not sufficient for our literature that it be pure—it should be American, reflecting the mind and heart of our nation. In external form it cannot differ greatly from the present or past literature of the old world. External forms are universally the same. Nature, physical, social and moral, is the great storehouse of illustration and embellishment, and nature is always and every where the same. But nations, like individuals, have characteristics of spirit and genius, by which they are distinguished. The sweet songsters of the groves all have wings and feathers, but their habits of life and notes of song vary almost infinitely. A literature that did not reflect manly independence, high practicality, warm patriotism, supreme regard for law, liberal public spirit, loyal regard for merit, a strong bias for civil equality, and a deep reverence for religion, if it could be pure would not be American, would not be our own. These are the seven pillars upon which the wisdom of our ancestors built the stately fabric of our institutions. Every garland culled from the garden of the Muses to bind about the capital of these pillars, if not selected with caution, and arranged with a propriety suited to their sternness and simplicity, will be torn down by the hands of our virtuous sons, or resisting their efforts, infuse a decay that will endanger the existence of the whole structure. The heroes who stood in defense over the cradle of our infancy, were men of sterling virtue. They have transmitted to us new and peculiar institutions upon which the impress of their own lives and character is deeply stamped. Nay more—their own spirit and genius is the very breath that gives vitality to these institutions. A pure American literature should breathe this spirit, and send it down to posterity. In all its forms, of history, philosophy, fiction, poetry, and eloquence, this should be its character, that it breathes the national spirit ; and its one great function, to react for salutary purposes upon the national mind from which it emanates.

A flood of light and trashy foreign literature is pouring in upon our shores. There is little danger, however, that it will undermine our institutions, except by first destroying our morals. It contains too many ingredients repulsive to the American taste, too much that is uncongenial to American manners. The sentiment of loyalty, the distinctions of caste, the pride of birth, a sense of conventional honor, and other relics of feudalism, each and all are reflected directly or indirectly in every volume of the current literature of the old world.

Some may question whether there is such a thing as an American literature. If there is not, there should, and doubtless will be. There should be, because no other can be brought to bear directly upon our institutions, and we need its invigorating power. There will be, for genius and talent and learning are ours—and to suppose that these will not produce a national literature, is as absurd as to suppose that with food before him, a healthy child will not eat and grow.

Americans are emphatically a reading people. More books may be found among a given population in some parts of Europe than in America, but books here are in the hands of the people: there they are heaped up in the alcoves of the wealthy. Here the masses both read and think, and they form opinions of men, of manners, of principles, and are free too to carry out their conclusions in all their social and civil relations. But they will not read every class of books. A literature to reach the mind of the mass, must not be abstract or incomprehensible. That faculty which holds a middle station between sense and reason—the imagination, must be brought to the aid of the philosopher, the economist, the moralist. The feelings must be enlisted by allusions to the familiar scenes of life. Passion must burn that its heat may lift the vapors that float upon the surface of the uneducated brain. Its warmth must quicken the latent germ of thought that ideas, opinions, principles may spring up as it were unbidden from the mind. Nature has spread out an infinite store of lovely images accessible to all her children. She has hung the mountain, the valley, the hilltop, and the grove with her rich drapery, and bids us draw freely from them to enrich the inner being.—She speaks to us with her ten thousand tongues, and enjoins it upon us to converse with each other in her language. She assures

us that thought and feeling, enshrined in her myriad forms, can be conveyed to all nations and transmitted through all time. Let not profane man deem it humbling to speak her dialect. Inspiration has sanctioned and dignified its use. He who spake unlike man in all other respects, disdained not while dwelling in flesh to convey his Godlike thoughts in her choice imagery. But the sentiment conveyed by an author, the impression left upon the mind, is the point to be guarded with sleepless vigilance. In the livery of heaven, Satan himself may be served. Under the most attractive external forms, nay, even under the guise of virtue, may lie hid a sly intimation against the reality and importance of religion; a sneer at the faith and conscientious strictness of the pious; derision of the scrupulous concern of parents for domestic morals; contempt for the prescribed proprieties of good society—concealed daggers with which to stab virtue. Fifty years ago, an eminent critic said that the French novelists struck fatally at the existence of all virtue by annihilating belief in that religion which is the only source and seminal principle of it. A half century has passed away, and behold the result, in the moral depravity, the social and civil disorders of France.

A corrupt literature is most injurious to the young, who have seen but little of the stern realities of life. It is the easiest thing in the world to beguile them into anticipations which can never be realized; to make them dream of Elysian fields in the very deserts of life; to create in them a romantic enthusiasm, which nothing but a sad disappointment can damp or enlighten. A writer, under the fair pretence of the love and advocacy of truth and purity, may throw such a halo over vice as to make it partake of the very attractions that attend it. The drunkard, the seducer, the murderer, may be made to appear so gallant, so noble, so gifted and fortunate, as to serve as a decoy into crime rather than a beacon of warning.

Were the masses inclined to severe and patient thought, the danger from such works would be less. Were they as willing to study treatises of science, ethics and theology, as they are to take up the floating literature of the day, they would soon possess a standard of moral and intellectual truth, and intellectual strength and energy to apply it, and thus become, in a measure, secure from danger. But the novel reader has no taste for the knotty

theorems of Euclid, Gallileo and Newton—the discussions of Locke, Bacon and Reid—the theses of Butler, Wayland, and Foster—or the appeals of Whitfield, Hall and Edwards. He chooses works which possess more attractions at first view, and from *them* he draws his opinions, and they mould his habits of thought and feeling. Ought not writers of pure and sound morality to avail themselves of this trait in human nature? Some insist that truth and purity are sufficiently attractive in themselves, and with stoic indifference to the reception of their works, are content with knowing that the ideas they advance are correct, never asking whether their readers could comprehend them if they would, or whether they would be the most useful class of truths to *them* if they did. Virtue and truth are lovely when seen and known, but those little acquainted with them, will not be likely, we think, to search long and diligently after them. Others disdain to use those ornaments of language which have been degraded to baser purposes, as if truth could suffer because her garments have been worn by error. But the methods which God has adopted are surely right and proper, and has He not invited us to study his works, not merely by the sublimity of the laws which govern them, and the glorious order and harmony of their movements, but by the inimitable beauty of their external appearance? The tints of the flower, the hue of the rainbow, the azure of the sky, have led millions into the inner temple of nature to study her laws, who, had not their notice been attracted and their emotions excited by these outward decorations; would have remained in ignorance of her simplest truths. Thousands of such observers have also been led from the contemplation of the order and beauty of nature, to the perception and practice of the beautiful and true in character and conduct.

But the imagination should not be stimulated by any undue use of ornament, since it needs stimulus the least of any faculty of man. Still may it not be used to stimulate the other faculties, if we can thus arouse the intellect to a wholesome activity, and the heart to proper emotion?

I have hinted at the influence which a pure literature would exert upon our civil institutions. The founders of those institutions could only bestow them upon us with their benediction. When once in our hands, they are at our disposal. Our fathers



planted the tree of liberty, watered it with their blood, and left its culture to us. We may guard and prune it, and water it until its branches shelter all nations, or we may cut it down, or graft it with foreign scions until the soil, enriched by the blood of our fathers, shall nourish the upas in its stead. And this we may do ere we are aware. While we are supposing ourselves stretching away with prosperous sails upon the sea of prosperity, we may be but entering the outer circle of the whirlpool of destruction. Our government is an experiment to us as well as others. The republics of antiquity were essentially different from ours, so that we have no long line of precedents to guide us. Our own existence is but of yesterday. Our growth has been rapid beyond a parallel. There has been much in our history to promote a wild speculation. Towns, villages, cities and states have sprung up as if by magic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our progress in wealth, refinement, and the arts and sciences, has been beyond what the wildest imagination would have predicted fifty years ago. We are in that period of youth, when individuals are so liable to ærial flights, false views and wild anticipations. Amid all those comets, meteors, and electric flashes, how many will have wisdom to distinguish the true light that should guide their way? how many will have resolution to follow it?

The christian religion is the conservative ingredient on which we are to rely for the perpetuity of the republic. Without it the sad example of the republics of antiquity clearly fore warns us of our doom. Vice inherent in the human heart, infuses itself inevitably into all human institutions, and will sooner or later develop its destructive tendency, in their decay and death. Christianity is the only antidote which can perpetuate our national existence. This is the hellebore that can clear the heads of our philosophers and statesmen. It is the grand modifying principle of human society—the author of civilization, of peace, of human progress, of permanent amelioration, of enduring happiness. Hence, all literature should be in strict accordance with its teachings. No other can be safe; for the people are the fountain of law, and control its administration. It is the business of civil law, to define the duties of citizens in their civil relations, and to enforce their observance. If it go beyond, and attempt to define and en-



force moral and personal duties, it has left its sphere and usurps undelegated power. It becomes a tyrant. If it falls short, the weak and the innocent must suffer from the outrage of the strong and vicious. It fails to afford that protection, which society in its very nature is designed to afford, by Him who established it. If it rightly defines civil duty, but fails of energy to enforce it; or if from a weak or diseased sensibility it turns away the sword of justice from the head of the offender, if it uses any improper or inefficient means to accomplish its ends, in either event it is abortive. Vice gains strength and courage, its acts become more glaring and outrageous, the sword of personal vindication and revenge is drawn—sedition and massacre follow, and society is swallowed up in the vortex of anarchy and crime.

In our nurseries, our common and Sunday schools, minds are awakened, opinions formed, and character determined, upon which our destiny is pending. How important then that nurses, mothers and teachers, should have correct views of the world, of men and things? And what class of persons are more liable to be misled by attractive works under whose insinuating garb lies hid the subtle poison of licentiousness, and infidelity; of religious error and impiety? and what can be a better guide to them in their duties than a literature in strict accordance with the spirit and maxims of the Bible? With a truthful representation of human nature, imperfect as it is, and of the trials and dangers incident to human life, sufficiently attractive to call their attention and awaken their interest, and sufficiently explicit to meet their approbation and approve itself to their judgment. We look with thrilling interest to the great public measures of the day—we rely upon the sagacity, foresight, patriotism and virtue of our great statesmen to preserve our rights unimpaired, and to allay the tempest which momentarily threatens to light up the awful billows of revolution. Would it not be wise also to watch over the development of the arduous impetuous throng, who are pressing forward to take our places upon the stage of civil life?

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## "ANOTHER SUMMER."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"ANOTHER SUMMER!" say'st thou, friend,  
 And then thy plans shall be  
 Completed, and thy fair resolves  
 Reduc'd to certainty?

Beneath a glorious grove I stood,  
 When last the solstice glow'd,—  
 Its towering hopes sprang thick around,  
 And vigorous promise show'd;

And fearless toward the skies it rear'd  
 Its canopy of green,  
 While groups of bursting flowrets peer'd  
 Those sheltering shafts between:

The woodman's axe rang sharp and shrill,  
 And there in ruin lay,  
 The kingly oak, and all his peers,  
 As on the battle day.

—  
 "Another Summer!" so I spake  
 Unto my precious one,—  
 The youngest darling of my love,  
 My fair, and only son.

His was the swift, untiring foot,  
 The firm, and graceful form,—  
 The young, bold heart, that never shrank  
 From noon-tide heat, or storm.

His nineteenth vernal season fled  
 As thus we fondly spake  
 Of a new home, 'mid prairies green  
 That soon he hop'd to make.

Bright summer came, and o'er his grave  
 In yon secluded spot,  
 A mother's bursting anguish flows,  
 But he regardeth not.

—  
 "Another Summer!" Do I hear  
 From many a turf-clad mound,  
 In hollow murmurs, deep and low,  
 The same reproving sound?

Oh Soul ! if there is aught undone  
Of duty, or of love,  
For God, thy neighbor, or thyself,  
A Christian's truth to prove—

Haste, and with undeclining zeal  
Fulfil the Law Divine,  
And wisely spend this fleeting hour,  
The next may not be thine.

Nor load the pang of parting life,  
With that despairing moan—  
"The summer's o'er—the harvest past,  
And my salvation gone."

*Hartford, July, 1850.*

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## THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY TENNYSON.

"Henceforth

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free;  
For she that out of Lethe, scales with man  
The shining steps of nature, shares with man  
His nights and days, moves with him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planets in her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow?  
For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference:  
Yet in the long years, liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full summ'd in their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,  
Self reverent each, and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, ev'n as those who love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:  
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:  
Thence springs the crowning race of human kind."

## TAKING A BOARDER.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"I BELIEVE you decided to refuse Miss Warner's application ;" remarked Mrs. Ryan to the lady in whose parlor she was making a morning call.

"I did : " replied Mrs. Howell,— "but I confess her look of disappointment, and the dejected air with which she took leave, almost reproached me. Poor thing—I am really sorry for her."

"So am I: she applied to me, also, for board ; and spoke so movingly of the trials of her situation, that I was half inclined to take her in ; but my husband was not willing. It is so much more pleasant to be alone, you know."

"Yes—I have long ago decided never to receive a boarder. I have no doubt Miss Warner would be an agreeable member of a family, for she is sensible, refined and amiable ; but her residence here would confine me more at home than would be at all pleasant."

"I spoke to her of that, when she called on me ; but she replied that she would be perfectly willing to come, with the understanding that I should be as much at liberty as if she were not in the house,—and added, that she would esteem it a favor to be received, even with such a reservation."

"She said as much to me ; but I know that as a boarder, paying handsomely,—which she is willing to do, for whatever she requires, she would be entitled to some attention and consideration from me. I should neglect her, undoubtedly, but should not feel comfortable in doing so: she would soon discover that I wished her somewhere else, and be more unhappy than she is now, in being rejected."

"Mr. Ryan says he believes her to be an estimable person, and, if she asked my assistance in any other way, he should wish me, by all means, to afford it : but he thinks the constant presence of a stranger in the house, would impose a degree of restraint that would become very irksome,—besides the inconvenience to which it would subject me. There are plenty of boarding houses, he says, in which she can find accommodation. I hinted this to Miss Warner, and the tears rose to her eyes immediately, but she made no reply. Poor girl ! It must be

hard, for one accustomed to happier circumstances, to be thrown in the world without a home or a protector."

"It must certainly; I pity her, as I said before, but do not feel called upon to abridge my freedom of motion, to oblige her. She has no claim upon us."

"True—she has not."

And, having arrived at this very satisfactory conclusion, the ladies appeared about to dismiss Miss Warner from their thoughts. But this they were not permitted to do, as promptly as they seemed to propose. The parlor contained another visitor, who had hitherto been a silent listener to the conversation which we have related, and now engaged in the topic, when the other ladies were prepared to abandon it. This lady was exceedingly fair in person, religiously neat in her attire, and, withal, possessed a most benevolent countenance.

"Permit me, my friends," she commenced, "to place before you another phase of the subject which you have been discussing. Did it ever occur to you that, as human beings and as Christians, we have a duty to perform toward those who are less happily situated in life than we are? Is the injunction—'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' to be obeyed only when it is entirely agreeable to ourselves, and disregarded when obedience would involve us in a trifling sacrifice of inclination or convenience? I know that we are all apt tacitly so to conclude;—but are we right in so doing? I fear that many of us, when called on to 'give an account of our stewardship,' will awake to the startling truth, that we have been culpably selfish in our views and actions in this particular. A beneficent God has placed us in happy homes, and surrounded us with loving and attentive friends. I believe it to be our privilege to enjoy, fully, the blessings that he has bestowed,—but, I also believe that we abuse his rich gifts, when we suffer them to make us forgetful of those who have not the sources of happiness that are within our reach. I am not acquainted with the subject of your recent conversation, but I infer, from your remarks, that she is a deserving person who asks a place in your domestic circle, for which she is willing to return a proper equivalent in money. Perhaps she is poor—perhaps she possesses a competent income."

"She procures a competence by her own exertions."

"Then so much the stronger is her claim to our friendly encouragement. Let us, if we can, imagine ourselves bereft of many of those whom we now hold so dear, and compelled to leave our comfortable dwellings and go forth into the world, alone, to win the very means of subsistence by daily toil. We could not, it is probable, obtain for our labor sufficient remuneration to enable us to meet the expenses of housekeeping,—but we might, those of boarding. How anxiously then, would we look around us for some friendly roof, which would afford us not merely a shelter, but a home also. There are, perhaps, boarding-houses, which would extend both these advantages to a person so situated; but they are 'few and far between.' We might not know of—might never find such an one. Generally speaking, those establishments are, of necessity, regulated by a stringent and exacting economy, and a distinct interest characterizes each apartment, that cannot fail to impress a solitary individual, particularly an unprotected female, with a sense of indescribable loneliness. Which of us would not, like Miss Warner, shrink from the thought of entering such an abode. We should quickly understand that our only chance of again realizing a single home feeling, rested on the doubtful one of obtaining admission to the fireside of some sympathizing friend. What, then, would be our emotions on hearing one after another reply, to our solicitations that they would 'receive us into their houses.'

"We pity you—we esteem you,—but our sympathy is not of a quality sufficiently generous to lead us to incur the most petty inconvenience, for the sake of affording you an asylum from the pelting of the pitiless storms to which your condition exposes you.' "

"How bitterly we should prove the full force of the truth, that, though poverty is, in itself, a burthen, 'heavy and grievous to be borne,' yet circumstances can make even poverty a yoke ten times more galling, in some cases than in others. Let us bear in mind, that we are by no means secure against those disasters which are every day befalling many around us. Sooner or later, our days of darkness may come,—and when they have come, the recollection of kindness shown to a fellow being, will be as a sun ray to brighten up the gloom of our own sorrows. Neither of you, I am persuaded, lacks charity; you are acting such a part from want of reflection, rather than want of feeling. If asked to 'give of your portion to the poor,' you would respond

liberally, according to your own version of the sentence. Give, then, to Miss Warner, a share in your home enjoyments; and insure, to yourselves, the consciousness of having conferred on a worthy person, a favor more valuable than money. Generosity declares itself, as frequently and as really, by acts of kindness, as by more tangible gifts. Either of you could, I presume, overcome, the one, her husband's scruples, or the other her own,—if disposed to make the trial. Make it then, because your friend entreats you, if not from a higher motive. Grant me before I leave you, the satisfaction of knowing that I have prevailed with one of you to entertain a deserving stranger,—and I will confidently hope you may find, in the end, that you have entertained an angel 'unawares.'"

"You have prevailed, my dear Mrs. Crawford," returned Mrs. Ryan, "so far, at least, that I am resolved to make the effort to 'overcome my husband's scruples;' and, trust me, I shall succeed."

"I have only 'my own scruples' to combat," interposed Mrs. Howell,—“and will, at once, 'grant' our benevolent friend 'the satisfaction' of seeing, and therefore believing, that her earnest endeavor to convince us of neglected duty, has not been altogether a vain one. I will, directly, inform Miss Warner that I have decided in her favor."

And she proceeded, immediately, to despatch a note to that effect to the young lady. Miss Warner, who was almost in despair of ever again finding an agreeable home, received the note with emotions that would have caused the heart of the excellent Mrs. Crawford, could she have known them, to 'rejoice with exceeding joy' in her 'work of mercy.' Mrs. Howell never repented opening her door to the grateful young person who now became an inmate of her hospitable home, for such it really was; its mistress making amends by subsequent kindness, for her former negligence. Miss Warner, by her valuable qualities as companion and friend, almost verified good Mrs. Crawford's prediction: and when at the end of two years, she left Mrs. Howell, to be installed mistress of another happy household, that lady felt, to use her own expressive quotation,—“as if a sunbeam had vanished from her dwelling."

Will not other heads of families "invite the sunbeam" into their homes, by extending protection and countenance to the houseless child of adversity?



## ELDORADO SKETCHES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

IN the winter of 1848, what is now called Gallowsville, went by the name of "Dry Diggings," or "The Old Dry Diggings of the South Fork." This place was worked with great success, even after the arrival of the great emigration in the summer of 1849, though before that time, every ravine and gulley of importance had been turned and overturned by the hardy settler who wintered there. The settlement consisted of fifteen or twenty log cabins, scattered over a space of three miles, and occupied by perhaps two hundred people. Among these were five or six families who were *en route* for Oregon, when the news of the gold discovery reached them, and diverted them from their original course. These had all been more or less successful, and had erected substantial cabins, and passed the rainy season comfortably. The centre of the place was a flat, where the ravine had widened, and was closed on all sides by hills. The richest deposits were found in the small ravines, which emptied into the principal stream.—The flat itself remained undisturbed till the summer of 1849, when it was discovered that there were rich deposits on the clay and slate formation, from six to twelve feet below the surface. The difficulty of digging to this depth, made it only ordinarily profitable to the miners. The manœuvring which was often resorted to by the discoverers of gold in these ravines, to prevent the knowledge of it from spreading, was amusing, and so successful in many cases as to discourage not a few who crossed these places in their prospecting tours. The incidents which I give to the reader, were related to me by one who was kind enough to take me under his care when I arrived, quite verdant as regarded all operations of the miners. It was invariably the case when a man was taking out his five ounces a day, that he abused the whole country, and expressed himself most contemptuously of his own particular luck, while on the contrary, if he labored without success, he circulated the most exaggerated reports, to induce others to set in around him, not only from the quiet satisfaction it often gave to have others share his ill luck, but to determine more

readily if gold were there. In one case it appears that an individual had strolled out with his pick and pan, to prospect among the gullies, and struck an exceedingly rich vein, at which he set to work with right good will. He had extended his hole to about his own length, when he heard footsteps approaching, and feigning fatigue and disappointment, extended himself at full length in his hole, as if trying to get a nap. The two men who approached, contented themselves with a few questions, which were answered to their satisfaction. The whole affair looked so much as if our hero had made a fair trial and given up in despair, that they did not even step into his hole, and try the dirt, which in courtesy was always permitted, (the owner of course pocketing the result,) and left him, as they thought, to rest himself and go on his way—when, in reality, they left him to his thousand dollars a day, and might themselves have struck in either above or below him, as they were entitled to, with the same result as long as the place held out. This was only one instance of a successful manœuvre to divert attention. The same individual once sent the whole settlement off on a wild goose chase, or rather, it was their own curiosity which sent them. It was not uncommon for him to go alone, or with one companion, to hunt new diggings, and to be absent two or three days. On his return from one of these trips, he displayed an unusual quantity of gold, and in consequence, the report was circulated, greatly exaggerated, and his movements were closely watched. Knowing this, he stole away with a show of secrecy, when in fact it was his intention to be followed, and taking a circuitous route among the hills, arrived at length, after a couple of hours' hard walking, at a ravine which had been slightly dug over, and commenced working vigorously. His inquisitive watchers stationed themselves at a convenient distance, and observed his motions with unbounded joy at discovering, as they thought, his secret place. Instead of taking any thing from the hole, which was only a trial and had been deserted, he actually deposited an ounce in it, and after awhile left. When fairly out of sight, the men on the look out ran to the place to try it, and took out nearly the whole ounce at their first panful. This was luck indeed; they went back to the settlement, and from the unusual satisfaction of their looks excited all who knew for what they had been away. The two fortunate discov-

erers of the rich placer, as they thought it, concluded to start off in the night with a fortnight's provisions, and work the place in secret, but their actions in turn were watched, and when at dead of night they crept from their abode, having every thing ready, the fact became known in a shorter space of time than it took to saddle their horses, and when they filed away over the hills, the crowd that followed seemed to have descended from the mists of the night. It is unnecessary to state they were not long in discovering that they had been humbugged. The quiet satisfaction of the perpetrator, as the crowd straggled back, was immense; particularly as he owed his two secret followers a grudge for former offences of the kind, and no small share of the indignation of the crowd fell upon them. My worthy friend, whose protegee, after a fashion, I became, in one of his prospecting excursions, heard the sound of a machine, which, on his approach, suddenly ceased. On coming up to the spot, he found four newly arrived miners busy eating their dinner, and the machine hidden in the bushes. He was too old a settler to be taken in, and after a few common-place questions, proceeded to examine the dirt from which they had tried to mislead him. What was his surprise at finding not more than a shilling in his pan, which upon repetition, averaged about the same, and which at the best calculation would not yield them more than twenty dollars each per day with their one machine. This was ludicrous to him. A party endeavoring to conceal their twenty dollars a day, when treble that amount would have been no more than an ordinary inducement for him to plant his machine. But times changed after that. Dry-diggings like those on the South Fork, were not discovered every day, even in that wide extent of country, and they, by patient toiling, might have their turn to laugh. One thing strongly suggestive of a lottery, is the nearness with which many arrive, in their digging, to a deposit, and finally give up their hole and lose their labor, when in fact, had they continued another hour or perhaps a day, it would have yielded them a fortune. Another, liking the appearances of the hole, steps in with all the advantage of the previous labor, and soon strikes the vein. I have known a hole, entirely worked out as was supposed, and deserted, to yield hundreds of dollars to one whose quick eye detected but a single crevice which had been overlooked. The disposition of the gold varies so greatly

from any mines previously known, that the most experienced and scientific are at fault, and the ignorant drone sometimes lines his pockets, when his active neighbor gets discouraged. Too much haste to get rich, here as in many other cases, is a pretty sure road to poverty. The flushed and overworked miners in a thousand instances have dugged their own graves, and the mounds scattered here and there over that wide extent of country, are not more the result of the climate, than of overexertion and improper treatment. But the cry of gold will lead through fire and desolation, to the very portals of death, and even the fearful sight does not always quell the adventurer's ardor, as if he could use his wealth beyond the grave.

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ANGER.

"Men of a passionate temper are sometimes not without understanding or virtue, and are therefore not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke. They have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence, that leaves them not master of their conduct or language, as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes. They are therefore pitied rather than censured; and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion. It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain *the privilege of madmen*, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience and boasting their clemency.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life—he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue (if he has virtue,) obliges him to discharge at the return of his reason."

## THE UNMOURNED.

BY M. FLORELLA BISSE.

No heart hath heeded or known his woe,  
 But the Nightingale's song from the glen below  
 Hath lulled his cares to a moment's rest,  
 And calmed the wild throbbing of his breast;  
 Yet they come again, those troubles deep,  
 And forbid his fevered brain to sleep.  
 Lo, a messenger pale is on the wing,  
 A spell o'er that wretched heart to fling;  
 He has touched that cheek, and the fever glow  
 Is forever fled, and like cold white snow  
 It seemeth now—and dew-drops stand  
 Upon that brow; and his weary hand  
 Now pulseless lies. What means this calm,  
 This silent repose—this voiceless charm?  
 No more he'll suffer, no more rejoice—  
 Ye will listen no more to his sweet low voice;  
 He suffered and died on a stranger lea  
 Low 'neath the dark of this hemlock tree.  
 There are those who perhaps full many a tear  
 Of anguish deep, o'er his early bier,  
 Would weep in bitterness unconsol'd,  
 Their beloved to consign to the cold damp mould.  
 But those who best knew him are far away,  
 They cannot tell where his footsteps stray.  
 Closed are the eyes of that dear loved one,  
 Life's star is set and life's glass is run;  
 Life's fever is past, with its hope and fear,  
 And dried from that cheek is each burning tear.  
 His couch is chilly with night-fall's dew,  
 The wild wind murmurs dark branches through,  
 None knew why he thus should droop and fade,  
 And recline his brow in the moonlit glade.  
 There peals no voice of the solemn bell,  
 There lingers no mourner to sigh farewell;  
 No sculptured marble above his head  
 Tells of the fate of the early dead:  
 Oh! strew fresh flowrets about his tomb,  
 And let them in pensive beauty bloom.

## MEMORY.

BY HUDORA.

"For as upon the crumbling pile  
The moonbeams rest with saddening smile:—  
So gently on the heart's decay,  
Will shine the pure and quiet ray  
Of Memory."

THERE are moments, when the weary heart is ready to sink under the weight of present sorrows and care, and in looking forward to the dim future, no cheering ray appears to dissipate the heavy gloom. Who has not felt in seasons like these, a gleam of sunshine enter the darkened chambers of the soul, as faithful memory brings up before the imagination the "light of other days"—days long past, ere the bright sunshine of existence was overshadowed by the dark clouds of sorrow and disappointment, and Hope painted the future in bright, but fading colors. Go to the lone exile, far away from his childhood's home, and his native hills; years have passed since he bade farewell to home and friends, and as he sits on the lonely beach, gazing far away o'er the trackless ocean, Hope, that till now has been his bosom friend, takes her flight, and the weary heart seems almost bursting.—Alone, all alone, far away from his native land, deprived of all the fond endearments of home, with no kind hand to smooth his pillow, should sickness lay her palsying wand upon him, no gentle eye ever again to meet his, telling in language stronger than words the heart's deep affection, he must pass the remaining days of his dreary existence. Alone, unloved, and uncared for, he must sink down to the cold grave, with no kind friend to catch his last accents, or take his dying blessing to absent loved ones. Canst wonder, then, that the heart of the exile sinks, as he contemplates this picture? But is there no balm for that crushed and bleeding heart—nothing that has power to allay the tumult raging in his heart? Yes: he opens Memory's jewelled casket, wherein are gems of magic power, which can for a time dispel the lowering clouds, and whisper to the turbulent waters of the heart, "Peace, be still." Guided by the faithful hand of Memory, he again traverses the halls of the past, and is surrounded by the friends of by-gone days. He is once more in the bosom of his family, loving



and beloved, and as they gather around the dear domestic hearth, he hears the music of each well-remembered voice, as in years gone by. The towering hills, the rugged cliffs, the native stream, and all the beautiful associations of home, sweet home, are passing in panoramic view before the exile's gaze; the loneliness of his situation is forgotten now, and a serene smile steals over his care-worn countenance. Oh,

"If there's a music can control  
The softer breathings of the soul,  
Whose magic chords have power to bare  
The mysteries recorded there;  
It is the deep, the moral tone  
Which springs from Memory's harp alone,  
When mingling with its solemn lays  
Are voices heard of by-gone days."

True, there are memories which sometimes steal over the soul fraught with sadness; the anxious watching, at the dying bed of a loved friend,—the parting hand as the freed spirit is about to take its flight heavenward,—the last look at the dear remains ere it is placed in its narrow bed, will often be recalled with startling vividness, after the lapse of years, and the heaving sigh and flowing tear testify, but too truly, that time's destroying wand has not power to erase the image enshrined in the heart. Hours there are too, when Memory brings visions of disappointed hopes, and friendship betrayed; of loved and loving hearts, now grown cold and estranged. Bitter indeed are such memories, and we are sometimes almost led to exclaim with Byron, "Love, Hope and Joy, a long adieu, would I could add Remembrance too." Yet who in moments of calm reflection, would willingly forget the past, or blot one page from the book of Memory? Let us then cherish the remembrance of the past, as one of our sweetest pleasures, nor wish to roll the Lethean wave upon the recollections of other years. For amid the scenes of later life, amid its cares and perplexities, there are green spots, to be found in the records of the past, to which we can ever turn, and on which we can dwell with pleasure.

"There's many a light from by-gone days  
Around our pathway cast,  
There's many a treasure garnered in  
The unforgotten past;  
Then let me sometimes seek to dwell  
From present scenes apart,  
And glean from Memory's treasure house  
A lesson for the heart."



### SACRED SCENES AND CHARACTERS.—No. III.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

#### DEBORAH.

AFTER Miriam, what other female character of the ancient world shines with such splendor in all that is great and heroic as Deborah? Herself also a prophetess, and if not a vestal, yet doubtless a widow and well stricken in years, she stands forth superior in conduct and success, to most of those who acted best the Judge in those lawless and bloody times, when the nation of Israel had forgotten their Deliverer, and were doomed for their offences to bear the yoke of despicable foes. Like another Maid of Orleans, she proves herself capable of raising the most desponding to hope, and under discouraging circumstances; and, like her, with true womanly delicacy, she heads not armies alone, but associates with herself as leader to her heroes, a man in whom faith is not wanting, though in point of courage he falls far below her. Hear this, ye presumptuous women who clamor for the right to make yourselves the gazing stock of the world, without any recognition of the law which assigns to man the rougher and sterner and more hazardous duties of public life, while to your solicitude he commits the care of the house and the right education of the infant world. Such was not Deborah; and such were not the other holy women of old. Deborah would not go to war even to break the yoke of the oppressor of her people, unless Barak, the son of lightning, accompany her as marshal of the field; while he, with a diffidence like that of a Moses, a Numa or a Washington, would not lead the hosts of Israel unless the prophetess herself accompany them as the oracle of God to direct all their motions in the field.

Glorious coadjutors in a noble work! Earth has seen but too little of such patriotism. Each here seeks his own glory and emolument; not the things that make for the good of the state, or the welfare of unborn generations. How infinitely superior to a Dido, a Semiramis, a Penthesilea, a Camilla, or a Thalestris, though invested with all the charms of fable, stands this heroic woman in every thing truly admirable; while not a stain of in-

humanity or lawlessness has the most lynx-eyed and malicious foe to Revelation ever found in the study of her whole life.

Seated among her women in her tent beneath the shade of a venerable palm, that shall ever be remembered by her name, she affords the brightest and loftiest example to the wives of Israel of what a wife and mother in Israel should be. Surrounded by the nobles who ride upon snow-white asses, or sit in the gate upon carpets of costliest texture to judge rightly the causes of the people, she is all that an upright judge ought to be; from whose serene but terrible looks iniquity shrinks abashed, and hides itself in corners and the dark places of the earth.

To one who has never become wise in worldliness, how strange the scenes of triumphant wrong that every where meet the indignation of all just men! The quiet and humble must often serve the lawless, and suffer infinite harms before justice overtakes the oppressor. "In the days of Jael" another female judge, "in the days of Shamjar the son of Anath," who led his undisciplined rustics to battle, armed only with the rude implements of their husbandry; and when his raw militia turned their backs for flight, with his single goad laid prostrate six hundred revilers of Israel's Jehovah upon the bloody field; then indeed, (as Christianity has already for eighteen hundred years,) the piety and spiritual life of Israel was fain to suffer and toil under oppressive yokes, and follow after the battles of alien forces to act the nurse and bind up the wounds of the living or bury the dead. But now, (like the same Christianity become embodied in public law and ruling the whole earth,) they shall assert their own proper right to triumph and be free and rule the land of prophecy and martyrdom to the contempt of every opposing tyranny, near or remote.

Short indeed have been the intervals of peace and rest to Israel for generations, since the death of their Joshua, before whom rivers stopped in their courses, and the sun and moon stood still. An infamous crime in Gibeah has nearly wrought extermination to a whole tribe, from whose remains shall yet spring the first king in Israel with his heroic sons to perish beneath Philistine spears in Gilboa, and another Saul, who shall earn himself a loftier name for gifts and graces and winged zeal to the ends of the earth, and ever sit the brightest example of the most pure

and spiritual and fiery Apostleship that the world shall ever see. Cushan the Satrap of Mesopotamia has enslaved them; and Eglon the Fat has made them own once more, how sharp is the spite of that dynasty which once called Balaam to curse them on their march from the Red Sea. And now the tyrant of Hazor by the shore of Merom, with his myriads reduces them to a more cruel subjection and a more grievous yoke, through twenty years.

But "there is that ruleth over another to his own hurt;" and soon even "Jabin the king of Canaan," shall rue the day when he set foot within the bounds of Israel's domain, or sent his "nine hundred chariots with hooks" over the plain of Jezreel to cut in pieces the flower of Palestinian youth who dare contest his sway over their paternal domains. The prophetess sends her Barak to Tabor, and draws the hosts of Sisera along the shores of "that stream of battles the river Kishon" that often runs purple to the sea with the blood of heroes, and bears upon his floods heaps of shields and spears and chariots and the bodies of horses and brave men. With ten thousand men from the sons of Naphtali and Zebulun, they come to the strong sides of Tabor and encamp amid groves of oak and terebinth trees. Secure in the force of numbers and the confidence of long unpunished lawlessness, the tyrant draws around them his myriads, as the hunters with toils and many dogs surround a forest, when they think to ensnare only a troop of hares or foxes, or find they have roused up a herd of lions. The prophetess among the women, to the sistrum's clang calls on her hosts of dauntless Hebrews to battle with their ancient foes. "Arise, O Barak! lead forth thy captives, O son of Abinoam! Descend ye remnant of the noblest of the people! Jehovah! descend for me among the mighty."

With Spartan serenity and joyful shouts, they rush to battle against the reprobate hosts of Sisera. Earth trembles at the sound. Tabor to his woody summit nods like a field of Ceres ready for the sickle; as if already he bore up the Son of God transfigured among his saints beneath a bright cloud trembling with the Almighty voice. Over the whole plain they roll in multitude as a torrent of fire. Man against man they come, and thousands fall at once, reddening the fields with mutual slaughter. Suddenly the heavens are darkened with clouds, and a storm of hail and thunder, as in the day of Gibeon, falls in the faces of

the alien hosts. Terrified with this new prodigy, they turn their backs to flee, but in vain, for suddenly the rivers swell beyond their banks and roll like a sea over the whole plain, bearing before them horses and chariots, and heroes and all the armory of war, in whirlpools of headlong force toward the sea, to gorge her fish with the fat of the slain, as in the day when Pharaoh and all his hosts were drowned in the Red Sea. But loud and clear and strong, above the roar of waters and the cries of the vanquished, that fall by the sword or perish under the blows of hailstones and hot thunderbolts, and sink in the cruel waters, as when Napoleon and his faithless Gauls fled before the breath of the Almighty at Beresina, rises the voice of the prophetess as she sounds her charge upon the foe, and the faithful armies sing,—“Jehovah! when thou camest forth from Seir, when thou marchest from the field of Edom, the earth trembled, the heavens also dropped, yea, the clouds poured down water. The mountains melted before Jehovah, even Sinai before Jehovah the God of Israel. So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love thee be as the sun going forth in his strength.”

The victors pursue the remnants of their foes with terrible slaughter to their own capital; and the defeated leader falls by the hand of a woman; and under the sway of the prophetess the land has rest through forty years of peace, and she vanishes from our sight as the full moon when she leaves behind her departing chariot a long train of silvery clouds, and goes in her peerless beauty to afford light to other lands.

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### PERILS OF GENIUS.

“EVEN heaven-born genius yet may lack the aid  
 Implored by humble minds, and hearts afraid  
 May leave to timid souls the shield and sword,  
 Of the tried faith and the resistless word,  
 Amid a world of changes venturing forth,  
 Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth,  
 Till strong temptation in some fatal time,  
 Assails the heart and turns the soul to crime.  
 Then all that honor brings against the force  
 Of headlong passion, aids its rapid course;  
 Its slight resistance but provokes the fire,  
 As wood-work stops the flame, and then conveys it higher.”

## CLARA AND LUCY,

OR ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

SEE ENGRAVING.

It was on a lovely evening of the month of roses, and beneath the light of the softest and most bewitching of moons, that I first saw Clara and Lucy Edmonds. They were sisters, and had recently come from their distant West Indian home, to complete at Woodlands the education hitherto directed by a fond mother, now sinking to the grave in the grasp of that fell destroyer, consumption. The West Indians were both young, and both beautiful beyond expression, and the slight shade of sadness that rested upon their features, gave them an additional charm. Even then, however, the difference between the temperament of the fair sisters, might have been visible to the most casual observer. Lucy, the eldest, was a blonde, with a profusion of hair of "paly gold," and eyes of that violet hue, often seen in infancy, but which usually in after years either fades into the azure of the sky, or deepens into black, and a mouth which seemed formed to give utterance to all gentle thoughts, home affections and womanly sympathies. In Lucy Edmonds, pensiveness seemed but the welling up of a fountain of deep and earnest feeling within—the natural expression of a heart too timid and trusting, not to be apprehensive amid the chances and changes of life. With Clara, on the contrary, it was an outward shadow, falling on a nature so bright and joyous, that sunny gleams were continually breaking through it, in spite of the depressing influences to which, as a stranger in a strange land, she was for the first time subjected. That flashing eye of black, so radiant with the soul's light, was not surely made for tears—that sweet mouth, in whose dimples a thousand loves and graces were nestling, spoke of happiness alone; and in the whole face and figure, so instinct with life and animation, one might read the history of a youth, hitherto unclouded by sorrow. As they stood side by side, with clasped hands and arms interlaced, bathed in

a flood of silver moonbeams, and doubtless absorbed in sweet memories of home, I thought of twin rosebuds, and double cherries, and many other lovely things in nature, but nothing to which I could liken them seemed half so sweet and lovely as the youthful beings on whom I gazed.

If I was charmed at first sight with the sisters, a more intimate acquaintance served only to convert the feeling of admiration into one of warm affection. Every inmate of the establishment at Woodlands; from the staid and sober governess, down to the warm-hearted Irish chambermaid, so loved and petted them, that but for the admirable home training to which they were indebted for the formation of their character thus far, they must have been spoiled by indulgence. But the school honors, of which a double share always fell to them, were so meekly borne, and the love lavished on them was so warmly returned, that even envy herself dared not rear her snaky crest at Woodlands, and competition, sometimes so fierce and vindictive in its influence, became a sisterly strife, in which both winner and loser rejoiced or sorrowed together. Clara was usually our May Queen, for her sister laughingly declared, that white rose buds would appear to far greater advantage, contrasted with her raven ringlets, than amid her own golden tresses, but in the quiet walk, or by the winter fireside we dearly loved to gather around the gentle Lucy, and listen to her stories of those far off isles, which were to us regions of enchantment. We had playfully given to each of the fair girls, a name descriptive of her character, and if the bright Allegro was our chosen companion in the hour of joyous excitement, we turned to our sweet Penseroso in sickness or sorrow; for in such seasons, no foot was so light, no hand so soft, and no voice so soothing as hers.

The sisters had been for many months resident at Woodlands, when one morning they were called from the school-room, to receive visitors from England, who had brought tidings from their beloved home. The strangers proved to be, a Mrs. Wharton, who resided in the neighboring city of B—, and her nephew, Raymond St. John, who having just completed his collegiate course, was making the tour of the United States, with the intention of becoming a citizen of the republic. He had been for some months in the West Indies, where large possessions had been left him by



his deceased father, and having formed an acquaintance with the widowed mother of Clara and Lucy, was the bearer of letters and packages to them, which he had promised to deliver with his own hand. The name of that beloved mother was a spell which made its way at once to the hearts of the sisters, and the tears that would not be restrained as they looked upon her familiar hand-writing, assuredly did not detract from their loveliness in the eyes of Mrs. Wharton or her youthful relative. The lady at parting, gave them an urgent invitation to spend the coming vacation at her country seat in the vicinity of the city, an invitation most gratefully accepted by those artless beings, to whom this friendship of an hour seemed hallowed by a mother's presence and a mother's blessing.

Those of us who remained during the recess with Mrs. Grant at Woodlands, felt deeply the absence of our beloved companions. How we missed the tripping footstep, the infectious gaiety, and the silvery laugh of Clara, as we met at the social board, or visited our accustomed haunts in the grove or by the streamlet,—but more than all, as we gathered round the family altar at our morning and evening devotions, did we miss from our little choir, the clear, soft tones of Lucy, filling the apartment with almost celestial melody. Since that time, I have listened with entranced delight to singers, whose world-wide fame was nobly won, and proudly worn, but never have I heard music which seemed so truly the outpouring of a nature essentially harmonious—music which so thrilled the electric chord, vibrating from heart to heart, as that of Lucy Edmonds. Hours flew by unheeded, as in the hush of twilight, or “beneath the moonbeam's smile,” we used to form a circle about her, while she warbled like a skylark the wild songs of her Indian home, or sang some simple English ballad, the more touching from its very simplicity.

I love to look back to these seasons of youthful enjoyment, for amid earth's barren wastes they seem like green, sunny spots on which memory gladly lingers, to supply the soul with fresh strength for the journey and the conflicts of life.

The sisters returned from their visit to Mrs. Wharton, full of delight and gratitude, and eager to share with us the happiness they had been enjoying. Their eloquence was not thrown away upon us. Our admiration of the virtues and graces of Mrs. Whar-



ton might have satisfied the most enthusiastic friendship, while in their description of Raymond St. John, each one recognized the *beau ideal* daguerreotyped by fancy in some secret corner of the youthful heart, of which the original is so seldom found in after years. The rules at Woodlands, with regard to the reception of male visitants, were, in our estimation at least, unreasonably strict, but we had regular reception days, coming like angel visits in more respects than one, and on those days, Raymond St. John invariably made his appearance. The monotony of school life was most agreeably varied by these calls, for the rich and gifted young Englishman always contrived some scheme of rational amusement, in which his generous kindness made us all partakers. It was not long before we had woven, from the materials in hand, a charming romance, of which he was, of course, the hero—but which of the sweet sisters was to be the heroine? Here we were obliged to confess ourselves sadly at fault, for while his attentions to both were evidently dictated by the warmest admiration and friendship, nothing like a decided preference for either could be detected, even by the Argus eyes of a score of school girls. He seemed equally delighted, equally at home, with the arch Clara, or the dove-like Lucy; playing at a game of romps with us, when like uncaged birds we were let loose from the restraints of school, or discussing abstract questions in science or philosophy with our seniors at home. There was something singularly fascinating in the frank and fearless demeanor of this young man, coupled as it was with natural grace of manner, and that finished politeness which marked the “old school” gentleman, now unfortunately so nearly obsolete. With all his other acquirements, Raymond St. John was an accomplished musician, and when his rich voice blended with that of Lucy, in some glorious harmony of Mozart or Beethoven, we felt that they were made for each other, nor more strange seem’d it,

“that hearts

So gentle, so employed, should close in love,  
Than when two dew-drops on the petal shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,  
And slip at once all fragrant, into one.”

But the very next moment, perhaps, we saw him at the side of Clara, guiding her pencil, or assisting her in the conjugation of a

French verb, while the eyes of both were brimfull of hardly restrained mirth, and our theories were all put to flight, by the evident interest with which the younger sister was regarded by her companion. We were manifestly at fault, but there was no way of solving our provoking puzzle, not even by an appeal to the parties concerned, for not one thought of love seemed to have entered the mind of either of the sisters, in connexion with Raymond St. John. He had visited their native isle—had seen and conversed with the idolized mother from whom they were so widely separated, and was very, very kind to themselves, and all these, were good reasons why they should regard him with friendly interest; but the torch of Eros was not yet lighted in the heart of either.

The stay of the young Englishman in B—— and its vicinity was protracted for some months, and during that time, his visits at Woodlands were repeated as often as the regulations of the school permitted. Soon after his departure on a tour to the lakes, the sisters left school, carrying away with them the love and blessing of every member of the household. That was a dark day on which they went from Woodlands. We were all lonely and sorrowful, and after a few vain attempts to proceed with the usual routine of study, we were dismissed by our kind governess, to indulge without restraint in the luxury of grief. For myself, a ray of brightness gilded the gloom of separation, for by an arrangement, long since made, I was to spend the first winter after my emancipation from school, with a relative in B——, where Lucy and Clara expected for some time to reside, as the guests of Mrs. Wharton. It was the wish of their invalid mother that they should remain in this country, until she could come in person to claim her darlings, and return with them to their home, but the continued ill health of Mrs. Edmonds delayed her coming from month to month, and when at length I joined the sisters in B——, no thought of immediate separation marred the pleasure of our meeting.

I found them more beautiful and more brilliant than ever, for even Lucy seemed to have borrowed her sister's character, and looked like the embodied spirit of love and joy. Wherever they went, Raymond St. John was constantly at their side, and though admiration, like a shadow, followed them everywhere, it was to his eye and his smile alone, they seemed to appeal for guidance

or approval. I watched eagerly the progress of events, in the hope of making out the romance I had previously constructed, but though we were always together, I could see nothing more than the familiar and affectionate intercourse of brother and sisters in the youthful trio. Lucy was evidently very happy, and from the soft blush that mantled her cheek, and the dewy light that kindled in her eye when Raymond appeared, or at the mention of his name, I suspected that young love had tinged every thing with his own roseate hues, but Clara was impenetrable.

To be continued.

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### PROGRESS OF THE PASSIONS.

"THE passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years, nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint. Every man may remember, that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the superaddition of any actual pleasure. The new world is in itself a banquet, and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratification. The sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep. But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusements is now passed, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but, in time, art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect. The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame: wealth, to which, however variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise."

## SAUL.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

His doom was sealed ! In vain the son of Kish  
Invoked the blessings of an angered God,  
Upon his guilty head. No answering voice  
At midnight's sacred hour, nor holy seer,  
Spoke to his tortured spirit peace. The host  
Of the Phillistines once despised of him,  
Now cause his heart to quake with terror strange.  
The valiant Saul, who had his thousands slain,  
Behold ! how weak—forsaken of his God.  
O hopeless state ! how does the heart recoil,  
And shrink to nothingness at thought so dread.  
Forsaken ! Yes—there is a fearful time  
When the proud heart of man rebellious long  
Is left to grope in darkness that is felt.  
Exultingly the Prince of Darkness comes  
With chains to bind his willing victim fast,  
And lead him onward in his chosen way.

Now Night had breathed narcotic vapors o'er  
The restless earth ; and on Gilboa's hills,  
And Shunam's plains, the mighty foemen lay,  
Vanquished by sleep. But where shall rest be found  
For those, who, like the troubled ocean's wave,  
Are madly tossed by passion's wildest storm ?  
All nature seems in gloomy, sullen mood—  
The fitful winds now sigh among the trees,  
Then sink again to rest. The moon's pale beams  
Are struggling with the broken, fleecy clouds  
Which hurry onward with impetuous speed,  
As though some darksome deed did there await  
Their coming. Kishon's ancient river rolled  
Its swollen waters past a lowly cot  
That nestled closely to a sheltering rock,  
Beneath the leafy palm tree's spreading shade.  
For refuge here a child of Satan fled,  
(When all her sisters by command of Saul  
Had met the fearful doom of death,)  
And dwelt most insecure. Her form was bowed  
By weight of guilt and years ; and from her eye  
A strange unholy light was gleaming forth,  
As through the lattice now she strained her sight,  
And vague misshapen terrors fill her brain.  
But, lo ! emerging from the leafy shade,  
Three dusky forms appear ; and toward her hut  
They shape their onward course.

She wildly starts

As from a frightful dream, but soon despair  
And recklessness assume the place of fear,  
As, with a look of fierce defiance now  
She waits her doom.

The blazing fire sent forth

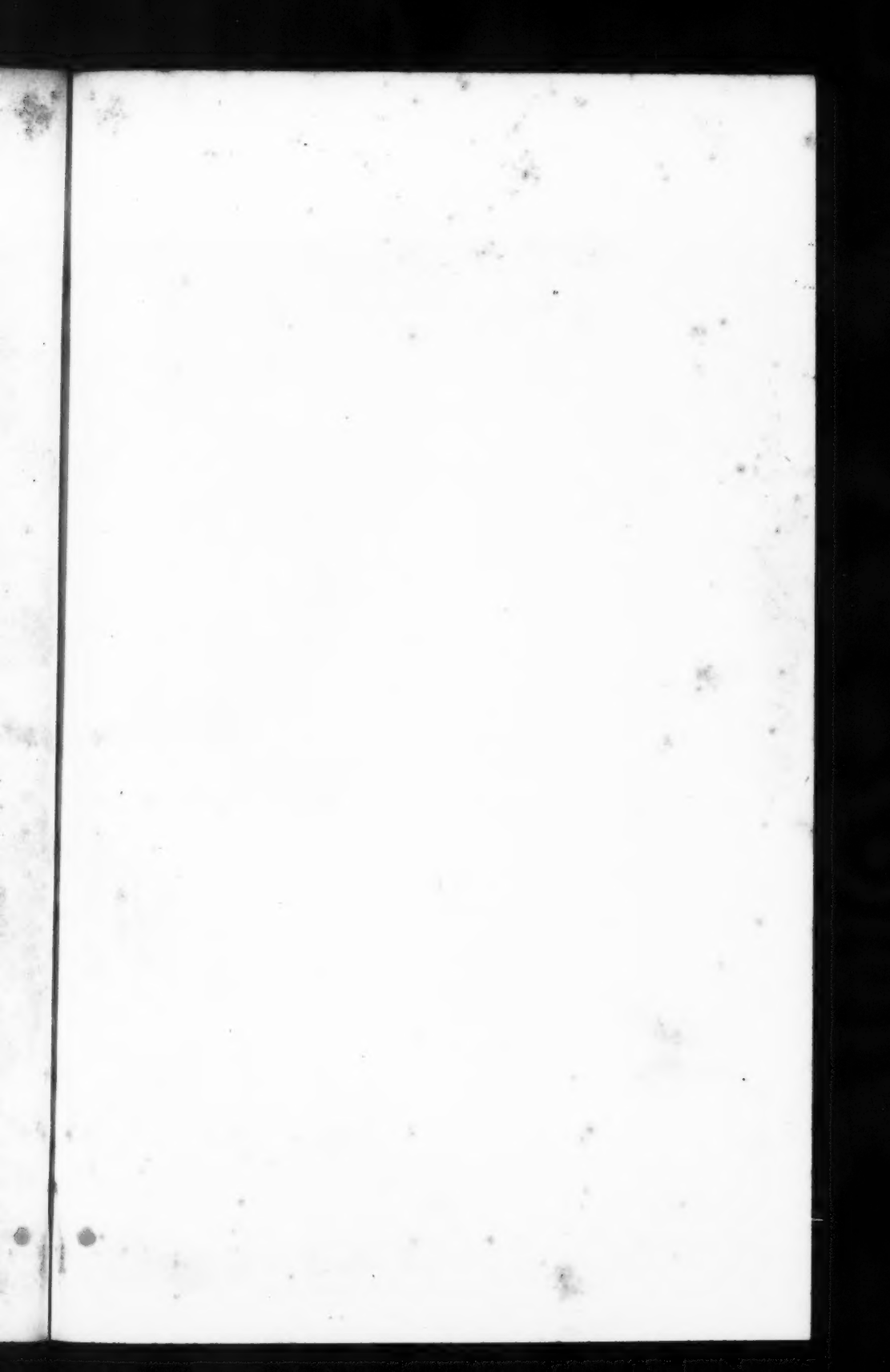
A dim, uncertain light, as paused the three—  
One moment at the door, and then advanced  
A kingly form disguised in mean array,  
And thus addressed the Sybil as she sat  
Expectant—mute. "O woman! far thy fame  
Hath spread from coast of Dan to Beersheba.  
And I have sought thee here, that thou wouldst call  
From Spirit Land, him whom I name to thee."  
Her fears returned—more wildly gleamed her eye  
As she replied—"Behold the snare now laid  
Before my feet." 'Tis ever thus: "when nought  
Pursueth do the guilty flee." "As lives  
Th' Almighty on his throne, no punishment,"  
He sware, "shall happen unto thee for this."  
While yet he spoke, the holy prophet—he  
Who oft had prayed for Saul and mourned for him  
Until the Lord administered reproof  
Severe—in their unhallowed presence stood.  
His mantled form was slightly bent with age,  
Upon his eye was set the seal of death—  
One bony hand uplifted high in air,  
While, like a shroud, his venerable beard  
Upon his bosom lay. But now his deep  
Sepulchral voice, unlike his former mild  
And gently chiding tones—like knell of death  
Fell on the sinner's ear.

"Why hast thou thus

Disquieted my rest? Can I, a worm  
Of dust, do aught for thee, since thou hast made  
The Lord thine enemy! Hear this thy doom:  
The kingdom now is rent from out thy hand,  
And to a neighbor given. Before the King  
Of day completes his round, thyself and sons  
In death's embrace shall sleep. Then to the earth  
The haughty monarch fell, and dark despair  
Crept o'er his fainting soul.

Fair rose the morn

And smiling, calmly gazed on earth as though  
The shock of fierce contending foe were nought  
But schoolboy sport. But whence that impious shout  
That rends the air like voice of fiends, and sends  
The purple current backward through the veins?  
O tell it not in Gath, nor publish ye  
In Askelon, that Israel's king is dead.





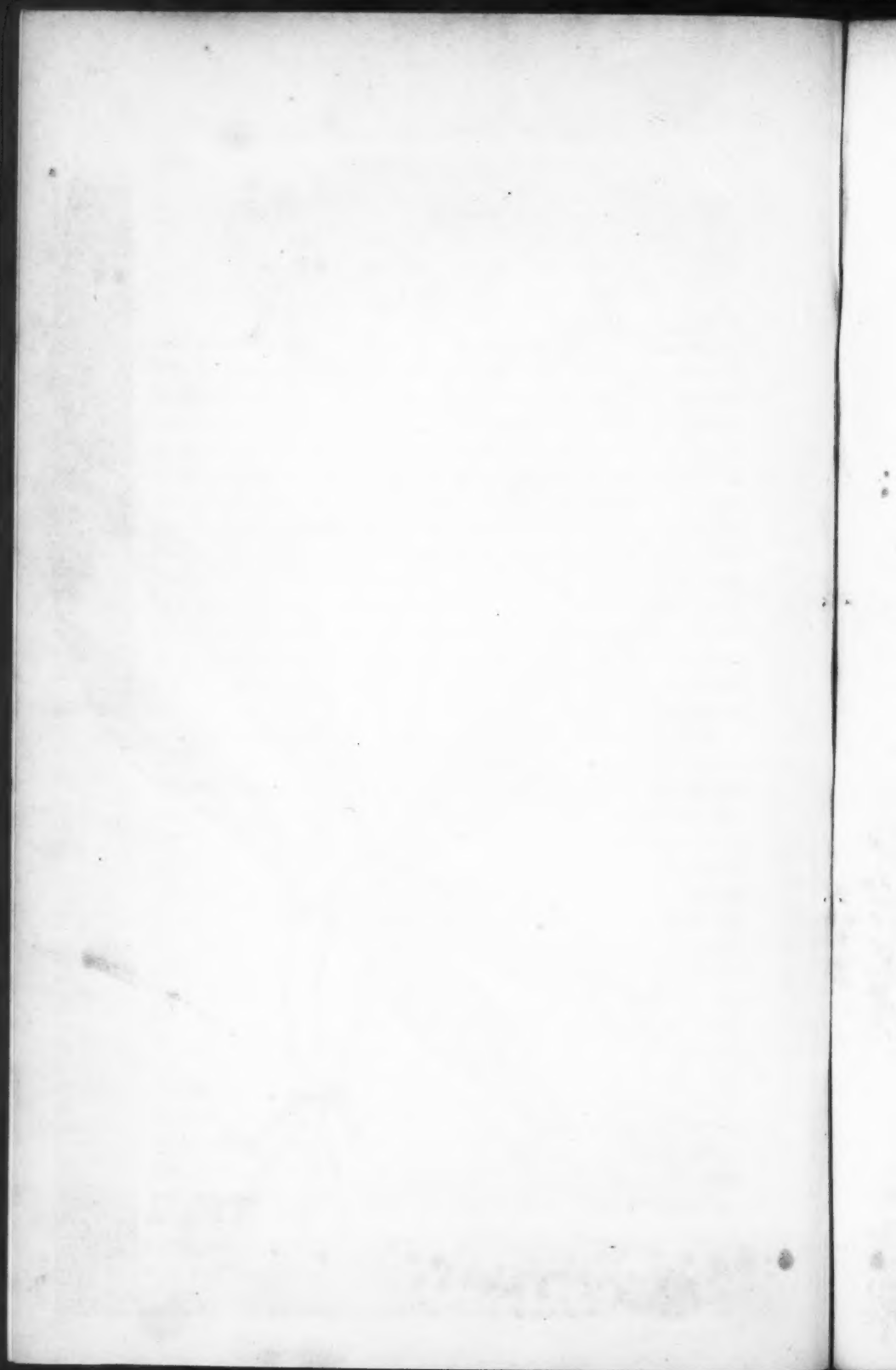








*Erythronium Americanum.*



## MARGARET WILLARD.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SEVERAL years ago, when my strength was much exhausted by long attendance in a sick chamber; and the increasing heat of the weather, I availed myself of an opportunity which offered of visiting an early friend who resided in S——. Before I had been there many weeks, the pure mountain air had effected a great change in my debilitated constitution, and I was soon able to resume my favorite exercise of riding on horseback.

In the course of one of these delightful rides, over the hills and dales of S——, my friend proposed to stop and call on the Willard family, (to whom she was nearly related) who resided about five miles from our house. I readily acceded to this proposal, as I was somewhat fatigued, and moreover the little white cottage looked so charming through the forest of trees that surrounded it, that I longed for a nearer view than could be obtained from the road.

As we dismounted from our horses, a fine young man with a frank, joyous countenance, ran forward to assist us, while a lovely girl, a few years younger, gave us a smiling welcome. I never beheld a more perfect picture of contentment than the little parlor into which we were introduced presented. The furniture was plain, nay, most of it rather the worse for wear, but there was an air of comfort about the room, that I have never seen surpassed. In one corner sat Mrs. Willard, an elderly lady, dressed in widow's mourning, holding in her arms a beautiful little girl about two and a half years old. Before the open window sat two young girls between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, occupied with knitting, while they merrily chatted with their brother who had just returned home. But the most interesting figure in the room was that of the eldest sister, a lady about thirty years of age. She was not beautiful, but the placid loveliness diffused over her plain countenance—the winning gentleness of her manners, united to a voice of perfect sweetness, won for her the hearts of all who saw her. My favorable impressions of the loveliness of her character, and the superiority of her intellect, were confirmed by all that I

saw of her during our visit ; and as we rode home, I informed Mrs. M—— how much I had been pleased with the family, and particularly with the eldest sister (whose name I learned was Margaret,) and expressed a wish to hear more of her former history.

"It is deeply interesting, and very instructive," said Mrs. M——, "and though I fear it will sadden you, at some time I will tell it to you, but not now," added she, not pitying the eager curiosity depicted on my countenance.

"But where are the parents of that little child?" said I.

Mrs. M—— sadly replied, "that child is an orphan, but her history is so closely interwoven with that of Margaret's, that I cannot tell you the one without giving the other."

Impatient as I was to hear the story, I was forced to be contented with the promise Mrs. M—— had given, though I inwardly resolved to remind her of it at the first opportunity. It was some time, however, before such an occasion presented itself, for during the next week, Mrs. M—— was entirely occupied with the friends who were staying with her. But in that interval I several times met Miss Margaret Willard, and my curiosity to learn her former history was increased by the sincere respect and affection I soon felt for one so truly worthy of admiration and love. Her character was a rare combination of unvarying sweetness and amiability, energy and decision.

But the better I became acquainted with her, the more assured was I, that she had known deep affliction. For though she was always cheerful, there was a chastened calmness in her views of life, an earnest desire to serve her Redeemer, a patient resignation to life's trials, a confiding trust in God, a lowly humility, and deep acquaintance with her own heart that could not have been gained save in the furnace of affliction.

At length on a rainy evening, after the departure of our guests, Mrs. M—— listened to my entreaties to relate the long-delayed tale. So seating herself in a large arm-chair, she began by saying:

"The tale I am about to tell you, Ada, is a very sad one. It is always sad to speak of broken hearts, of withered hopes and blighted youth, but sadder still to dwell on deceit and treachery, where all should have been truth and love. Poor Margaret Willard! At sixteen she was very, very beautiful. You look incredulous, Ada," continued she, "let this convince you of the truth of my remark."

So saying, she unlocked a drawer in her work-table, and handed me a miniature, saying—

"This was an excellent likeness of Margaret at sixteen."

For a moment I sat entranced by the beautiful picture before me, the next, an incredulous smile spread itself over my countenance, as I exclaimed, "this ever a likeness of Margaret Willard!" Mrs. M—— faintly smiled as she again assured me of the correctness of the miniature, but I scarcely heard her, for again I was absorbed in gazing at that broad, open brow, and those clear, deep and pensively earnest hazel eyes. The delicate features were most beautifully chiselled. The rich chesnut curls fell over a neck white as alabaster, while on the cheek was diffused the hue of the pale spring rose. For some moments I remained absorbed in gazing into the depths of those eyes, as though I would read the spirit through. At length the sound of Mrs. M——'s voice recalled me from my reverie, and I eagerly entreated her to proceed with her story which I was more than ever interested to hear.

"First," said she, "let me take that picture from you, for I know that I shall receive but little attention while it is in your hands."

I reluctantly allowed her to remove the fascinating picture from my sight, and eagerly listened to her recital of the tale.

"Poor Margaret!" said she, "her childhood was an unclouded season of happiness. She was the eldest child by many years of parents who idolized their darling, and who thought their wealth well expended in gratifying her every wish. And truly their extreme fondness might be excused when you remember that with all her beauty, she was one of the loveliest little creatures in S—. Her love of the beautiful from childhood was intense, and was carefully cherished by her parents, who surrounded her with all that could please the eye and gratify the sense. Early was this little being gifted with the inspiration of the poet, and nothing afforded her greater pleasure than to delineate on canvass the fairy beings with which she peopled her ideal world. She possessed a vivid imagination and a very romantic turn of mind, which was fostered by an early acquaintance with the best works of fiction, and with the English and German poets. Indeed, Margaret lived in the ideal world. While in society she was the admired of all admirers, and gracefully did those fairy feet glide through the bewildering mazes of the dance, and many were the



lovers that enraptured listened to the notes of her melodious voice, yet she loved to flee from them all, and at home, where her every caprice was gratified, spend her time in some of the elegant pursuits in which she excelled.

"But her education had wholly unfitted her for any of the duties, nay, I had said the realities of life. She had never been taught to alleviate the sorrows of others, to mingle her tears with theirs, and, less than all, to make active exertions in their behalf. She could not combat with the temptations of her own heart, and she knew not where to find a refuge from the storms of life.—Earth was all and in all to her, and she looked not forward to a heavenly home. The words of our Saviour, 'work while it is day,' bore no meaning to her ear, and thus she seemed contented to pass her days, living in the enjoyment of the ideal, while she bore no part in the great warfare of life. Such was the promise of her girlhood. I need not remark on her character as it now is, but will merely relate to you the scenes through which she passed before the change was perfected. Until Margaret's seventeenth birth-day, she knew no other love than that which she bore her family, her books, her birds, and flowers. The many who worshipped her poured their streams of admiration into an indifferent ear. She cared for none of them. But about this time she accidentally met Herbert Berkly. He was young, handsome, and possessed brilliant powers of intellect. He was fascinated with her beauty and loveliness, and after a short acquaintance they pledged their troth. Would that I could say he was worthy of her. But, ah! it was not so. 'Neath that polished exterior, and those fascinating manners, was concealed a heart supremely selfish, and totally destitute of moral principle. But none perceived these traits in Herbert Berkly.

"Time sped his flight, and the wedding day was fast approaching. After their marriage, Herbert was to depart with his beautiful bride for France, where he was engaged in business. I never saw Margaret appear more lovely than she did a week before the time appointed for her marriage. It was evening, and she was sitting with Herbert, beneath those old trees in front of the cottage door. Her beautiful eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, and the tones of her voice fell like softest music on my ear, as she sang the evening hymn. But as I gazed on her in all her beauty, I

mourned that a mind so richly gifted should waste its powers on trifles of a day. Ah ! I little knew the fate reserved for Margaret. A few days passed, and I learned that Margaret was slightly unwell. Her indisposition, however, was attributed to the excitement incident to her approaching marriage and departure from this country. But on the next day, how shocked was I to learn that small pox in its worst form had appeared in the village, and that Margaret Willard had been attacked by it. The disease was extremely violent, and for several days she hung between life and death. But God mercifully heard our prayers, and the life of this precious one was spared. At first our joy was so great that we heeded not the painful ravages the disease had made in her beauty. Ah ! that was forever gone. The family were shocked beyond measure at the change in their darling, but strange to say she was perfectly unconscious of it, and none dare break it to her. At last one day, as we raised her aching head from the pillow, she glanced at a mirror that hung over the mantle-piece, and the dreadful truth burst upon her in all its force. Her rich curls had been closely shaven from her head in the severe part of her illness, and now in the close unbecoming invalid's cap, her complexion indelibly indented with the hideous pox-marks, her delicate features distorted and swollen, and her eyes, *those eyes*, Ada, bleared and totally changed—who can wonder that the shock was too great, and she sank back upon her pillow in despair.—For several days she remained in a stupor, apparently unconscious of all around her.

“And Herbert Berkly ! where was he ? By the side of his adored Margaret, whispering those vows of love in her ear he had breathed but one short month ago ? No—no ! He had fled across the wide blue waters, a faithless, treacherous lover, a vile and despicable deceiver. In the commencement of Margaret's illness, he had shown much anxiety and distress, but when her life was out of danger, and the tale of her disfigured appearance fully confirmed, he immediately embarked for France. He told a friend of his intended departure, and requested him to inform Mr. Willard of it, and to tell him that he could not endure to witness the change in his once beloved Margaret, that business required his attention in France, and as a meeting could only be painful to both, he had determined to leave without seeing her.”

"But, surely," said I, "he never loved her!"

"I am disposed to believe that he loved her as well as his total selfishness allowed him to love any thing," said Mrs. M—. But to proceed with my story. Words cannot portray the indignation of the Willard family, and indeed of the whole village, at this baseness and shameless desertion. But Margaret was yet in so critical a situation, that they carefully concealed it from her, assigning plausible excuses to her inquiries concerning his absence. But what agony they endured as they listened each day to the expressions of devoted love and confiding trust in Herbert, that she murmured even in her sleep. Her love was of no common order. It was interwoven with every fibre of her being, and partook strongly of the romantic, ideal nature of her mind. In health, it had been deep devoted love—now in sickness and sorrow, it was idolatry. The creature had usurped the place of the Creator—she thought, she lived but for him. How could they tell her the dreadful truth! How destroy the confidence of that loving heart in its earthly idol? How could they blight her every prospect, and crush the hopes of that young spirit? How could they tell her of so much baseness, where all had seemed truth and love? They could not do it. And when concealment became impossible, Mr. Willard went to the village pastor, old Mr. Seymour, who had known Margaret from childhood, and entreated him to undertake the dreadful task. With much reluctance, the kind old man consented, for he could not endure to wound that stricken one more deeply.

"It was a lovely evening in June, when Mr. Seymour slowly wound his way to the cottage. Margaret was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, and received the old man with her accustomed smile of welcome. He had not seen her since her illness, and was painfully struck with the great change in his darling.—As he gazed on her slight form, her withered beauty, and then remembered that he had come to destroy the only bright hope she yet clung to, he could scarcely command his voice as in tremulous tones he gave her his blessing. After a few inquiries respecting her health, her father left the room, and the dreadful task forced itself upon him. Several times his resolution failed, but at length assuming his wonted composure of manner, he said—

"My child, God in his providence has been pleased greatly to

afflict you, but he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will care for you, my darling, in this your hour of trial. Sickness and sorrow are hard to bear, but the baseness of those we love is far harder.' Margaret looked anxiously at him, with an inquiring glance, and he continued—'God grant you strength to bear it all, my child, and may he give you grace to forgive and pray for him, who has so basely deserted you. You cannot know how I grieve to pain you, but it is even so, dearest, he sailed for France two weeks ago.'

"For an instant Margaret sat upright, as if she could not comprehend the meaning of his words. The next, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back upon the pillow, her fragile form writhing in convulsions. During the night she remained in a state of insensibility, but just as morning dawned, she fell into a peaceful sleep. But her slumbers were of short duration, and her first words on waking were, 'Mother, dear mother! I have had such a dreadful dream. I thought that Mr. Seymour came here, and told me Herbert had left me—me—his own Margaret,' and she sweetly smiled as she murmured Herbert.

"With feelings of intense agony, Mrs. Willard listened to the words of her child. What should she do? The truth if told again, might cause a renewal of those dreadful convulsions, and yet she must be undeceived. So pressing Margaret to her bosom, she gently said, 'You did not dream it, my darling: Mr. Seymour was here last night, and—and—he did tell you of Herbert's desertion.'

"Margaret intently gazed upon her, then the truth flashed upon her mind, and she sunk fainting upon her pillow. Her swoon was of short duration, and when she recovered she was perfectly calm, but there was such an expression of utter misery on her pale countenance, and such a touching plaintiveness in her voice as drew tears from the eyes of all who saw her. From that time she slowly recovered, but what an utter wreck was there of all the eye had loved to contemplate. Great as was the change in her personal appearance, it was surpassed by that in her manners. The childlike, joyous gaiety was succeeded by a calm, quiet dignity, I had almost said sadness of manner. Instead of her merry laugh was heard the deep, long-drawn sigh. Her once brilliant and sparkling eyes now betrayed a painful familiarity with tears.

She positively refused to enter into any society, and seldom passed the boundary of her father's place, save to go to church. She engaged in a few of her favorite pursuits, though with none of her former zeal. But music she entirely neglected—nothing could induce her to touch a key of the piano or sing a note. Herbert had loved to hear her sing, and probably music was too closely interwoven in her mind with the recollection of him for her to enjoy it again.

“Mr. Seymour frequently visited her, and conversed freely with her. He endeavored to engage her in benevolent efforts for the poor and destitute around her, and to direct her mind to the great Physician of souls. He knew that in religion alone she would find the solace she needed, and earnestly did he point her to the blessed Redeemer. Margaret always heard him patiently, and as the tears rolled down her pale cheek, she thanked him for all his kindness to her. But who should penetrate into the recesses of the inner temple, and perceive the changes working there? None! and it was only when occasion developed the transformation that we perceived it. I had deeply feared the effect of this trial upon Margaret's spirit. I dreaded lest distrust, coldness, and suspicion should spring up and blight with their withering influence the garden of her heart. But she was not left alone, and unassisted to combat with the trials and temptations that surrounded her.—The everlasting arms sustained her, and the voice of the good Shepherd spoke peace unto her troubled soul. Her afflictions were weaning her soul from earth, and drawing her affections towards heaven. New views of life, and life's great end, were springing up within her, which were soon to be called into action.

“About a year from the time of Margaret's illness, sickness again entered the family circle, and prostrated Mr. Willard. His disease was tedious and painful, and from its commencement, but little hope was entertained of his recovery. During the long, long days and weary nights, Margaret watched by his bed-side, and her gentle hand administered the cooling draught, as in low sweet accents she soothed his sufferings. Now it was that the principles of the new life that had been springing up in secret within her revealed themselves. After weeks of intense suffering, Mr. Willard died; and Mrs. Willard, worn out by watching and anxiety, was taken ill, and on Margaret devolved the arrange-

ments of the funeral, the care of the children, and the household duties. Nobly did she sustain her fortitude in that trying time ; and though her own heart was well nigh broken, gently did she soothe her widowed mother, and calmly preserved her self-control in all the trying scenes through which she was called to pass.— What her sufferings were none knew. When in the family she devoted herself to consoling and relieving others, and if sometimes her pale cheek, swollen eyes, and throbbing brow spoke of the inward conflict, she refrained from distressing others by any exhibition of her feelings.

“ When Mrs. Willard had sufficiently recovered to attend to business, it was discovered in settling Mr. Willard’s estate, that there would be scarcely property enough left to support the family, and not enough to provide for the education of the children.— There were five little ones, the eldest of whom was only nine years old, beside Eleanor Bradley, an orphan niece of Mrs. Willard’s, who had been adopted by her when she was but two years old. Eleanor’s mother was a beautiful Italian girl, with whom Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Willard’s favorite brother, had fallen in love, and married during his residence in Italy. At the expiration of a year from the time of their marriage, she died, leaving Eleanor, an infant of a few weeks old. Mr. Bradley returned to America as soon as his affairs would permit, but consumption had settled upon him, and he arrived here only to commit his motherless child to his sister’s care, before he breathed his last. Eleanor resembled her Italian mother. She possessed that clear dark complexion, perfectly modelled features, and those large, soft, black Italian eyes. Her character also resembled somewhat the natives of that sunny clime. She was naturally warm-hearted and affectionate, and not without talent, but she was destitute of that firm unyielding principle so needful in this world of temptation and sin. Margaret clearly perceived these defects in her character, and did all in her power to remedy them ; but she tenderly loved Eleanor, who was eight years younger than herself, and determined to make an effort towards providing for her, as well as for her own brothers and sisters.

“ But what could she do ? Teaching was the only way open to her, and how could she enter upon it ? How could she, the refined, elegant, romantic girl, determine to spend her life in that



most laborious and tedious of tasks? It was a long and bitter struggle, but when she had once decided that it was duty, she entered upon it with energy and apparent cheerfulness. A situation was early obtained, for her talents were so well known and appreciated, that her services were eagerly sought, and commanded a high recompense. When all the arrangements were completed, she informed her mother of her intended removal. Mrs. Willard listened in the greatest astonishment. She knew that Margaret's trials had effected a great change in her character, but she did not know that her poetic child was capable of making so great a sacrifice. At first she opposed it, for she could not bear to let Margaret suffer all the hardships that she knew she must endure. But Margaret's entreaties overcame her objections, and she prepared to enter upon the trying scene of her new duties.

"Who can number the sighs and heart-aches, the burning tears, the eager longing for home, and for one familiar face, the despondency and weariness of spirit that racked that gentle bosom, as day after day, in her deep mourning dress, she patiently and meekly pursued her tiresome round of duties. But he who patiently and unweariedly walketh in the path of duty, shall sooner or later meet with his reward. So by degrees peace stole into Margaret's breast, and actively and even cheerfully did she engage in those duties at first so wearisome and laborious. She usually passed the summer months at home, and each year I perceived that she was more cheerful. Her smiles were less pensive and her sighs less frequent. Truly the furnace had purified her as silver purifies seven times. For ten long years did Margaret pursue the laborious path she had marked out for herself. Then having amassed a handsome little fortune as the fruit of her industry, she returned once more to dwell with us. Ten years had made a great change in her. She who went from us, a pale, delicate, heart-broken girl, returned an energetic, intellectual woman, an earnest and sincere christian.

"Would that I could here cease, but there is yet another page of deceit and ingratitude, of suffering and sorrow to relate before I can close. And where was Herbert Berkly? The ten years that had been spent by Margaret in self-denial, and unwearied toil, Herbert passed in France, participating in all the frivolities and dissipations of Paris. He was eminently successful in business,



and at the lapse of ten years he also returned to his native home. He still retained that elegance of person, and fascination of manner, that had distinguished him in youth, and these united to a large fortune, rendered him a favorite in fashionable society.— And while Margaret was engaged in the various duties of her station, he freely indulged in all the gaieties and dissipations of —.

“Eleanor Bradley was now a young lady. She was fully as beautiful as she had promised to be in her childhood. She was tall, slender and graceful, with clear dark complexion, large soft black eyes, raven hair, and an elegant outline of features. And her character too was but little changed. There was the same affectionate disposition, and poetic temperament, the same want of firm principle and strength of character. Such was Eleanor Bradley, when in her twentieth year she met Herbert Berkly, in the city of —, where she was spending a few weeks with a friend. He was charmed with her beauty and elegance of manner, and eagerly sought her society. She had heard the story of his faithlessness to Margaret, from Mrs. Willard, so that she was not ignorant of his true character. But instead of shunning his society, she listened to the honied accents of his lips. And with shame I say it, she was so destitute of principle, as to return the love of one who had so basely deserted her benefactor. At first she feebly struggled against it, but her principles were weak, and she yielded to Herbert’s solicitations to fly from her home and marry him. In the dead of night she left the cottage, dropping a note on her aunt’s dressing-table, hurriedly stating what she had done, and imploring her forgiveness. It was a great blow to the whole family, and especially to Margaret, to learn that Eleanor, the adopted sister of her love, the child of her tender care, had so basely deserted her. But she uttered not one word of reproach, and while others loudly condemned Eleanor, she wept in silence.

“Eleanor was married in —, and then accompanied her husband to the South, where she remained two years. During that time affairs went on quietly in the Willard family. Margaret devoted herself to teaching her brothers and sisters, relieving her mother of the household cares, and doing good to all around her. At length on a wild stormy evening, when Margaret was sitting with her mother by the fire-side, listening to the raging of the elements without, a servant brought her a note from old Mr. Seymour, saying, that Mr. and Mrs. Berkly were at the village hotel,

and Eleanor was in dying circumstances, and implored him to send for Margaret. Margaret hastily arose, giving the note to her mother, and followed the messenger. In a little room at the village inn, on a low bed, lay Eleanor Berkly. The flickering light of a pale lamp revealed the person of Herbert, standing by her side, while Mr. Seymour knelt in prayer. The storm beat violently against the window, while the howling wind whistled through the trees. Margaret entered the room with noiseless step, and took her place opposite to Herbert. As Mr. Seymour arose from prayer, Herbert glanced towards Margaret, and their eyes met. Twelve years had passed since they sat together, beneath the old trees in front of the cottage-door—and now! The retrospect of the past well nigh overcame Margaret—a death-like palor spread itself over her countenance, but clinging to a chair for support, she recovered herself, and bending over Eleanor, murmured her name. Eleanor unclosed her eyes, and gazed at Margaret, but how changed was she! Her countenance was pale and ghastly—her brilliant eyes, sunken, but brilliant still—her dark hair was thrown aside, and exposed her marble brow, soon to be cold in death. Painfully struck with the change in Eleanor, Margaret turned her head aside to conceal her emotion, but Eleanor took her hand, and in low and faltering accents said,—

“‘I am glad that you have come, Margaret, for you see my time is short—I must soon have done with earth. But I would ask you to forgive me. I cannot say all that I would; but, forgive—forgive.’

“‘Tenderly Margaret bent over her, and assured her of her perfect forgiveness and love. ‘And for my sake, Margaret,’ said Eleanor, ‘forgive Herbert.’ Margaret covered her face with her hands, but again controlling herself, she said—‘What would you, dearest Eleanor?’ ‘Forgive!’ again she murmured, her eyes wandering toward Herbert. Margaret held forth her hand, as she said—‘Herbert, I fully and freely forgive you!’

“‘There was no glance of reproach in her eye, no accent of bitterness in her voice, but those simple words sunk deep into Herbert’s soul—and covering his face with his hands, he groaned bitterly. ‘Margaret,’ said Eleanor, ‘tell them to bring my child.’ A nurse stepped forward with an infant of a few weeks old in her arms. Margaret took it from her, and held it to the dying mother. She kissed it, and then said, ‘promise me, Margaret, to care for

my poor little child, when I am gone.' Margaret took the infant in her arms, and promised to love it as her own. 'God bless you,' said Eleanor, 'you have cheered my dying hour. She then turned towards her husband, murmured a few words in his ear, and placed her hands in his. At her request Mr. Seymour read one of the prayers appointed for the dying. When he ceased, she faintly breathed, 'I thank you, now farewell!' She gradually sank into a lethargy, which lasted all night. Mr. Seymour, Margaret, Herbert and the nurse watched in silence beside her, and as the first grey tints of morning dawned in the east, Eleanor entered the spirit land.

"Who can attempt to describe the agony and remorse of Herbert's soul in the dreary days that followed! In the emphatic words of scripture, 'his sin had found him out;' and there was no peace for his guilty conscience. After Eleanor's funeral, he sent for Margaret to come and see him. He was very pale, but composed. 'I would ask you, Miss Willard,' said he, 'if you will fulfil Eleanor's request, and take charge of my child during my absence from this country?' Margaret assured him that she would, and he agreed to send the nurse and child to the cottage the next day. As she rose to leave the room, he took her hand, and said, 'Eleanor asked you to forgive me for her sake. We shall never meet again, and I would ask it for my own.' Margaret gently answered, 'Herbert, I have freely and fully forgiven you, and may God bless you, and spare you long to your little child.' 'No, my days are numbered,' said he. 'I go hence to return no more—but let me have your prayers, Margaret, for God's forgiveness and his mercy—farewell!'

"The next day he sent the nurse and child to the cottage, and in a few weeks embarked for Italy. His friends heard nothing of the wanderer, until six months after his departure, his death was announced in an English paper. Shortly after a letter arrived from the clergyman who attended him, giving an account of his sickness and death. The minister added that 'he appeared truly penitent for his past life, and died in humble trust in Christ.'

"Thus ended the life of Herbert Berkly. May we not hope that he truly repented and found mercy? Margaret has nobly fulfilled her promise to Eleanor. She cherishes little Amy with the greatest tenderness and love. She has received many excel-

lent offers of marriage, but I am sure that she will never connect herself with any one. Is she not, Ada, truly one of those of whom 'tis said, 'they are angels in disguise?'

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## ÆOLIAN HARP AT NIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Now joy and sorrow smile and weep in dreams;  
 Kind Earth, forgetful, bathes in Lethe's wave;—  
 But still the dome of slumbering Nature seems  
 Peopled with winds trooped forth from Æolus' cave.

Each breeze in airy dance luxurious floats—  
 O'er forest, sea, and mountain rings its song;  
 Then flies, and leaves its sweet deserted notes  
 To fade and die, sequestered vales among.

But though the winds thus suddenly forsake  
 The lovely whispers of the forest leaves,  
 The tuneful ripple of the limpid lake,  
 Or sea-roar, when the storm vast waves upheaves,

There is an instrument of dulcet sound,  
 That wandering breezes love to linger near;  
 That scatters witching harmonies around;—  
 Now swells triumphant, and now starts the tear!

Harp! that wooest winds of Heaven,  
 By their gentle breathing fanned,  
 Sing! methinks to thee 'tis given  
 Thoughts to sing of Spirit land!

Hark! I hear thee murmur faintly;  
 Faintly, like a mourner's prayer:  
 Tones all heavenly, pure and saintly,  
 Saintly as a seraph's are;

And methinks thou sadly singest  
 Words I would, but cannot speak;  
 Griefful memories thou bringest  
 Of low voices, mournful, meek.

Still tremulous and low!  
 All silent now!  
 Those voices faded so  
 They're silent now—  
 Silent now!

Hark! from depths of silence welling,  
 Joyous harmonies arise!  
 Tone o'er tone triumphant swelling,  
 Higher, higher toward the skies!

Minding me of happy voices,  
 Jubilant amid the past;  
 Now, like these thy strain rejoices,  
 Ah! too happy long to last!

Fading even as I listen—  
 Tone departeth after tone;  
 All Earth's songs of joy thus hasten,  
 Just approach us, and are gone!

Hark! murmuring sad and low!  
 All silent now!  
*Glad* voices faded so  
 They're silent now!  
 Silent now!

Is the spirit-harp forsaken?  
 List! dim echoes strange and wild!  
 Chords unearthly now awaken  
 Each, a wandering *fancy's* child—

Such the strains a dream revealeth,  
 When the spirit, free to roam,  
 From the closing portals stealeth  
 Of its little earthly home!

Strains to make a seraph listen  
 Ceased the while his harp of gold;  
 Music as of stars that glisten,  
 Morning stars that sang of old.

This *eyanescient* too?  
 All silent now!  
*Dreams*, vanished like the dew,  
 Are silent now—  
 Silent now!—

What tales these airy harpists might unfold  
 Of all the climes where they have wandered free;  
 Tales of the sea, the plain, and forest old—  
 Of Joy and Grief, of Love and Enmity!

Now comes a *breeze* to strike thy trembling strings,  
 Fraught with heart rending groan and sob and sigh;—  
 And as each note of sorrow thrills, it wrings  
 A tear-drop from the sympathizing eye.

## LINES TO A CHILD.

And now from far a *gale* comes sweeping on !  
 Vibrations rapid, free, a hymn resound  
 That tells of noble deeds, and freedom won ;  
 Speeding the life-tide in a swifter round !

Thus, 'mid the dark and stilly hours of night  
 Thy music murmurs, swells, and bursts away ;  
 Plaints, hymns, and pæans varying like the light  
 Dim or resplendent of th' Aurora's play.—

Sweet Harp ! too pure thy tones to cease with Earth !  
 Thou dost prelude the songs of Heavenly choirs,  
 Begun by angel hosts, at Jesus' birth,  
 And ever ringing from their golden lyres !

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

FAIR child ! on whose untroubled brow  
 No line of sorrow yet appears—  
 Thy look so sweet and joyous now  
 Must feel the weight of after years.

Could prayer dispel the cloud of woe  
 That soon or late wraps ev'ry heart,  
 Thy smile should wear its wonted glow,  
 Thine eye its light till life should part.

And thine should be a joyous way,  
 So strew'd with flowers on ev'ry hand—  
 Thou shouldst not deem thy journey lay  
 Through such a dark and troubled land.

No sky should o'er thy pathway bend,  
 But one whose smile was ever bright—  
 Nor should a disappointment tend  
 To cloud thine eye or dim its light.

Sweet child ! may truth its strength impart,  
 When launch'd upon the sea of life,  
 And thou with calm and trusting heart  
 Be ready for the certain strife.

## THE DEFAULTER.

BY W. A. SLEEPER.

"I THOUGHT I saw Frederick going away this morning: has he left?" enquired Mr. Felch of Mr. Weston, as he stepped into his shop. "Yes," was the reply, "he has gone, and though I did not turn him away, I advised him never to come home again till he had effected a complete reformation in his character. A son of mine a defaulter, and a swindler! the thought drives me almost to madness. I have spared no pains in his education, in giving him proper associates, and I have been as careful to instil into his mind correct moral principles, and to show him their importance, as an anxious parent could be; and when he arrived at a suitable age, through considerable exertion, I succeeded in obtaining a situation for him of which any young man ought to be proud—a situation of trust and honor; and now you see how he has repaid me for my toil and solicitude; such conduct is enough to break the stoutest heart."

"I am aware," replied Mr. Felch, "that this is a very severe affliction, one which must weigh heavily upon you—still I think there is room for consolation, and that your son may yet be reclaimed, and become an upright and worthy member of society."

"Alas! it is much easier to hope and say that, than to accomplish it."

"I admit that it is rather a difficult task—still I am very confident that it can be done. As you say, Mr. Weston, you have apparently spared no pains to give your son a good moral character, and I trust that your efforts have not been in vain, for till his recent error his conduct was as good as that of any of his associates; he has manifested no depraved or vicious tendencies of a marked nature, but has always shown a due regard for truth, and has been generally esteemed—but now, when those companions who were the objects of no more confidence and regard than he, are occupying places of trust with credit to themselves, he is an outcast. Now there must be some cause for this, and I hope you will not consider me as wishing to injure your feelings



when I say, that in my humble opinion you are very intimately connected with that cause."

"What! do you mean to accuse me of causing his ruin?"

"By no means, but while I give you due credit for all that you have done, allow me to tell you that I cannot help thinking that when you obtained the situation for him, which he has just left with dishonor, you did him a serious injury."

"Explain yourself."

"I will do so; and I think the error the same in your case, that it is in hundreds of others. The amount of moral instruction bestowed upon those under their charge by parents and guardians, is perhaps sufficient, but they do not use proper discrimination in imparting it; they seem to forget that all have not the same strength and susceptibility to moral impressions, but endeavor to educate them all by one standard. But those differences of character do exist, and often produce lamentable consequences in after life. Many a man has sustained an unimpeachable character for years, and would have continued to do so through his whole life, had he remained under ordinary circumstances—but unfortunately, he is placed in a position where temptation assails him, and he falls, bringing disgrace upon himself and sorrow upon his friends. Now the man had not been corrupt all his days, but there were points in his character which were not powerful enough to withstand the evil influences brought to bear upon them. You recollect how astonished my friends were when I procured that situation, so similar to the one filled by your son, for my younger one. They thought I did wrong in not giving it to the elder, as his intellectual capacities better fitted him for it than his brother. I admit that they did, but if he had taken it, I have not the least doubt but he would have been now, like yours, a defaulter. I have observed their actions many hours with the closest scrutiny, and under a great variety of circumstances, and whenever I committed any thing to their charge, and told them they must not leave it, the answer invariably given by the younger to the solicitations of his playfellows was, 'It will not be *right*—I shall not go,' while the elder as invariably said, 'What will father say?' or 'what will folks think of me if they should know it?' and he not unfrequently yielded to their persuasions. Now that child's character, taken as a whole, was quite as good as the

other's, but it is obvious that the same culture would not do for each, and that if he were placed in some positions, those elements already relatively weak would be made more so, while those in the ascendancy would have their activity increased by external incentives, and he would fall,—consequently, I have kept him near me, that I might develope and strengthen those faculties which need such aid, and to keep him free from temptation till he can meet it uninjured."

"Well," said Mr. Weston, "I must confess I never considered this subject in such a light before; and I think you were right in telling me that I was the cause of his disgrace, but what shall I do now?"

"I do not exonerate him, or any others similarly situated, for they have something to do themselves in the formation of their characters; but you perceive that it will be much easier for them if they receive proper aid. But in answer to your enquiry, I would suggest that you immediately send for your son to come home, and place him in a position where those faculties which are now too active will have nothing to stimulate them, while the weaker ones are strengthened, and I think you will live to see him entirely reformed, and a blessing to your declining years."

"I will adopt your advice at once, and carry it out to the best of my abilities."

He did so—his son was saved from ruin, and he had his own reward in seeing him entirely restored to the esteem and confidence of society, and in becoming the recipient of those filial attentions and kindnesses which do so much towards making peaceful and happy the eve of life.

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#### HEAVENLY ATTACHMENTS.

TRUE love of our fellow-creatures should hardly attach us to the world, for if we consider it, it will be found that the greater number of those we have loved most are gathered into eternity; so that it is but exile from them that we covet, when we would prolong our stay here.

## SAD THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

A CLOUD o'ercasts my soul, gloomy and wild,  
And pregnant with the weighty drops of grief,  
Drawn from my nature's deep by the warm beams  
Of love, that erst had scintillated through  
The sea of thought, illuming its dull waves!  
And, ever and anon, a sudden shock  
Electrifies my frame, as it were charged  
With lightning thoughts to torture me at will,  
That, flashing down each quivering nerve sensate,  
Destroys the consciousness of aught save pain.

A cloud is on my soul!—Why comes it there  
To dim the brightness of my future years?  
Is't the forecasting of the final hour  
When I must part from thee, beloved, from thee?  
When I, no more, can look upon thy form,  
Thy manly form, in all its glorious strength;  
Thy massive brow, with its deep, earnest thought;  
No more the pressure feel of thy warm hand;  
When I can gaze, no more, with rapturous joy,  
Into thine eyes' pure depth, and read the love  
Unspoken there for me; no more can hear  
Thy rich melodious voice, that thrills my breast,  
Saving in echoes mournful from my heart?

It is! it is! the shadow on my soul  
Is but a prelude to the night of gloom,  
That will my spirit shroud in deepening folds,  
When I must part from thee, beloved, from thee!

Oh! as long months and years will slowly pass  
Adown the gloomy, floodless stream of time,  
And I shall gain a momentary joy—  
A look, a tone, familiar, once, and dear—  
From retrospection, as they glide away,  
How shall I yearn to see thee, hear thy voice,  
As in the happy past—alas! in vain;—  
More painful will the yearning deep become  
As fainter the dim outline of thy form  
Wears through the mist of years.

But morn, at last,  
Will break for me! the morning of the grave;  
And, the deep anguish passed, the parting o'er,  
I shall rejoin thee, dearest, in the light,  
The fadeless light of Heaven.

## AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE COURAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY ANNA.

THAT sad code of honor, which each day causes the blood of some victim to flow, and condemns the vanquisher to lasting unhappiness, is so deeply rooted in our minds, that we can find but few men who dare uphold the conduct of those who would rather be a mark for the contempt and sarcasm of the world, than burden their consciences with the murder of one of their fellow-men.

But we will relate to our readers the conduct of a wise and good man, who had firmness enough to resist this barbarous prejudice, and at the same time could prove to his enemies that he knew how to be brave.

The name of this honorable man was Henri de Montigny. He resided in a town in Provence, where he filled an important public office. By his courteous manners and the virtues that he delighted in practising, he had obtained the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Although accustomed to mingle in the highest ranks of society, where this sad code of honor is generally advocated, he never hesitated openly to express his opinion on the subject of duelling, a custom which he held in abhorrence, and which he openly reprobated as one most fatal to the repose of families, and most strongly opposed to religion and morality.

Some giddy young men, aware of his sentiments on this subject, and attributing them to a want of courage, resolved to force M. de Montigny to fight, and thus acquire the right of amusing themselves at the expense of his principles. One of these youths having joined him one evening upon a public promenade, where many persons were assembled, endeavored to irritate him by such insulting language, that any one, less firm in his resolution, would have believed himself obliged to demand satisfaction. M. de Montigny, superior to such a weakness, testified only coolness and contempt towards his opponent, and even when challenged by him refused to fight. Some of Montigny's friends now approached, and beseeched him to revenge his insulted honor, remarking to him that a continued refusal on his part, would render

him the talk of the whole town, and expose him to repeated attacks of this nature from impertinent young men. But nothing could move this estimable man, who determined to remain faithful to his principles.

"My honor," he replied to his friends, "does not depend on the opinion of a youth, misled by a barbarous prejudice, that violates all the laws of religion and humanity. I will not disgrace myself in my own eyes by committing an act that both my reason and heart condemn. If this person, who has just insulted me, wishes my life and ventures to attack me, I shall consider him as an assassin, and shall know how to defend myself. But otherwise his injuries cannot reach me; they are beneath my notice."

As he said this, he made his way with dignity through the crowd that surrounded him, and slowly took the street that led to his residence, without being in the least disturbed by the bitter and sarcastic remarks that were made by the authors of this shameful scene.

As M. de Montigny was at some distance from his home, the night was considerably advanced by the time that he reached a retired street in the neighborhood of his hotel. He had hardly entered it, when he heard the hurried steps of a man behind him. Upon turning, he instantly recognized the person who had so grossly insulted him a short time previous.

"Coward! defend yourself!" exclaimed the furious young man, extending to him one of two naked swords that he held in his hand, "I will have your life, or you must take mine."

"Neither will happen," replied M. de Montigny, guarding himself with his cane.

"Do you refuse this weapon?" exclaimed the other.

"Why should I accept it? This is all that I need."

At the same time he dexterously and adroitly warded off with his cane the blows that his adversary directed towards him, and after a few minutes the latter was disarmed.

At this moment persons carrying lights were seen approaching them. "Withdraw, sir!" said Henri de Montigny to his enemy whom he had just overcome. "It was your intention to slay me or force me to slay you, and I could denounce you as a murderer, but it is sufficient for me that I have defeated your purpose. May this serve as a lesson to you, and may your heart be touched with

remorse." He then turned quietly away, and soon reached his hotel, which he entered without informing any one of his evening's adventure.

The next day, on visiting at some of the houses which he was accustomed to frequent, M. de Montigny judged from the mocking smiles of which he appeared to be the object, that his enemy had not dared to acknowledge what had passed, but he, too generous to divulge it, still replied to the different sarcasms that many directed towards him, only by cool contempt, and at last succeeded in silencing even those who seemed the most disposed to ridicule him.

One evening, when the foregoing adventure had almost escaped his memory, just as M. de Montigny had retired for the night, he heard the sound of an alarm clock which announced a fire. He rose, hastily drew on his clothes, awoke his servants, and hurried with them to the scene of destruction. Several buildings at one extremity of the town were enveloped in flames. Women and children were running through the street, weeping and screaming with terror. On reaching the spot, Henri de Montigny immediately animated by his example the courage of those who accompanied him. He and his domestics threw themselves in the midst of the greatest danger, and after much difficulty succeeded in rescuing many of the individuals who occupied the buildings where the fire burned the most furiously.

In the midst of his generous exertions new cries were heard. "Oh, poor man, he will perish!" said a thousand frightened voices: "how is it possible to save him? The fire has already reached the staircase which leads to his apartment."

"I will give ten thousand francs to the one who will rescue that unfortunate being," exclaimed M. de Montigny in his turn, but seeing that no person accepted his offer, he sprang through the midst of the flames, up the tottering staircase, that had been pointed out to him, and which led to the old man's room. On reaching it, our hero seized him in his arms, bore him out of the house, and arrived safely with his charge in the midst of the crowd of spectators who received him with shouts of praise!

Until this moment, M. de Montigny was ignorant who the person was for whom he had so generously exposed his life, but at the instant when he placed his precious burden on the ground, a



young man made his way quickly through the crowd, clasped the old man to his bosom, and sobbing violently said—"Oh, my father! my dear father! have I arrived too late to save you! Is it to another I owe your preservation!" As he said this, he turned suddenly to thank the person to whom he was indebted for his father's safety, looked steadily at M. de Montigny a few minutes, and then fell on his knees, exclaiming—"What! is it you, sir? are you the one who has saved my father's life, and I—I would have taken yours! Ah, can you ever pardon me? You have indeed given me an example of noble disinterestedness and true courage. For me there remains no feeling but remorse. In my own eyes I am a miserable and dishonored man."

"And in mine," interrupted Henri de Montigny quickly, for he had recognized his former enemy, "a young man is the more worthy of esteem when he acknowledges his faults with candor, and earnestly strives to repair them."

Taking advantage of the embarrassment of the other on hearing himself thus addressed, M. de Montigny ordered his servants to conduct the old man to his hotel. He forced the son to accompany him thither also, treated them both with the most delicate attention, and after a while induced them to accept from his hands the means to repair their loss.

It is almost unnecessary to add that henceforth M. de Montigny became an object of peculiar veneration in the town where he resided. He had given a convincing proof of true generosity and courage, and his conduct tended much to abolish that cruel code of honor, to which no man can be subservient without breaking the most sacred duties.

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WE may be in a sort of bondage to others because they have power over us, and we are under duty to them; but the most common and contemptible of all bondage, is that when we run our feelings and tastes into a mere conformity with others, as though there were no out-goings of reason in us, and life were all an outside, a thing to be looked on.



WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

BY ISABELLA M'ELROY.

We meet upon this earthly shore,  
Those whom we dearly love,—  
When shall we meet to part no more?  
When shall we meet above?

We meet, to bid the sad farewell;  
To love—to sigh—to part,—  
Alas! how soon the sweetest spell  
Is driven from the heart.

Our dearest earthly ties must break,  
Death will destroy the best:  
Our dearest earthly hopes are vain,  
On them we cannot rest.

The fairest flowers we fondly love,  
How soon their beauty dies!  
But purer they will bloom above,  
In bowers of Paradise.

In that bright, happy land afar,  
We'll find the loved—the lost;  
And nought our happiness can mar,  
When life's rough sea is crossed.

And there, from pain and sorrow free  
We'll rest forevermore,  
For sin and death can never be  
Upon that peaceful shore.

There love so pure, so rich, so deep,  
Fills every heart with joy;  
Faith shall its full fruition reap,  
For doubt can ne'er annoy.

We'll meet again—when storms are o'er,  
The ills of life all past,  
Where partings rend the heart no more,  
We'll meet—we'll meet at last.

## LITTLE JANE.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"But never, in her varied sphere,  
Is woman to the heart more dear,  
Than when her homely task she plies  
With cheerful duty in her eyes;  
And—every lowly path well trod—  
Looks meekly upward to her God."

A one horse carriage, in which sat an elderly gentleman of benevolent countenance, was slowly winding up a mountain road, in one of the northern counties of the State of ——. A young lady, who had evidently preferred to exercise her own active limbs, in conquering the steep ascent, rather than remain a tax on the strength of the toiling horse, was walking near the carriage, pausing and turning, now and then, to gaze, with admiring eyes, on the picturesque scenery around and beneath her. Suddenly a gush of song, in a loud but childish voice, broke from the wood, and, borne on the clear breeze, seemed repeated by a hundred voices among the echoing hills. So deep, until this moment, had been the silence, so profound had appeared the solitude of the rugged forest scene, that the young traveller had forgotten the possible proximity of human habitations, and, for a moment, almost doubted whether those sweet, wild notes were uttered by a songstress of mortal mould, or a more ærial tenant of the mountain shades. Looking, however, intently into the wood, she discovered the proprietor of the voice which was thus startling echo from her slumbers, in the form of a little girl, who was standing against a low fence, at no great distance, balancing a pail of water on the topmost bar—apparently for the purpose of allowing herself to rest a few moments—which moments she was improving by pouring forth, in the gaiety of her heart, a strain of ringing, bird-like melody, which could not have been listened to, unmoved, by a hearer less "alive to feeling's gentle smart" than was Mary C. She continued to watch the unconscious vocalist until the song was ended, the pail dexterously lowered to the ground, the fence lightly scaled, and the burthen resumed on the side nearest the road. As the little "drawer of water" approached and caught

sight of the young lady, she paused, rested her pail on a stump, and dropped a courtesy, as children "in the country" were, on a time, wont to do, on meeting a stranger. She was clad in a coarse homespun frock, and had neither bonnet on her head nor shoes on her feet; her arms, also, were bare, and browned by exposure—her hair was very long, and hung in tangled masses over her face and shoulders; her tiny hands were so hardened and disfigured by toil that they appeared to Mary's pitying eyes to resemble talons, rather than the delicate members proper to her age and nature. Altogether, she presented such a picture of rigorously-dealt-with childhood as Miss C. had never before looked upon—yet, when addressed, she threw back her matted tresses and met the stranger's gaze with a look of such intelligence, and replied to her questions with such correctness of expression and propriety of manner as heightened the surprise and interest which her warbling voice had already created. "She was," she said, "bringing water from a spring that was just out of sight in the woods, for her cousin, with whom she lived, and whose house might easily be seen from where she stood, but for that large rock and those chestnut trees."

"But," said Miss C., "your pail is large, and, full of water, must be heavy; that is a long way to carry it."

"I am used to it, ma'am, and do not mind it much; I go to the spring several times a day."

"Are your parents dead, that you live with your cousin?"

"No, ma'am; they live a few miles off: but our family is very large—I have ten brothers and sisters: all of us who are old enough, live away from home. Father is poor, and, as mother is sickly, he has to work very hard to take care of her, and of the little ones who can do nothing to help themselves. When I am larger, I shall live with people who are richer, and can afford to pay me for my work."

"Did your cousin teach you to sing?"

"I learned, first, of my mother—and, this summer, I have gone every week, when the weather has been pleasant, to Mr. Green's Sabbath-school, at S——, four miles from here, where I have learned to read and to sing hymns. I love to sing."

"Do you never get tired, and wish you had not to work so hard?"

"Not often; whenever I do feel a little tired, I think of what I

heard Mr. Green say, the first time I went to Sabbath-school : 'our heavenly Father,' he told us, 'seldom appoints us greater tasks than we are able, and should be willing to perform,'—or I repeat the pretty song I was just now singing, about the busy bee ; and then, all I wish is to be stronger, and able to earn money and help father and mother."

"Jane !" screamed a sharp voice, close at hand. Jane removed her pail from the stump, courtesied once more to the now admiring Mary, and disappeared among the rocks.

"Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood,  
I'm sure your little heart is good,"

half said, half sang the young lady, as she quickened her steps to overtake her father's carriage.

Summer, autumn, and a long and stern winter had passed away—the sun of smiling May was shining over us, and the two younger sisters of Mary C. were leaving home for "boarding school." "How desolate the house will seem—how lonely I shall feel," thought Mary, who, for two or three years, had superintended her sister's studies. "I almost wish some beneficent fairy would place another sister by my side, to claim and to sweeten my cares during the absence of these dear girls."

The voice of little Caroline, who was singing in a distant apartment, rose on her ear at this moment, and awoke a train of recollections particularly consonant with her present thoughts. She pursued her soliloquy.

"Carrie's voice nearly equals that of little Jane. I wonder how she has fared since I saw her. Hardly enough, no doubt, poor child. It must be hard, for a being endowed with such capacities of thought and feeling, to be constantly associated with, and in the power of, people like those among whom she lives. Would not it be delightful to have her with us, a year or two ? I should so love to observe and assist the development of such a mind as hers."

The idea which thus suggested itself assumed, in another moment, the outline of a practicable scheme. Promptness of action was Mary's characteristic. She consulted her father, and he did not discourage her project—her mother heartily promoted it. A few weeks afterward, the resolute girl, accompanied by a friend

and conveyed in the same carriage, was again bending her course in the direction of Mount H. Having first sought out Jane's parents, and secured their assent to her wishes, she proceeded in quest of the residence of her intended protege. In a rude log hovel, tenanted by human beings almost as uncultivated, and, with the one exception, scarcely more inviting than the rocks which surrounded them, she found the object of her adventure, and made known her errand. She was listened to with evident displeasure by the cousins, but by Jane herself with unqualified joy. The removal was soon arranged; the leave-taking was a sullen one on the part of the relatives, and tearful on that of the little girl—whose affectionate nature, harshly as she had been treated, forbade a cold separation from those under whose roof she had so long found a home.

The transfer of this mountain flower from the chilling atmosphere which had repressed her youthful bloom, to a garden where the genial influence of kindness, example, and discreet commendation encouraged her efforts at self-culture, led to happier results than even Mary had anticipated. The young stranger enlivened the home to which she had been introduced by her innocent gaiety, and engaged the affection of its inmates by her gentleness of temper, her eagerness to oblige, and her gratitude for the most trifling kindness. Her facility in acquiring knowledge was so great, that Mary found the plan of tuition which she had proposed to herself altogether at fault. Her pupil demanded only books, and permission to study. Jane was meek and docile, and never repelled instruction, but listened to it with delight; though she required to be guided in her progress, rather than taught. A marked improvement in external particulars, also, was soon visible. She was not beautiful—she never became so; yet, when Mary's sisters, who had heard of the little songstress of the mountain, and knew that she was now an inmate of their father's house, first saw her, after the lapse of a year from the time of her coming to dwell there—they were surprised by her graceful and pleasing appearance. Her locks of matted hair were metamorphosed into shining curls; her figure, no longer bent by carrying weights too great for her strength, had become straight and pliant—her embrowned complexion was now fair and ruddy, and her blue eyes expressed both intellect and sensibility—while her manner charmed by its artless freedom.

A year had been named as the term of her sojourn with her patroness ; but none of us—for, reader, I was one of the sisters alluded to—could endure the thought of losing her—she was so agreeable and so useful. She had clearly constituted herself one of the links in our chain of love ; and we could as cheerfully have decided to take leave of each other, as of our busy bee—for so she was designated, as much in compliment to her untiring industry, as in playful allusion to the favorite song of her childhood. Another and another year, until four had glided away, she remained with us ; then, one of her sisters, who had married, and was about to emigrate with her husband to the west, expressed a wish to take Jane with her. We objected, of course ; but the sister's health was delicate, and her claim superior to ours. For the five succeeding years, our only intercourse with Jane was such as might be conducted by letter. At length, she wrote that her sister no longer demanded her exclusive attention, and that her heart yearned toward the friends of her childhood ; ' would we receive her,' she asked, ' should she come to us again ? ' Our reply need not be written. A few weeks more, and we were eagerly looking for the return of our wanderer, when another letter—not from Jane, but from one of her friends, informed us that she was—married ! What could it mean—and why had she written as she had ? We resumed the letter, which soon satisfied our curiosity. Jane's exemplary life and unassuming graces of mind and person had not failed to win the notice and admiration of those with whom she was called to associate ; one of these, a gentleman of intelligence and piety, on hearing that she was about to return to her former friends, became suddenly aware that her departure would materially affect his own happiness. He speedily sought an interview with the young lady, informed her of the discovery that he had made, and succeeded in persuading her, first, to relinquish her project of an immediate return to M —, and, eventually, to accept " his heart, his hand, and a share of his worldly substance."

I have lately returned from a visit to our sweet-voiced friend—one of the most gratifying which it has ever been my fortune to make. I did not, it is true, find my favorite living, like a heroine of romance, in a palace of light, elevated above the reach of mortal cares and sorrows ; but I found her the mistress of a comfortable home—an honored wife, a happy and esteemed member of society.



I found her exercising, in an eminent degree, that influence which a woman of cultivated intellect, of cheerful, benevolent spirit, and useful habits, may always attain, to some extent at least, over those who move within her sphere of action.

Among many admirable arrangements in her domestic economy—for her husband acknowledged that most of the plans which I extolled were hers—I remarked that a numerous fraternity of bees were provided with the most improved accommodations, and evidently favored with peculiar attentions.

"These are Jane's pets," said Mr. S. "They were once mine, but she has relieved me of the duty of caring for them, and now, they might complain, with good reason, of my entire neglect, if I did not, occasionally, accompany her to visit them. The song of my household bee is so much more musical to my ear, that the hum of my winged friends has lost its charm; and I find, in observing her sprightly industry, a pleasure surpassing that with which I used to watch the skilful operations of my former favorites."

Jane's smile and look of contentment spoke her gratitude.

"Her husband, also, and he praiseth her," thought I; while my fancy reverted, involuntarily, to the circumstances in which my sister had first found her; and, as I mentally contrasted her present with her former situation, I could not repress an emotion of exultation, when I reflected that this surprising change had been wrought through the instrumentality of one whose simple and energetic virtues had shed their healthful influence over my own young life.

Do not opportunities of doing good to others present themselves, almost daily, in our path? Let us beware how we trifle with this branch of our stewardship. Let us not be daunted by apparent difficulties—perseverance may overcome them. The sparkling diamond is, by nature, imbedded in sand, and much labor is required to extricate it therefrom. The beautiful pearl—danger must be encountered to rescue it from its ocean-home, and then it is encrusted by an unseemly shell. But who, that wins them, cares for, or even remembers the toil or the peril, when delighted by the transcendent brilliancy of the one gem, or the milder lustre of the other?

Pause not, my friend—despond not, when the work before you appears greater than you can perform: what may not be accom-



plished by a benevolent heart, aided by a resolute will? The rose, that loveliest of flowers, is not, it is true, without "its own little charm," when, budding, wild, in its native field; but do not its increased beauty and fragrance amply repay the task of improving it by cultivation? And, though our efforts in behalf of our fellow beings may meet, in this world, no return save the approbation of our own consciences—how glorious "the recompense of reward" awaiting the close of a well-spent life!

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### TO A SWEET-VOICED BIRD,

WHO SANG IN THE CHURCH WINDOW, DURING SERVICE.

BY CELIA.

HARK! amid the dancing leaves of yonder shadowy tree  
A joyous bird-hymn sweetly rings, melodious and free!  
Its pleasant cadence seems a voice from other worlds than this—  
A spirit-voice of clearest tone, from far-off realms of bliss!

List! how deliciously the songster pours his melody  
Abroad upon the Sabbath air! Its trillings come to me  
Like gently-wooing zephyrs with the breath of flowers laden,  
To fan my spirit's brow, afresh from glorious bowers of Aiden!

Sing yet again, sweet warbler! for thy happy voice was given  
In free and rapturous song to praise "our Father" in the Heaven!  
'Tis meet that from thy leafy temple's glorious arcade  
The fervent incense-offering of thy spirit should be made!

Seest thou the glad and beautiful, sweet bird, around thee spread?  
Oh! is it not for joy of this thy matin song is sped  
Afar upon the dewy air of morn—for this at even  
Thy vespers to the Giver of the Beautiful are given?

Glad melodist! rejoicingly present thy earnest praise  
To Him who formed thy tiny throat to warble grateful lays!  
Oh! would my spirit's trembling lyre were ever tuned, like thine,  
To sing in strains of joy serene, the grace of love divine!

Come yet again, thou warbler, to the house of praise and prayer,  
And lift thy voice of melody with those who worship there—  
And bring sweet thoughts to me again, as thou hast brought this even,  
Of spirit-music, and seraphic symphonies of Heaven!





DaShemotyped by Brady.

Engraved by J. Baumster.

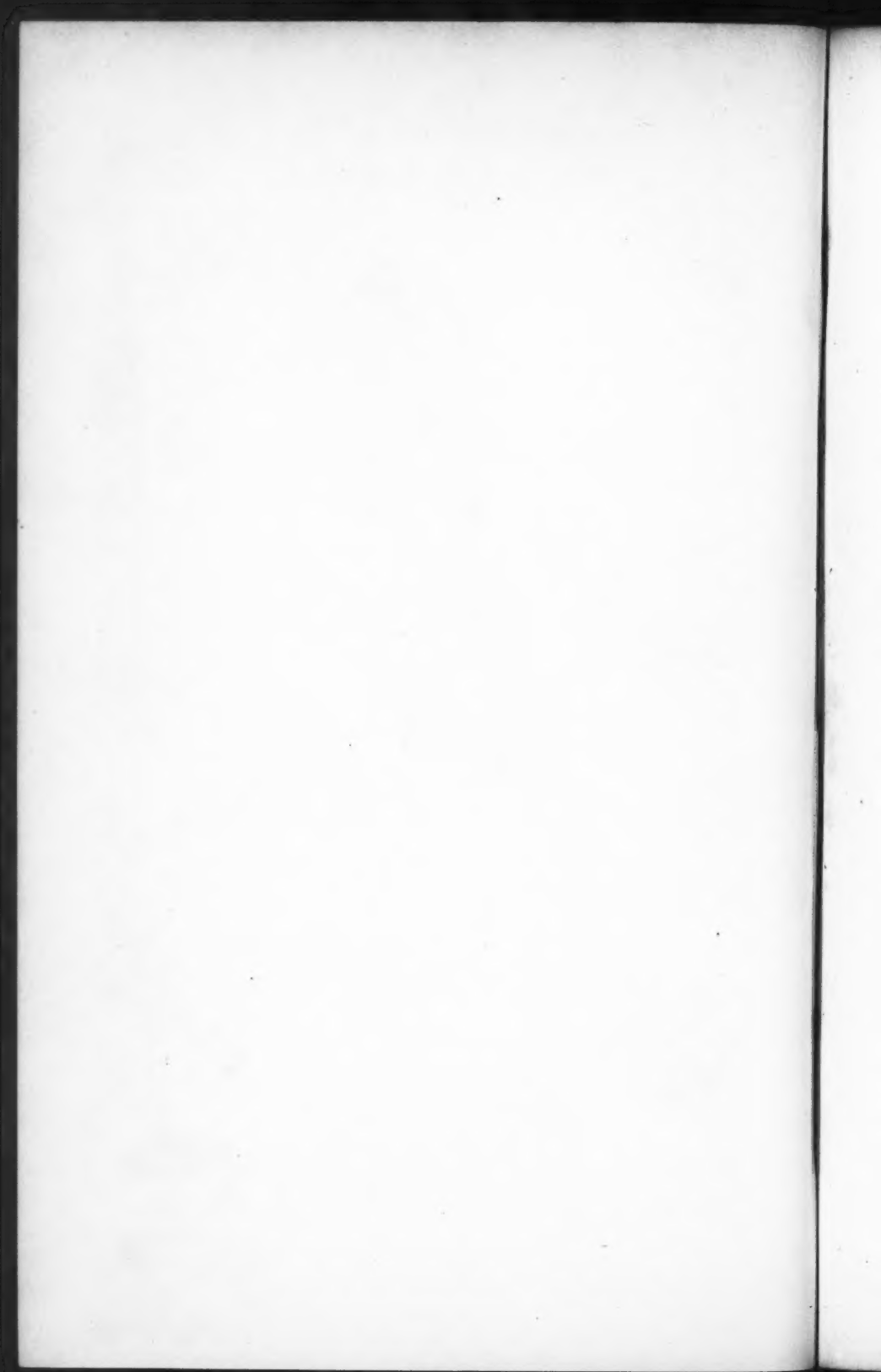
*Mrs. Myra C. Gaines.*







*Poppy.*





## HOW MAY AN AMERICAN WOMAN BEST SHOW HER PATRIOTISM?\*

*A Prize Essay, which received the Premium of Fifty Dollars.*

BY ELIZABETH WITHERELL.

"How may an American woman best show her patriotism?" exclaimed a lady, looking up from the paper she was indolently reading on the sofa.

"What by possibility put such a question into your head?" answered her husband.

"Never mind—tell me! How may she?"

"Call her eldest son George Washington, and go into mourning for every president that dies."

"No, no—but tell me really. I am serious."

"So am I serious," said the gentleman, who was sitting before the piano forte with a little boy on his knee, laboriously picking out a tune on the keys with one finger.

"About as serious as you always are when I ask you anything. But here it is in the paper, and I want to know; there's a premium offered for whoever answers it, or whoever gives the best answer, or something; so I wish you would tell me, and I'll try and get it."

"Nay, if I give the answer I shall claim the premium," said the gentleman.

"No you can't, for it must be a lady. Come! do tell me. I want it particularly. It's fifty dollars, and I want it to get that lovely French hat that you would'nt let me have t'other day; and I know I can if you'll help me."

"So," said her husband, laughing, "your object in writing

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\* The undersigned, appointed a Committee to award the Premium of fifty dollars to the writer (being a female) of the best essay upon the question, "How may an American Woman best show her Patriotism?" have examined the essays submitted to them. Several of them possess decided merit, and most of them correct and valuable ideas. But the Committee are compelled to award the Premium to the essay written by Miss Elizabeth Witherell, as being decidedly the best. They deem it cheap at the price.

E. W. CHESTER,  
S. D. BURCHARD,  
ASA D. SMITH.

patriotically is that you may have the means of acting in the opposite character !”

“But do, George,” said his sister, “turn round and let us talk about it. Perhaps I will try my hand too ; and you know *that* will be with no double purpose.”

“Well—what’s your question ?”

“How may an American woman best show her patriotism ? What’s the use of saying an *American* woman ? Why not any woman ?”

“Different conditions of things ask for different displays of character. You are not called upon to be a Charlotte Corday, or a Madame Roland—happily.”

“Do you think one ever *is* called upon to be a Charlotte Corday ?”

“That depends upon your views of capital punishment. Some ladies I observe have more sympathy for one person that is to die legally than for the thousands who may be in danger of their lives from unlawful violence.”

“But, brother, you do not mean to say that Charlotte Corday went about her work legally ?”

“I do not mean to say that. There was some obliquity in the poor girl’s views certainly, and her patriotism was sadly uninformed—her spirit was right though.”

“Well, I don’t care about Charlotte Corday,” said the lady with the newspaper. “Come back to the point : how may an American woman, how may *I*, best show my patriotism ?”

“Verily,” said her husband, shaking his head, “it is difficult to devise means of showing that which is not. Have it first, and then we will see.”

“You think I have none !”

“None—or if any, it certainly is not a well-born, well-grown, well-educated patriotism.”

“Has Theresa ?”

“Yes—I believe so.”

“But if mine be well-born and well-grown,” said Theresa, “I am afraid it is not well-educated ; so do, brother, bestow some pains upon us. The educating of mine may be the birth of Laura’s.”

“I don’t in the least understand what you are talking about,” interrupted that lady. “What do you mean by a ‘well-born’ and ‘well-educated’ patriotism ? Patriotism is patriotism, isn’t it ? well-born or not.”

"No, my dear," said her husband: "patriotism is a good many things. But well-born, true, legitimate patriotism, is the offspring alone of an enlightened head and a mind trained to large and high sympathies."

"And as I have no patriotism, I am to conclude that in your opinion, at least, I have not a large mind?"

"I did not mean to be personal," said he, smiling slightly—"but it is true, Laura, that the mind does not grow large by the contemplation of small things."

"It is to be hoped it grows pleasant by the hearing of disagreeable things," said Theresa. "You will allow that Laura's good humor is well-grown, brother."

"If I had not known that, I would have held my tongue."

"Well, to reward her good humor and my patriotism, now talk to us, will you?"

"With all my heart. I am warmed to the subject by this time. Where shall we begin?"

"Begin where I began," said Laura, "with this question, 'How may an American woman best show her patriotism?'"

"I have that by heart now," said her husband; "you need not repeat it any more."

"Well—how may she?"

"You remember," said he, laughing, "what the Vicar of Wakefield said?—'he was always of opinion that he who married and brought up a family, did more for the State than the man who remained single and only talked of population.' An American woman may best show her patriotism, I should think, by bringing up her sons to be patriots."

"O, but that is an answer and no answer," said Laura—"to do that she must first know how to be a patriot herself, and that is the very question."

"And it is only half an answer," said Theresa—"for some women have no sons to bring up. I hope the exhibition of patriotism is not restricted to them only."

"To whom?"

"To those who have."

"I hope not. Well—putting future patriots out of the question—how shall you ladies best show your good will to your country? is that it?"

"That is it exactly. Now answer."

"I would my answer had the force of a law. I should say first, Be a fine example of the character and principles that most honor your country."

Theresa smiled.

"But that don't tell me any thing," said Laura—"you are always going round and round the question without coming up to it. I don't know what you mean unless you speak plainer."

"Was I far wrong, Laura, when I said your patriotism was not well-educated?"

"Well, perhaps not, but never mind. What do you mean in particular? What kind of character and principles *does* most honor the country?"

He half smiled and looked musingly into the fire.

"I am afraid my answer will not suit your taste."

"Why not? But no matter; let's have it."

"Well—Dare to be American."

"American! Why, I am American, am I not? and I am not ashamed of it."

"American *born* you are, and that you can't help; and I hope as you say, you are not ashamed of it; but that is not what I mean. Dare to be American in that which your will *can* control."

"I have no objection to be American, that I know of, but I don't pretend to know what you are driving at. I suppose Theresa does, by the rate she is smiling. How *can* I be more American than I am, Mr. St. John?"

He smiled too, and was silent.

"You must speak out, if you want to do any good. It is as much as I can do to see my own faults when they are set full before me; you mustn't expect me to guess at them through your rigmarole sentences. *In what* must I dare to be American?"

"In sundry particulars."

"Well—in the first place?"

"In the first place, do not copy foreign distinctions."

"Foreign distinctions! Now I know you think you are coming upon one of my foibles. Pray, how do I copy 'foreign distinctions?'"

"Suppose we let you and me alone? But many others copy them, if you do not."

"How? I don't know what you mean by 'foreign distinctions.'"

"I mean, the claiming certain airy rights and imaginary vantage-ground, which however suited to the spirit of other lands are out of place here. We have no privileged class—we have no American aristocracy! Heaven forbid we ever should, other than that truly republican one, the aristocracy of mind and manners. Our noble institutions have thrown open the gates of the arena to all comers for honor and distinction, in every line; let them that win wear!"

"But our noble institutions cannot throw open the doors of society."

"No—thanks to our ignoble sons and daughters."

"But, St. John, that isn't fair, and I don't like to hear you talk so. Would you put no difference between a well-born man and a man who has come from nowhere?"

"Yes, this difference—If to-day they stand upon the same platform, the self-made man is worthy of far more honor than the man who has risen upon the shoulders of his father and grandfather."

"It is well you are well-born yourself, Mr. St. John: to hear you talk, one would think you had come out of the backwoods."

"My dear Laura, the prattle about birth and family, in *this* country, is miserable folly. I have seen falsehood, ill-breeding, and littleness, in abundance, among those, both men and women, who prided themselves on their *old families*; who held themselves too good for mingling with men of unknown blood. And one of the most thorough gentlemen I ever knew, in all the essentials of a gentleman, was an old farmer in the country, who hardly knew more of his ancestry than that his father came out from England a few generations back."

"He must have been a very uncommon farmer," said Mrs. St. John discontentedly.

"He *was* an uncommon farmer; but, Laura, is a thorough gentleman a very common character anywhere?"

"No, I suppose not—as you understand the word."

"And where instances of both these kinds are met with, and where men of yesterday are every day rising over the heads of us whose names reach back for hundreds of years—ruling us in peace, and leading us in war, and snatching from our easy rivalry the laurels of every branch—is it not absurd, in such a land as this, to make *birth* the sesame of society?"

"It is a very good prejudice, at any rate; and very much to my taste I confess."

"Yes—and so say and so act hundreds of others! But it is not according to the genius of the country—it is not for the advantage of the country; a larger and nobler policy far better befits an enlightened American woman. She may be proud of *her country's* birth, for no nation on earth has had such an origin; but she will best honor herself by honoring its broad and liberal principles."

"Then you would make nothing of birth?"

"I beg your pardon. I think it a very great blessing to have and to have had good, respectable, and respected relations; it is and should be a passport to the credit of our fellow-men, so long as they have no means of judging of ourselves. What I object to is the undervaluing a worthy person merely because the worth of his family has never come to light; sinking a man of merit because it happens that none of his relations ever raised their heads above water!"

"Well, you won't cure me I am afraid."

"No—it is too pleasant a folly."

"Have you done on the American chapter?"

"I have only begun."

"Well, go on; but I shall never bring my fingers to write all this. In what other imaginable way ought I to be more American than I am?"

"Don't ape foreign styles of living."

"What, you mean late dinners, and so on?"

"I mean anything, little or great, which is done for no earthly reason but because it is French or English. I despise this truckling to foreign names! Dare to be American! There are a great many women of my acquaintance, I verily believe, who do not dare it."

"I believe it," said Theresa, "and I despise it as you do.—There is one of our friends—it is not necessary to mention names—she heard lately from somebody just returned from abroad that it is not customary to use silver cake-baskets in England; and I do assure you her table has been set out with porcelain shells all winter."

"And they tell us, with horror at our voracity or want of re-



finement, that 'in England they *never* eat meat at breakfast'—'only a bit of toast and an egg;' forgetting that for an Englishman, who has dined soundly at eight o'clock the evening before, that may be very proper and necessary which would be ridiculous in a good Bostonian, who made a reasonable meal at two o'clock, and took merely of a light supper."

"But, then, would you refuse to adopt fashions that are convenient and elegant and becoming, merely because they happen to come from abroad?"

"Not at all—that is not what I am saying. I would take a useful hint from a Turk or an Indian; but these mad copyers of European ways can make no distinctions; all is fish that comes to their net, as we say, provided only that it be caught in foreign waters. If a thing be French, or English, or German,—it is enough! No matter whether it be in itself excellent, or adapted to our institutions, our customs, or our circumstances; *that* is never thought of. Indeed I think the further it is from such a recommendation the more it is valued and chuckled over. In this matter of foreign manners, I verily believe that to their fancy 'the uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness.'"

"Well, I don't see any great harm in it after all—it may be foolish sometimes."

"It is neither dignified nor becoming, in my humble opinion. It does not show a proper respect and appreciation of our national position and advantages; and it does lessen both the individual and his country in the eyes of well judging foreigners. It does bespeak a lamentable want of good sense, and I think of patriotic feeling."

"People will never go along with you, Mr. St. John—you refine too much."

"Well!—"

"These things are mere straws."

"There is an old proverb about straws; they show which way the wind sets."

"Have we come to the end of the American chapter?"

"No."

"My essay bids fair to be American in one thing—*il se traine en longueur*. What next, Mr. St. John?"

"Don't use foreign tongues to interlead your ordinary talk," said he, smiling.



"Why not?"

"Speak English and be proud."

"Pshaw! I do."

"You do, but others do not."

"And what's the harm?"

"It is a piece of the same thing I have just been talking about. It moves alike my contempt and my pity to hear a lady, as Miss Edgeworth says, 'speak a leash of languages' at once; to hear miserable French and Italian phrases, generally but half pronounced, spoiling what should be undefiled English from pretty lips. It is a depreciating of our own; it is a veiling to fancied superiority which in truth existeth not."

"Hasn't this man gone mad on the American chapter? Why, Mr. St. John, I think there is often a prettiness in it."

"There is none to my ear. It is a tacit acknowledgment that our language, the noblest I believe at this moment spoken on the face of the earth—that it is not rich enough or not delicate enough to serve our purposes."

"But is it?"

"Certainly!"

"Then why do people do so?"

"Affectation!—this same anti-American affectation. And furthermore, these phrases answer the very same purpose with the *cant* of religion and politeness—they serve instead of a meaning when people really have none, and they are convenient formulas for their meaning, always ready at hand; not requiring the cultivation, the practice, the nice acquaintance with the language and mastery of it, that would enable them to give fresh, graceful, happy expression to their thoughts in their mother tongue."

"If I could talk English *so*, Mr. St. John, I should be willing to let French alone."

"You can talk English *so*, my dear, but, mind you, *not unless you let French alone*—this use of it I mean. And one word more on the American chapter, as you call it, do not flatter other countries at the expense of your own."

"I know what you mean," said Theresa—"how people have vexed me by doing that!"

"I know what you mean," said Laura—"and I don't think it is becoming, I confess; I suppose they are right sometimes tho'."

"They are right never ! these people. In a few matters of bare fact they may be correct, but they either mistake the bearing of them or greatly exaggerate it. They look—poor people ! through spectacles they have borrowed from wrong-sighted foreigners ; and then come home prepared to explain to all the world that what we have always seen straight is in fact crooked ; more pleased too, all the while, with their own newly acquired lights and superior powers of vision, than sorry for the defects and dangers and fallacies it brings forth to view. I have no patience with them ! They pride themselves on their *liberality*, because they have cast off the shackles of patriotism, untied the bonds of affection that held them to their fatherland, and assumed to themselves the freedom of the world. It is a mistake ! This world-wide nationality is a small-minded thing. He never did much for other lands that would not do more for his own."

"I don't know sometimes whether to laugh or be vexed," said Theresa. "One will sound the praises of German vegetables, another of French bread. America cannot make bread, nor good vegetables ; or if, she cannot cook them. Equipages are not worthy the name ; servants are not servants ; society is agee. And that smile of benevolent candor with which they will shake their heads at you, as much as to say, ' You have lived all your life under a shell ! ' "

"I have actually heard it propounded, by an American woman," said Mr. St. John, "that our constitution is a failure ! It may be so, but I think it remains to be proved yet. And half these matters which fall under their censure or their sneer are positive blessings, or else the results of a far better order of things than that they are disposed to laud so much. But their spectacles are inveterate. The very green of the trees, I have heard it declared, is nothing to what it is abroad ! I would rather you should be the fools of fashion or the dupes of circumstance, than this kind of cold-blooded traitors at home !"

"You remember Shakspeare's description of them ?" said Theresa. "Harkye, Monsieur Traveller ! Look you lisp, and wear strange fashions, and disable all the benefits of your own country, or we shall scarce think you have seen salt water."

"Admirable ! the very picture I have been trying to draw."

"But, St. John, I shan't mend these people, if I write all this."

"No ; but you may mend yourself."

"I don't know about that either.—However, I'll write it. Now proceed, as people say, will you? What next?"

"Dare to be christian !"

"Christian ! what has that to do with patriotism?"

"What has that to do with it? Everything ! Everything, my dear. It is universally acknowledged that our institutions stand in the virtue and intelligence of the people. It is equally well known, by all the wise, that Christianity, the Bible, is at the very root of both. A woman can in no other way so well show her patriotism—in no other way so directly and efficiently advance the interests of her country, as in doing all she can to extend the sway of religion within its borders."

"One can do so little !" said Theresa.

"Only the Highest knows how much. The avalanche had a little beginning. What thou mayest, do !"

"But *what* can one do?" said Laura, somewhat disconcertedly.

"One can be a bright example of Christianity in her own person ; and by that example, and by all manner of well-directed, patient efforts she can labor to make others so. And one can pray. I know not what his patriotism is worth who has no skill to ask the guidance and blessing of the Supreme Director. What has prayer done ! Look at our early history. 'Our fathers got not the land in possession by their own strength, neither did their own sword save them ; but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.'"

"Do you mean me to write all this out?"

"I would rather you should *act* it out."

"No, but the writing. Because I doubt whether it would make it popular."

"Whether what would make what popular?"

"My essay—these religious views—aren't they too strict?"

"Religion is fashionable now, Laura," observed his sister.

"Yes," said Mr. St. John, "the *outside* of religion is fashionable ; religious observances and ceremonials and decencies are in good favor ; but when secret prayer and self-denying duties shall be fashionable—then will come to pass the saying that is written, 'These people have turned the world upside down.'"

"Then shall I write all this?"

"Yes—and live up to it. Live up to it. Honor your country heartily—who shall honor her if her children do not?—vail to no other flag that floats. *Be* all that can adorn her; and do all that can serve her, by faithfully serving him who has declared, 'Them that honor me I will honor.'"

"You are not describing me," said Laura.

"Perhaps not; but what you may be. I am describing I fear *'une femme comme il n'en a point.'*"

"There, Mr. St. John, what are you doing? violating your own rules."

"Only using a proverbial expression," said he smiling.

"But now in this case? you could not translate? you could not say as well what you wished in English?"

"I beg your pardon. I have been describing *a nonesuch of a woman*. Thank you. That is much better."

"But after all," said Laura, "this is only a roundabout kind of way that you are setting us women to work to benefit the country; can't we do something more directly? Haven't we some thing to do with politics?"

"What do you want to do with politics?"

"I don't know, I am sure, but something—I think we ought to have something to do with it."

"I wish women had a great deal more to do with it," said Mr. St. John.

"Ah, do you? that is what I wanted to hear. Now we are coming to the point. What ought we to do? What part in State matters ought we to have?"

"I am afraid I shall not satisfy you," said he smiling—"for I cannot assign you a post in the front rank. You must not be the actors in the drama—all you can do is to move the actors."

"Oh, pshaw! that is nothing but your old notion of female influence. What can female influence do, I should like to know?"

"Everything—as all the world knows—when properly exerted."

"Properly exerted! Now tell me flatly, why shouldn't women vote?"

"Why *should* women vote?"

"Never mind—you answer me."

"Because their doing so would only bring, in public affairs, a

vast increase of confusion and expense without in the smallest degree affecting the result. And *at home*," said Mr. St. John, bending his head down to the little fellow still on his knee—"if we were to go a step further and admit the children to a share in our deliberations, they would rise up as one man through the country and vote their mothers at home."

"So, you put women and children together in the same class!"

"Yes—as belonging decidedly to the Home Department, and fit for no other."

"Well, I don't see, for my part, why women haven't just as good a right to choose the President, and so on, as men have."

"Do you think there is any privilege or pleasure in the mere act of struggling through a crowd and depositing a ticket in a ballot-box?"

"Yes!"

"I differ from you. I do not."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Because I am one of that class whose duty the laws have made it."

"And why haven't they made it our duty as well?"

"Because, as I told you, no end would be answered. When once the elective franchise is general enough to make sure of our getting the fair sense of the nation upon any question, don't you see that the rights of all are secured equally? yours are as safe as mine? By further extending the voting privilege, or duty, you alter nothing but numbers; you would not change the majority, nor even, probably, its relative proportion. The women in mass would follow the lead of their fathers and husbands; and the few on one side and the other who might fly off in a tangent from the circle of home influences would effectually knock their heads together."

"I see all that," said Theresa. "I never understood it so well before."

"I don't understand it at all," said Laura: "you puzzle me with your 'franchizes' and 'privileges.'"

"It is just as well," said Mr. St. John, smiling. "Convinced, or puzzled, in either case, you will content yourselves with your own means of doing mischief—powerful enough, I can assure you."

"What, you mean our power of making you men do what we please? It's all very fine talking, but I never could find that I had much of it."

"Perhaps you didn't know how to use it," said Mr. St. John, still smiling.

"I wish you would teach me then. I should be very glad. I am sure I have tried hard enough sometimes to drive you into some of my measures, and I never could succeed."

"Man is a pig-headed animal, my dear; if you try to drive him it is ten to one he runs the other way. Gentleness is the very strength of woman's advocacy."

"Well, didn't I try my utmost powers of persuasion the other day about that bonnet? and with all my gentleness I couldn't lead you into anything."

"No; I won't let you lead me into a quagmire if I can help it, with my eyes open. But when gentleness *and wisdom* meet in a woman, she is irresistible, especially when affection gives her the very *touch* to play upon that curious instrument, a man's heart."

"It is a kind of insidious gentleness you mean, isn't it?"

"If you please to call it so."

"Like the coils of a snake, stealthily wound round one and then impossible to escape from."

"Pho! what a vile image! But I assure you, Laura, if it equalled in grace and loveliness its impression of strength, it would be a perfect one."

"Well, I feel my good humor evaporating. What are we to do with this blessed instrument of power?—by the way, I won't rest till I have it. What are we to do with it in this matter of politics?"

"As I said before, everything. I wish I could but make my fair countrywomen know it, and rouse them to a right-minded use of their privilege! Their hands are the best buttresses the temple of our liberties could have, might they but be stretched forth."

"But how, how? Do come to the point."

"Bring all the weight of your influence to bear upon the right side for the country's weal."

"Pretty well! And how are we to know what that is, Mr. St. John?"

"You know," said Theresa, smiling—"they can but do in politics as the apostle tells them to do in church matters—'ask their husbands at home;' so their influence would be a nullity."

"You are beginning to understand what I meant by an *educated* patriotism, are you not? Well, that is a large question and the very gist of the matter. It is true they must often ask their husbands and brothers at home as to facts, and the philosophy of facts. But it is for them to throw on these facts the light of steady unflickering principle; it is for them, unswayed by the conflict of passions and the jostling of circumstances, to hold the balance of reason even, and weigh men and measures alike against the eternal standards of truth and justice; and then, having seen and weighed, it remains for them in their own irresistible way to calm passion, to dissipate prejudice, and with all the power of wisdom and gentleness and love to lead, as they can, into the way that is safe, honorable and happy, not more for themselves than for their country. Woman has a blessed advantage in the quiet of her sphere; man is tossed by a thousand conflicting cares and interests. But however with him the needle may fluctuate and vary amid the adverse contacts of the world, let him be sure to find his magnet at home in the very eye of honor!"

"But, dear brother! for all this how much is necessary?"

"Yes—for *all* this?"

"And how many women, do you suppose, Mr. St. John, have the time or the chance to fit themselves for all this?"

"A woman may do much, however, with little other light than that of the Bible and a well-balanced mind. Truth is very discerning."

"A well-balanced mind! and how much that is of itself!"

"No more than every one's bounden duty. But doubtless to accomplish *all* her mission towards her country a woman must not be ignorant of many things."

"She ought to be well read in history."

"Yes, and well versed in the philosophy of history; else her eyes may be blinded by any specious talker. She ought to know what men have done and are doing; the principles on which they have acted, and the good and evil those principles have wrought. She ought to know the tendency of various schemes



and systems ; she above all may and ought to shake herself clear from the trammels of party spirit, and stand a true and dear lover of her country and of all that may benefit it, by whomsoever done or advocated. What might not such women do !”

“ It is my belief that is what never will be known,” said Laura.

“ For the next generation, if not for this,” said Theresa ; “ to go back to where we set out from, they might bring up their sons to be patriots.”

“ Yes, a woman’s power with her children is, or I should say it may be unlimited.”

“ I am thinking,” said Theresa, “ of Madame de Stael’s famous reply to Napoleon.”

“ Yes !—”

“ And I am thinking of dinner, which has just been announced, Mr. St. John, though you did not seem to hear it. Wasn’t that famous reply made before Madame de Stael was a mother herself ?”

“ How about your essay, Laura ?”

“ Oh, well enough. But stop, before we go down, I should like to make sure of my points—at present they are all in confusion. Let me see. In the first place I was to bring up my sons to be patriots ; Mr. St. John, I leave that to you, sir ; it is astonishing how much humbug there is in the world ! Secondly——”

“ No, *firstly*, Laura, for your former head stands by itself, and you now enter upon your qualifications for the duty.”

“ Well, firstly, I am to be American ; that is, in other words—no matter what. Secondly, I am to be christian ; thirdly,——”

“ An enlightened patriot.”

“ And fourthly,—was there a ‘ fourthly ’ ?”

“ And, fourthly, a *woman*.”

“ And lastly, out of humor and hungry. Come !”

“ My parchment has been thrown away upon you, Laura, I fear.”

“ Never mind, George,” said his sister ; “ comfort yourself with Philip Henry’s *cute* observation—‘ If one won’t, another will !’”

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A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them ; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

## THE BURIAL AND THE ADVENT.

BY CELIA.

HARK ! a sad deep plaint is stealing  
 From the Valley of the Dead !  
 Voices mournfully are pealing  
 In an anthem full and dread ;  
 List ! how fountain-like the gushing  
 Of the wild and sorrowing notes—  
 Anon to moaning murmurs hushing,  
 Soft and low the echo floats !

Far within the cypress shadows of that midnight vale, I hear  
 Monk-like voices, strange and solemn, chant the Requiem of the Year ;  
 And methinks a sad procession winds amid the heavy gloom,  
 Bearing on the hoar Departed to the chambers of the Tomb !  
 And thus their mournful harmony  
 Is echoed by the tearful sky ;—

" We lay thee at rest, thou Aged and Dead ;  
 The life from thy breast is wearily fled !

The Months have departed, in sadness, alone,  
 'Till the last, broken-hearted, to Hades has flown ;

The Hours, that caressed thee so fondly of yore,  
 With their tenderness blessed thee till thou wert no more !

Thy crown has descended—thy glory decays—  
 Thy empire is ended—thou Monarch of Days !

From the tumult of life, with its myriad woes,  
 From the voices of strife, thou hast found a repose !

The tale of thy deeds to the Angels is given—  
 Omniscience reads the record in Heaven !

With the beard on thy breast, so flowing and white,  
 We lay thee at rest in the stillness of Night ;

With reverent care we close the dark sod—  
 Commending with prayer thy spirit to God !"

The requiem is ended now—its echo sad is fled—  
 And gloom and silence dwell within the Valley of the Dead.—

Look to the Orient, beaming  
 With rosy and violet light—  
 See! banners of glory are streaming  
 From tower and crystalline height!

The ringing of jubilant voices  
 Is heard from the Day-Monarch's car—  
 The glorious Ocean rejoices,  
 And echoes the shout from afar!

For lo! the young Year is advancing,  
 With gladness and joy in his train,  
 And the Hours, fleet and rosy, are dancing,  
 And shouting a merry refrain!

The Sovereign of Days has ascended  
 The throne of his ancestors now—  
 A coronet sparkling and splendid  
 He wears on his juvenile brow;—

His frost-jeweled mantle is flowing  
 About him in drapery free,  
 And his blithe, ruddy visage is glowing  
 With healthful and radiant glee!

List! list to the song that is swelling  
 O'er valley and crimson-tipped height  
 From the depth of the Ocean now welling—  
 Now floating from stars of the Night;

"Hail! all hail! thou glad young Year!  
 The mountains pale and the shadowy vale  
 Rejoice to hear  
 The shout of song that heralds thy coming,  
 As it echoes along the distant gloaming—  
 And then comes booming  
 Over the sea—  
 Amid the caves of the deep resounding,  
 Where hidden waves with delight are bounding,  
 As comes from afar, "like a falling star,"  
 Thy anthem, sounding so joyously!

Be the Spring of thy Morning  
 As bright and clear  
 As thy beauteous dawning,  
 Thou glad young Year!

And thy Summer of Noon  
 Serenely gay—  
 For soon, too soon,  
 Will it pass away!

MRS. MYRA C. GAINES.

And thy Autumn sunset as glowing and golden  
 As Orient splendor, of memory olden--  
 Thy Winter of Night as crystallly fair  
 As the Legions bright of the upper air!

May Wisdom and Truth  
 On an eloquent page  
 Be writ of thy Youth,  
 And thy golden Age!

We welcome thy advent of gladness and cheer--  
 Go, scatter thy blessings, thou joyous young Year!

*New Haven.*

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MRS. MYRA C. GAINES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

WE present our readers this month a finely executed engraving of Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES, widow of the late Major General Gaines, of the United States Army. The interest which attaches to her from being involved in a protracted law suit has made her name familiar. Many of the papers have published full reports of the trial in which her immense property is at stake, and from these much of her private history has been made public. The sympathies of the people are always with one in her situation, and her high attainments, coupled with a name illustrious in the annals of our country, have given her a hold on the hearts of the public, and her warm personal friends and admirers are without number. The varied fortunes of her early life have been thrillingly delineated by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—her whole history has an air of romance, and certainly her beauty and accomplishments fit her exceedingly well for the heroine of a tale. It is seldom that vicissitudes so varied fall to the lot of mortals—as if providence had withdrawn her from the common current of being to sit awhile on some lofty summit, and anon, to thread a mountain gorge whose gloom no radiant star can penetrate. Still young, it might appear that her life was one of prospective enjoyment, but who can estimate the happiness of a heart whose sun of prosperity shines on the altar of buried hopes. The untold millions which may pass into her hands will prove no recompense for this.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

BY J. MINOT.

AMONG the records and examples of the manifested power and justice of God, and of his merciful care of those who love and obey him, with which the Holy Scriptures abound, none perhaps is more simple in its history, and solemn in its circumstances, than the overthrow of the "Cities of the Plain." Of these, the sacred historian has given the most particular account of the destruction of Sodom, for the reason, it may be, that being the most populous, it was more sinful than the others, and that in it dwelt the only godly man in all the plain.

When God had blessed Abraham and Lot so abundantly in the numbers of their flocks and herds, that they could no longer dwell together in Bethel, it is written that they separated; Lot choosing for his abode the city of Sodom, in the green and well watered valley of Jordan, and Abraham the plain of Mamre, in Hebron. Here they dwelt for many years, and as but a half day's journey separated the two places, it is to be presumed that their intercourse was continued after their separation at Bethel. Doubtless they often met to commune upon the goodness of God, to mingle their prayers to him, and to lament together the impiety of the inhabitants. Years rolled on, bringing in their train many changes.—A large family had collected around the hearth-stone of Lot; his wealth had increased, and he lived in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries which it could procure; but in the character of his fellow citizens no change for the better had taken place. "The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners towards the Lord exceedingly," is their description in the Bible. Even Lot's own family, it is probable, were contaminated by the temptations which surrounded them, and considered the religious faith of their head a whim, or peculiarity in his character, not worthy of imitation. We are induced to believe that such was the case, from the skepticism of his sons-in-law, subsequently exhibited, the disobedience of his wife, and the misconduct of his daughters. How must his heart have been pained as he witnessed their contempt for his pious teachings, and as he saw them suffering themselves to be

brought under the evil influence of their impious associates.—Thus was Lot alone in his righteousness, as the time drew near when God had determined to destroy the inhabitants of the plain. As the noontide sun poured down upon the plain of Mamre, the Lord of Abraham appeared with two attendant angels before his tent. It is probable that such visits rarely occurred, even to that highly favored patriarch, and his heart was filled with joy at this opportunity of rendering the rites of hospitality to his celestial visitants. After they had graciously received his ministrations, and the Lord had given him the promise that before another year should pass, his heart should be gladdened by the birth of a son, they took their departure toward Sodom, accompanied on their way by Abraham, who was loth to quit the blessed presence of his Lord. They doubtless held sweet communion as they walked along over the verdant plains, and midst the grazing herds of Hebron, until they reached the brow of the mountain which overhung the vale of Siddim; here they paused, while the two angels went on toward Sodom. Here, in full view of the Eden-like beauty of the plain below, the Lord declared to his servant his determination to destroy the inhabitants of the vale, because the cry of their grievous sin had come up before him. What must have been the feelings of the patriarch on hearing this announcement? Instantly his heart was filled with anxiety for the safety of his beloved kinsman, and he plead with God that he would not destroy the righteous with the wicked, but that the city might be spared, if there could be found fifty righteous within its walls. God graciously granted his request, nor did he refuse when Abraham prayed that if the number was less, that even if there were but ten the city might be spared for *their* sake. Comforted with this assurance, he bowed in submission to God's will, and with full faith in his justice and mercy, he returned to his home. Meanwhile the angels commissioned to execute the purposes of the Almighty, were descending the grassy slope of the mountain toward Sodom; below them lay the vale of Siddim, with its beautiful streams, its verdant fields and busy cities. The heaven-defying domes of the idol temples, and the gilded turrets of the palaces, were glittering and flashing in the light of the setting sun—the shadows of the oak and the cedar fell far off to the eastward—the herdsmen were gathering their scattered flocks into

the folds—the birds of the air were seeking their perches in the forest, and the lovely scene appeared yet more lovely, under the mellowing influence of the evening hour. Twilight had settled down upon the earth as the heavenly messengers entered the gates of Sodom. Although they wore the forms of men, yet doubtless the beauty of their countenances, together with the holy horror they manifested at the impiety of the inhabitants, and their contempt for the vanities and gods of Sodom, attracted the observation, and excited the rage of the people, as they passed through their streets; and it is likely they suffered many bitter scoffs and insults, before they had entered the house of Lot in compliance with his urgent entreaties. Although Lot may not have known that he was giving entertainment to angelic guests, yet he knew that they were godly men, and as such, worthy subjects of his hospitality. Their entrance was observed by their enemies, and they had scarcely risen from the feast which Lot had prepared for them, before they were beset by a great multitude of the Sodomites, who demanded the men at the hands of Lot. He placed himself before his closed door, and strove to turn them from their evil purposes, by addressing them in words of affectionate remonstrance. “I beseech you, brethren, do not so wickedly,” said he; but finding them resolved to disregard his rights as a citizen, and determined to trample upon the laws of hospitality, he made a second appeal to their *evil* passions, offering to deliver to them his two virgin daughters as victims to their lust, hoping, perhaps, to set them into contention among themselves for the possession of the fair women, during which, his guests might escape; or thinking that the proposition might shame them to depart—but it was all in vain. His zeal in behalf of his guests only excited their anger against himself, and they insolently bade him “stand back,” adding threats of personal injury. Among the rabble it may be there were some, who had been made the subjects of his warnings and reproaches for their wickedness, and these now inflamed the rage of their neighbors yet more, by crying out—“This one fellow came in to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge over us.” Raging and thirsting for his blood, they pressed upon him, and had not the angels mercifully drawn him in, he would have fallen a victim to their malevolence. His guests then made known to him their heavenly



character, confirming it by miraculously smiting the eyes of the Sodomites with blindness, and revealed to him the purpose of their coming, bidding him make known to his sons-in-law their danger, that they might escape together. Obedient to their directions, and urged by his own anxiety for the safety of his kindred, Lot hurried to their homes, and announced to them their fearful danger, saying, "Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy it." But his entreaties and fearful prophecy fell upon their ears as the wild words of a fanatic, or the silly whim of a dotard. In the words of Scripture, "he seemed to them as one that mocked." Unable to convince his kinsmen of their danger, he was forced to leave them to their awful fate, and he hastened back to his home, to insure his own safety, and that of his immediate household. The savage assault of the people of Sodom upon the house of Lot—the efforts he had made to save his kindred, and the preparations for their departure, had consumed the night hours, and "the morning had arisen" before they began their journey. While they yet lingered, loth perhaps to relinquish the comforts of their home, and encounter the dangers and fatigue of a long journey into the mountains, the angels of God, anxious for the accomplishment of their mission, and the safety of Lot, mercifully seized them by their hands, and led them quickly beyond the gate of the city. They yielded to the earnest entreaties of Lot, that he might be permitted to flee to the little city of Zoar, for safety, instead of the desolate mountain, where they would have no protection from the savage beasts, and where they would be destitute of the comforts to which they had so long been accustomed. Giving them strict directions for their flight, and especially enjoining upon them the necessity of great haste, the angels left them. With the fearful command, "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither tarry in all the plain," ringing in their ears, Lot and his little family pressed swiftly on to the city of refuge. It is difficult to realize, that, of the mighty population of the plain of Siddim, but four human beings should have been brought out from its overthrow, and that even this small number was reduced by the presumptive disobedience of one; but so it was. The sacred record of this incident is very simple and concise; it is comprised in one verse, "But Lot's wife looked back, and became a pillar of salt."

Whatever was her motive in thus disobeying the commands of God, whether actuated by affection, and anxiety for the friends she had left, or with the intention of returning to Sodom, which she may have thought was foolishly forsaken, she was equally guilty; and her heaven-daring sin met a just retribution. Most signal was her punishment. The life blood curdled in her veins, her heart ceased its pulsations, and her limbs grew rigid as marble, as she stood in her act of disobedience. "A pillar of salt" she remained for ages, and perhaps yet remains, a striking monument of God's righteous judgment upon the wicked, and an impressive lesson to those who are disposed to trifle with his commands and requirements.

The sun had risen upon the earth, when Lot, with his two daughters, fatigued and dusty with their travel, entered Zoar.—What imagination can picture, or what words adequately describe the horrors of the brief hour which intervened between the flight of the only righteous inhabitant of Sodom, and its fearful overthrow. As the cloud filled with the terrible elements employed in its destruction, came surging on, and settled over the plain, what must have been the feelings of the wicked Sodomites, and how must their hearts have quailed at the fearful sight! In the halls of revelry, the feet of the dancers no longer moved to the merry sound of the harp and the timbrel, for they were hushed, and instead was heard the despairing shrieks of men and women.—The wine cup fell untasted from the bloodless hand of the debauchee, and he grew suddenly sober in his terror, as he saw the awful sight. The gambler forgot his losses, or his gains, and the assassin his victim. The thief relinquished his booty. The madman ceased his ravings, while the sane grew suddenly mad, *all* under the various influence of horror and fear. There were no uninterested spectators there—none to stand by to philosophize and speculate upon the agony of others—all were concerned.—Old age upon its staff,—manhood in his strength,—woman distracted, and shrieking—and tottling infancy, were all included in the threatened overthrow. The greatest wealth, or the highest rank, brought no exemption from the general danger. In that, the king and the beggar were alike. Selfish and vain prayers for mercy, were uttered by lips long used to the words of scoffing and blasphemy. The affrighted herds, with heads erect, and

nostrils snuffing the foetid air, ran bellowing fearfully along the streets, trampling under their feet the fainting forms of the inhabitants. The idols gazed mockingly down upon the kneeling devotee, who found too late what it was to trust in them. Thus were the wicked of Sodom filled with fear and agony, when the last moment of their existence came. The rising sun poured its golden light upon the earth, bringing safety to the righteous, but destruction to the wicked. The impending cloud was riven, and its contents descended in a sulphurous shower upon the plain. It poured in streams of molten lava upon the roofs, and ran in boiling and sputtering rivulets down the streets. The wretched inhabitants sank, writhing and gasping, into graves of liquid fire and brimstone. Their dying agonies were dreadful, but brief; and the last choking wail was soon hushed in death. The flames fed upon the sumptuous palaces, and abodes of the rich, and on the low hovels of the poor, laying them in ashes together; and when Abraham had reached the spot where he had communed with God the preceding night, nought but one vast scene of desolation met his anxious gaze. "The smoke of the plain went up as the smoke of a great furnace," and of all the proud cities situated there, Zoar alone remained, marking the sanctuary of Lot. Oh! how full of instruction, and warning, is this terrible history! What an example for all succeeding ages to profit by! That it may not be forgotten, or doubted, natural evidences of its truth exist to this day. The foul and silent waters of the "Dead Sea" cover the spot. Its waves, more bitter than wormwood, are bottled up by the curious traveller, and subjected to the analysis of science. The apple-like fruit of the Osheil, beautiful to the sight, but gall and ashes to the taste, is produced upon its sterile coasts. The desolate aspect of the sea, its shores and overhanging mountains, have no attractions for any but the pilgrim, or the scientific explorer.

Let us not presume to question the justice of that Being who hath wrought this desolation. God had not kept himself hidden from the eyes of the inhabitants of the plain, and they had no excuse for their unbelief. They would have had none, had they no other evidences of his existence, and his goodness, than those with which their beautiful valley abounded; but these were not all that were given them—they had more. When God defeated

the confederate kings of Elim and of Shinar, and brought back the people and the spoil of Sodom, by the hand of his servant, he declared by the mouths of Abraham and of Melchizedek, the royal priest of Salem, before the whole assembled multitude, that He had done it; but they withheld their hearts from him, and he became to them a consuming fire. In improving this to our own good, may we not apply to ourselves the words of the Apostle Timothy to the Hebrews—"Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace."

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## SING THE AIRS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY PARK MOODY.

SISTER, sing the airs of childhood  
In their accents soft and low,  
Wake this old familiar wildwood  
With the notes of long ago.

Sing those airs we fondly cherished  
When the heart beat high and fast,  
And though childhood's hopes have perished,  
Wake the echoes of the past.

Early dreams have all been thwarted,  
Sister dear, since last we met,  
But the changes since we parted  
Have not taught me to forget.

Then, beloved, in the wildwood  
We so cherished long ago,  
Sing again the airs of childhood—  
Let their accents sweetly flow.

## FADED HOPES AND FADED FLOWERS.

BY E. OAKLEY.

"AFTER all my care in arranging those beautiful flowers, they will very soon wither and fade," thought Adelia Sommers, as she placed a vase of fragrant roses on the table in the parlor. "Truly there is a striking similarity between them and my own brief history." She stood in pensive mood, soliloquizing with herself, as her father, who was engaged in reading, heard the unsuppressed sigh that escaped her.

"What is it, my dear child, that distresses you? Are you ill, or has any thing unpleasant occurred?" most tenderly inquired the kind parent.

"Not any thing, sir; and my health is good," replied the agitated daughter, seemingly mortified at the thought of betraying her feelings unconsciously in the presence of her father.

"Ada, my daughter, I have observed of late that something more than ordinary was preying on your mind," continued Mr. Sommers. Ada felt the truth of her father's remark: delicacy and pride forbade her replying as her better judgment urged her to, and walking to a window that overlooked the 'deep blue sea,' she gave vent to her feelings in audible sobs that both pained and surprised her doating father. Ada was his only child, and he her only remaining parent: he, through a train of fortuitous circumstances, had become wealthy, and before the disastrous times of 1836 and '7 occurred, retired with a princely estate, and purchased an elegant country residence on Long Island, which was surrounded with every comfort as well as luxury. The spacious lawn in front of the house was adorned with shrubbery of every variety—shade trees were interspersed, so as to render the air cool and inviting—the flower garden could vie with any other for its quality and quantity of rare and beautiful flowers, of every hue. The house was built in cottage style, and one of those which have an air of neatness as well as gentility combined, that is more apt to please and attract attention than those of more magnificent structure. It stood on an eminence which overlooked the ocean, not

far distant. The reader may, perhaps, wonder why a young lady, possessing so many sources of comfort and pleasure, should suffer her spirits to droop, and render her so very unhappy. But there was one dear to her, that was at that time far from her. Several packets had arrived, and not the least intelligence had she received from her absent lover. Egbert Sheldon was the son of a distinguished lawyer, residing in one of the Eastern States, and had but a short time previous finished his college course, as his father designed for him mercantile life; he gave him this opportunity of travelling before he entered into a business which must necessarily engross most part of his time. Young Sheldon was what may be called a finished scholar, of fine personal appearance, affable in his manners, dignified in his deportment, and beloved by all.

Ada was beautiful—her fine brown hair was parted upon her noble brow, and tastefully arranged around her head—her fine blue eyes were at this time swimming with tears. She was decidedly a perfect model of classic beauty; her mind was of a high order, yet modesty lent a charm to her graceful manners, which rendered her exceedingly interesting. She was tenderly beloved by all her friends, and her father's choicest treasure.

Mr. Sommers arose from his seat in a short time, and walked up and down the room in silence, hoping his daughter would throw off the restraint so unnecessary, and unburthen her heart to him, that he might in some measure, at least, alleviate her sorrow. And as the reminiscences of other and earlier days came floating over his mind, his own bosom heaved at the remembrance of her who was the mother of Ada, and he exclaimed—

“My daughter! my own dear Ada, why do you add new sorrow to my already bereaved heart?”

She then, as if aroused to a sense of duty, explained to him the cause of her disquietude, and of the extreme apprehension she was under concerning the fate of Egbert. Mr. Sommers well knew she had just cause for solicitude, and prompted as he was to urge her to dispel her gloomy thoughts, could only say—

“Do not distress yourself too much, my dear daughter; you will soon hear of his safe arrival in Europe, together with that of his friend who accompanied him.”

The sound of carriage wheels at this moment attracted their



attention, and as it turned down the road leading to the house, they observed the father and sister of young Sheldon, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, who were as yet strangers to them. A gleam of hope stole over the mind of Ada—it might be, perchance, that some intelligence from Egbert had been received by his family. She ran with eagerness to welcome them; but the first question after exchanging the usual civilities was—

“Have you received any news from my son, my dear Ada?”

A melancholy shake of the head was all the reply she could render the anxious father of her lover. Mr. Sommers, in order to relieve her mind, observed—

“We were in hopes, sir, you were the bearer of some intelligence from him.”

Both families seemed equally anxious to learn something of the cause of Egbert's apparent neglect; and were as yet unable to gather the least information concerning him.

Caroline Sheldon introduced her young friends as Frederick Mason and his sister Henrietta, of New-York city. Young Mason was one of those selfish looking persons who seem always satisfied with themselves, and not exactly pleased with those around them. His sister was quite the reverse of her brother. There was something peculiarly pleasing in the appearance of Miss Mason. She was not beautiful, yet there was much to interest the beholder: there was a peculiar sweetness of expression in her countenance, joined to an accomplished mind, which rendered her extremely prepossessing.

“Miss Mason can truly sympathize with us, dear Ada. She has the very same anxiety as regards hearing from absent friends, that we are struggling with.”

“Ah!” rejoined Mr. Sheldon, “this leaving home and friends for pleasure, after all is attended with uncertainty. Egbert seemed desirous of travelling for a few months, and I had ever been impressed with the thought of its proving advantageous to him both in cultivating his mind and rendering him better acquainted with the business and commerce of foreign countries. But, that which relieves my mind most is, he has a most invaluable friend and companion in Mr. Spencer, who accompanied him; but I must say, I almost dread the arrival of the next packet.”

An ashy paleness overspread the countenance of Ada at this forcible remark of Mr. Sheldon.



"My dear father," added Miss Caroline, "do not despond too much. Brother will no doubt make up this deficiency by an over supply of letters soon."

"Why, really, ladies," said young Mason, with stoical indifference, "I see no good reason for all this alarm. The young gentlemen, no doubt, are at this time in good health, and enjoying themselves, while you are grieving and wasting your sighs for nought."

"Brother, do not trifle thus with the feelings of your friends," added his sister, weeping.

"Well, really, sister Henrietta, I should not object to a voyage across the Atlantic myself, provided I could have the consolation of leaving three such guardian spirits as they have to pray for me," returned the selfish brother.

The gentle girl felt quite chagrined at her brother's unkind railery. Miss Sommers rallied her spirits, and proposed a walk in the garden, leaving the gentlemen to discuss matters most congenial to themselves. But Mr. Sheldon was much absorbed with anxiety for his son, and Mr. Sommers for Ada, causing the conversation to find no other channel for the next hour. The lovely sister of young Sheldon was a tall, fine formed young lady, with an intelligent countenance, her complexion a clear brown: her dark grey eyes gave additional lustre to her countenance. Young Mason was by no means indifferent to her charms. The young ladies, after rambling through the spacious garden for some time, retired to a delightful grove, on an eminence that overlooked the sea. It was one of those beautiful mornings in June that we can remember enjoying in the country, which has been preceded by a copious shower during the night, and the clouds are dispelled by the rising sun, and the grass yet wet and glittering with drops as it were of liquid fire, which disappear rapidly as the sun makes its way to the meridian, and the zephyr breeze floats along murmuring gently through the foliage of the trees. Their resort was a favorite one of Mr. Sommers and his daughter, and it was there he often conversed with Ada of her mother, and would ever remind her of the many prayers that she had offered to God in her behalf. Those thoughts of her mother and counsels of her father had produced a lasting impression on her mind, and rendered the place hallowed to her. The young ladies seated themselves on

a rustic couch near the entrance of the grove, that commanded a more extensive view of the sea, which was calm and unruffled as a peaceful lake; its rippling waves were quietly stealing over a bed of smooth sand; a few fishing boats were now and then seen gliding over its tranquil bosom; the white sails of a ship in the distance equally contrasted in the scene before them. The young ladies chatted on various subjects for some time, alternately watching the noble packet they saw when first entering the grove, which they now perceived was becalmed, and possibly had been for some hours. At length said Ada—

“Perhaps we are too impatient. Our letters may have been miscarried, and who knows but yonder ship may be the bearer of some welcome news to us.”

“Oh! I do wish,” said Miss Mason, “we could see those sails fill with wind, instead of hanging so carelessly from the yard-arm.”

The usual vivacity of Ada returned, and she kindly condescended to point out to her friends the romantic and sublime scenery within their view. Miss Mason was a passionate admirer of nature, and the words ‘sublime,’ ‘grand,’ ‘most magnificent,’ would escape her as her eyes wandered from scene to scene, as they stood on the summit of an eminence that commanded a more extensive view of the surrounding country, and the vast expanse of water beneath them.

“But what do I hear?” said Ada. “It is a carriage I see in the windings of the road below.”

In a few moments it was seen in the direction of Mr. Sommers’ residence. The ladies simultaneously left for the house: the sound of wheels rapidly approached. In looking up they beheld in an open gig, Mr. Spencer. He passed without particularly observing them. What could it all mean, to return so unexpectedly and alone? Where, oh! where could Egbert be? were thoughts that passed rapidly through the minds of each. The most serious apprehensions seemed possible with them, and they returned to the house in a state of great anxiety and suspense.—He arrived at the house a few moments in advance of them, the bearer of sad tidings indeed. The ladies entered the parlor almost as soon as himself, a heavy gloom overshadowing the brow of each. After paying the respect due to age and worth, the ladies next received his attention. As he grasped the hand of Ada, she exclaimed—

"Where, oh! where have you left Egbert? Do not torture me thus with suspense."

Caroline sunk in her father's arms, and it seemed as if one blight of sorrow had passed on all. He turned to Mr. Sheldon.

"I have returned unexpectedly, sir."

"I am most anxiously waiting an explanation," added Mr. Sheldon. "My son, is he alive?"

"Oh! could this mournful duty have been spared me. He is no more," replied Mr. Spencer.

Ada could bear up no longer, but swooned in the arms of Miss Mason, and both she and Caroline were borne senseless from the room. Mr. Spencer then gave, in concise a manner as possible, a detail of their voyage, and of Egbert's illness and death, which occurred in Scotland. They had the advantage of fine weather and good health in crossing the Atlantic, and every prospect seemed favorable, as they contemplated with delight their intended tour. The day they landed at Liverpool, Egbert complained of great debility, with slight fever, which in a short time completely prostrated his strength. They deemed it prudent not to communicate their unpleasant situation to their friends, hoping soon to be able to write something that would cheer, instead of alarming them. But Egbert's disease daily assumed a more formidable appearance: his physician advised a change of scene and air, which, however, proved unavailing. Every effort failed, and death closed the scene, which was one of entire submission to the will of God, humbly relying on him for mercy through the blood of his dear Son. His friends in his illness were not forgotten—far from it. To his parents and sister and Ada he imparted through his friend an affectionate farewell. The ship which contained his remains was becalmed some few miles from the city, and Mr. Spencer left in a pilot-boat for New-York, and there learning that Egbert's friends, together with some of his own, were at Mr. Sommers' country-seat, he took the most effectual means of arriving there speedily. The body of Mr. Sheldon had been embalmed, and placed in a leaden coffin. It was deemed advisable for the friends to leave for New-York, the same evening, to receive his remains. Perhaps the reader can better imagine the scene which ensued, than we can describe. Mr. Sheldon, his daughter, and Ada, seemed bowed to the earth with grief, as they left on their

mournful errand,—to look upon and deposite the remains of one they held so dear to the silent tomb. Mr. Sommers and daughter returned home in a few days, but to weep and mourn. Smitten indeed was the lovely flower that he had so fondly reared and dearly loved. She bowed her head like a lily drooping with its own weight, as she walked with her dear father once more to the garden.

"There," said she, pointing to the flowers as they were budding and putting forth in beauty—"you see a fit emblem of my own and Egbert's short history, and to-morrow you will find them too falling to the earth, faded, and all their fragrance lost." The father wept, and clasping her to his widowed heart, he exclaimed—

"My dear daughter! live for my sake. What will this world be to me without my Ada?"

But the heart of Ada was stricken, and all her hopes were crushed beneath this heavy blow. Mr. Sommers proposed travelling with her, which she kindly consented to for his sake. They remained from home during the summer in quest of health for Ada; but futile was every hope. She sunk gradually as with a slow disease, and ere the leaves of summer had fallen from their parent tree, the lovely daughter of Mr. Sommers was transplanted from the bosom of her doating father to the silent tomb, and her happy and sanctified spirit transplanted to heaven, to mingle her songs of praise with those she had loved on earth.

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## MY RETREAT.

BY WM. A. SLEEPER.

I love to seek that shady spot  
When weary toil is o'er,—  
There all my sorrows seem forgot,  
And tire my brain no more.

There Nature wears her beauteous hue,  
And all her smiles serene,—  
Nor 'neath the sky's expanse of blue  
Is there a lovelier scene.

Beneath, the laughing ripples play—  
Above, the sparkling rill,  
Breathing its sweet, melodious lay,  
Glides down the rugged hill.

There, I can gaze on Nature's face,  
Her woods and landscapes green—  
The hand of her Creator trace  
In every changing scene.

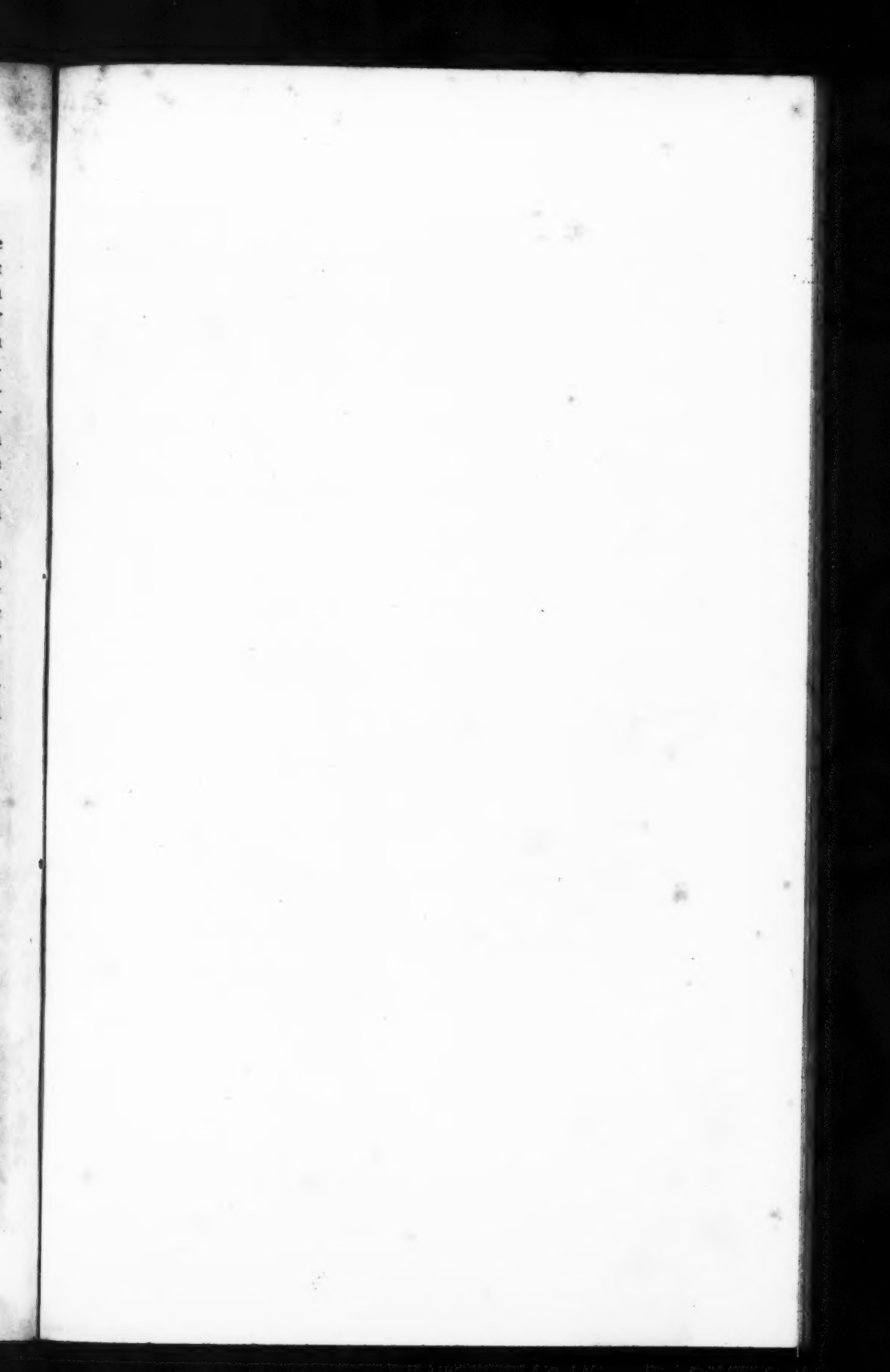




FIG. 3. 17. MOUNTAIN.

F A D G O N E N

Engraved by A. L. Dick

Printed by J. W. Smith



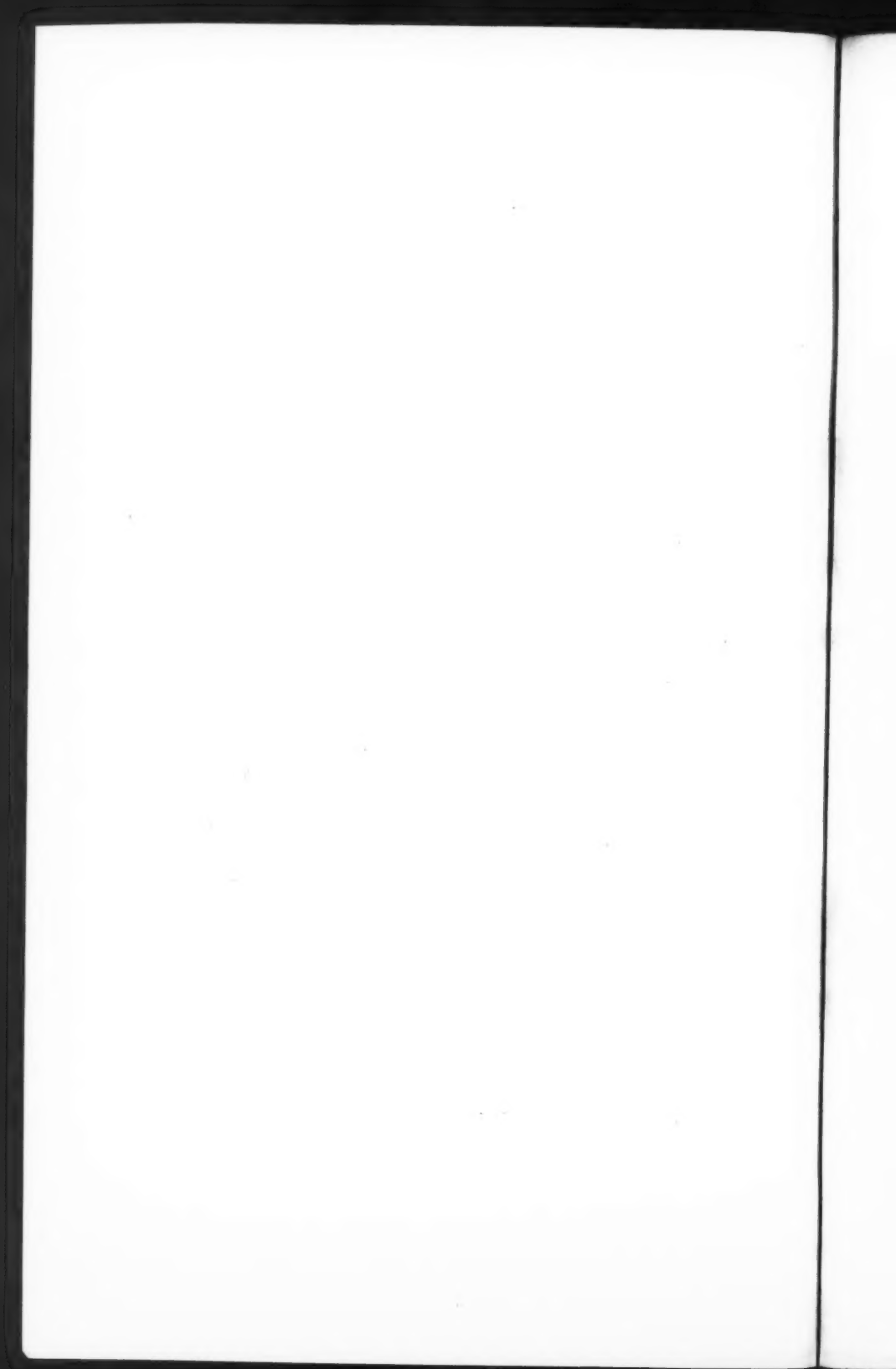








*Yellow Rose.*



## ELDORADO SKETCHES.—No. II.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

THE day was clear and beautiful—the sun, unobscured by a cloud, shone upon the parched hills, and was reflected in dazzling light from small particles of quartz rock scattered here and there over the surface, when, equipped for a fortnight's peregrinations among the mountains, the Colonel and myself, who had been deputized by the company for this enterprise, left Kelley's Bar, and proceeded up between the Middle and North Forks of the American river. Our object was to explore the cañons and head waters of these Forks, and discover, if possible, dry diggings, the design of the company being to erect cabins, and locate during the rainy season if a desirable place could be found. We toiled up the hill which overlooks the river, occasionally resting our animals, and soon came to the beautiful vale, called by Mr. Williams, the first white settler there, Pleasant Valley. The Colonel was mounted on a fine mule, a useful animal in that place, and which will thrive on what will not support life in a horse, while I bestrode an Indian pony—strong and muscular, and quite large for that country where the horses are all small. Our blankets were fastened behind our saddles, which were enormous things, with wooden frames and stirrups covered with raw-hide, and our other equipments—a set of light mining tools, rifles, pistols and the like—were attached to our saddle-bows. We carried also a small stewpan, which was the only cooking utensil we had, and expecting to kill some game, took only a small quantity of provisions, which we found to our cost was not done in wisdom, for, during the whole time we were absent, we killed nothing.—Our little dog Rosa, a half Coyote, followed us, expressing her delight in a variety of ways. She joined our company some months previous of her own accord, and became a general favorite. At first, she kept at a distance, following us for three days without once approaching; but at length, by repeated offers of food, she came to us and permitted us to stroke her silken sides, which were of a jet black. After that, nothing could induce her to leave

us, and she proved a valuable watch-dog, though quite small.— Before she had been with us a week, we accidentally put her faithfulness to the test. In prospecting some of the cañons on the North Fork, we secreted our heavy baggage, which was difficult to carry, in a retired place, and covered it up with our India-rubber ponchos. Sometime after we left it, little Rosa was missed, and we expected, as she had been with us so short a time, that she had deserted us; but what was our surprise when, coming back four days after, we saw her faithfully guarding the secreted goods, where she had remained during our absence without food. This proof of her service endeared her to us, and she became the pet of all.

The Colonel, who was now my travelling companion, was a thorough backwoods-man. There was no secret of forest life with which he was not acquainted. We soon came to heavy wooded land, and wound round the hills beneath the shade of giant pines, which rose, straight as an arrow, to a great height. At night we came to a spring of good water, and picketed our animals near us in tolerable good feed. We ate our supper as the night shadows gathered round us, and spread our blankets beneath a branching oak, where during the night we slept soundly and undisturbed. The next day we had not proceeded far when we missed the trail, but this gave us no uneasiness, as it was not our intention to have followed it much further—we therefore travelled by compass and the range of the hills. We soon discovered traces of Indians, and passed several deserted wigwams. On several of the large pine trees we saw poles attached to the lower limbs to enable them to climb up with ease and gather the nuts which grow in the conical pine balls. We kept ourselves prepared for any danger as much as was in our power. Every morning we discharged our rifles, and reloaded, that they might be sure fire. We cared less for the Indians than the grizzly bears which infest that region. The sight of a rifle would put a score of the former to flight, but the latter were not to be intimidated by the sight of firearms, or the smell of powder. It was always safest to give *them* the entire path. They will not always attack, but if once wounded, or incited to combat, a regiment of riflemen could not put one of them to flight. We repeatedly crossed their tracks, and sometimes travelled with an oak tree some distance ahead in view,

which it would be easy to climb in case one of these monsters should suddenly introduce himself.

At night we came to a deep cañon, which we descended on foot, leaving our animals secured on the side of the hill, it being too steep to take them down. We dug into the side of the hill for a sleeping place, and built our fire at the bottom, that it might not be seen if Indians were prowling around. It was an exceedingly gloomy place. The hills rose abruptly on each side, and the lofty pines shut out entirely the blue sky from our view, swinging to and fro in the night wind with a mournful sound. Nevertheless we slept soundly, and without apprehension. In the morning, as the Colonel busied himself with breakfast, I climbed up the side of the hill to look after our animals. I found the mule safe, though looking the picture of affright, but my noble horse beside him was dead. He probably became frightened in the night, and plunged down the hill with such velocity that it threw him when he reached the end of his rope, and broke his neck.—This was an unlooked for misfortune. I had come to love him almost like a being endowed with reason, and certainly, he deserved it all. His quick ear always detected the approach of danger, and with nostrils extended and ears pricked forward, he spoke as plainly as words could speak. His free limbs would never brook the shackles of harness, yet so gentle was he, I could guide him with a thread, and frequently rode him in dangerous places without bridle or halter. The report of a rifle under his very nostrils would not cause a fibre of his frame to shake, but a word from his rider would set every nerve in motion—in the chase his eyes shot sparks of fire.

I broke this news to the Colonel with a saddened look, but accidents of this kind were familiar to him, and an expedient always ready. "We can ride my mule alternately," said he, "and get along very well, and if you are anxious to get a shot at a grizzly bear, they will no doubt come to feed on his carcase." I thought I should like to shoot any and everything which came to disturb the remains of my noble favorite, who, it seemed to me, deserved Christian burial, but the practicability of the thing was doubtful. We strapped our effects on the mule, and took turns in riding him. I cast one lingering look behind as I departed on General Scott, for such was the name of my poor horse. Others of the

company had given names no less illustrious to their animals ; thus we had, besides, General Taylor and Santa Anna. "It takes Taylor to whip Santa Anna," said the owner of the former.— "That may be," was the reply, "but Santa Anna can't be beat for running." We crossed the cañon a little further up, where it was less difficult, and soon after came to "dry diggings," which had been worked in secret. We examined every thing cautiously, thinking it possible the miners had secreted themselves, on our approach, to mislead us in regard to the diggings being profitable, but found nothing to indicate their actual presence. Tracks were indeed fresh, both of men and horses, and the bough huts seemed as if but just deserted—a pack of monte cards was strewn in the door-way of one of them, and fragments of camp furniture were strewn here and there, but nothing of value remained. We examined the earth in the different excavations—the first panful we washed, yielded about one dollar, but the succeeding ones were nearly valueless. We thoroughly prospected the place before we left, which took us nearly the day, but without success. It appeared that a few of the ravines emptying into the cañon were rich up to a certain distance, but these had all been worked out. Towards night we proceeded on our way, intending to make a circuit, and strike the cañon again that we might not be without water. The tracks to the place we had just left had been disguised, that they might lead no one thither ; we therefore had no trail and were guided by compass.

The country became more wild and mountainous as we penetrated farther in. We went into the cañon at night to sleep, and built a fire against a large stump about forty feet high, and spread our blankets near it. During the night it ignited, the fire having penetrated to the inside, which was hollow and dry, and the live coals rattled down upon our very heads before we were aware.— It shortly broke out in one great sheet of blaze, lighting up the forest far and near. As we removed to a distance, and tried again to sleep, grim spectres of the wood danced between the leafy shades, assuming hideous shapes, caused by the unnatural glare. In the morning, as we discharged our firearms, there was an answer, which was again repeated, and again, till twelve shots were fired. The Colonel inferred from the number and rapid succession of the shots fired, that a party had slept out without water,



and were anxious to discover our whereabouts—whether foes or friends. We again fired, and were answered, the report being more distinct, and consequently nearer. This was kept up till two buckskin clad adventurers came in sight. They informed us they were out with a company of twelve—camped about half a mile distant—and from them the waste of ammunition had proceeded. They were not without water, and were out on the same errand as ourselves. We tried to get provisions of them, but could not, and after ascertaining as near as possible our position, left them, not wishing to travel in company.

Innumerable cañons and deep gulches presented themselves, as we pushed onward. Many of these we prospected, and in most of them found some gold, but not enough to induce us to remain. For three days from the time we left the scene of the conflagration, we kept steadily onward, going farther up into the mountains. I had great confidence in the Colonel as a shot, and when at length we fell in with deer, I waited to hear the report of his rifle before I fired. We both drew up together, and almost at the same moment the reports of both rifles echoed through the forest. The deer were a long way off, but we could not easily get nearer without disturbing them, and I thought it doubtful if either shot took effect, and so it proved. They went bounding off, apparently unhurt. At noon the next day, we entered a deserted wigwam, and rested ourselves for an hour. There was some water in a spring near by, but it was very poor. We scooped it out of the hollows in the rock, and mixed our last flour into a cake, which we fried with a little pork. We had now only a little hard bread remaining, and had not tasted fresh meat for many weeks—the opportunities for getting it were not so good, even, on the Bar where we had recently been employed, as in the woods.

We were still in hopes of procuring game, and determined not to go directly back, but take a circuitous route round. We were, we knew not what distance, from any camp of whites where supplies could be obtained, but kept our spirits up nevertheless.—There were resources, should game fail us, which would support life. We proceeded from thence up a steep hill, which soon after we descended on the other side, and entered a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear stream of water. It was surrounded on all sides by high hills, and the green underwood, which clus-

tered on the banks of the rivulet, made it appear a little Eden.—The mule was turned loose to nibble the green grass, but with his pack on, however, as we did not deem it expedient to tarry long, even in that beautiful place. We let no opportunity slip of prospecting a favorable place, and as we took our pick and pan to do so here, we thought how delightful this valley would be, compared with the surrounding country, for winter quarters! We washed a panful of the earth in the ravine, and it produced a beautiful round piece of gold, weighing two or three penny weights. This made us sanguine of success. If this heavy gold was on the surface, surely it must yield well deeper down. With sleeves rolled up, and eager for the prize, we excavated deeper and deeper, but what was our disappointment, as we tried panful after panful of earth, to find that it yielded nothing, not even when we reached the slate formation beneath. We tried other places near with no better success. This was sadly disheartening to us, and the examination of our store of provisions was not likely to raise our spirits in the least. At this moment, a gray squirrel emerged from the underwood, near the water, and ascended a large pine tree.—I seized my rifle, which was standing near, just before the squirrel had reached the lower limbs, which were about fifty feet from the ground, and fired. The shot took effect on his hind legs, and carried them both away, but with the tenacity of a last struggle for life, he slowly drew himself up with his fore-claws, as a sailor climbs a rope, and settled himself on a limb, where he probably expired. From the time the shot took effect, till he reached the limb, I watched him with intense interest, expecting every moment to see him fall; but when finally I saw him beyond my reach, I turned away, not knowing before that a squirrel possessed so much value. It was a large one, however, he seemed to me, with his tail spread over his back, as large as a rabbit, and I have not forgotten yet how he would have tasted at that time made into a stew.

We took a south-easterly direction, intending to strike the Middle Fork, with some hope of falling in with parties, if any were ascending. The next day at noon, we came to a stream of running water, beautifully shaded by overhanging trees, beneath which we sat down and ate the last of our provisions, throwing a little to the dog, and drinking the cool water which flowed at our

feet. It was a delicious meal, though the rich man in his dining-room would have spurned it as unfit for dogs; and we pressed on invigorated, and with spirits buoyant as when first we started.—Where the next was to come from we knew not.

The Colonel's eyes wandered to little Rosa, as she frolicked round us, as if it was an unsettled question whether the dog or the mule should fall a sacrifice, but this alternative was spared us. Before night, we fell in with a solitary horseman, who informed us that his comrades were close at hand. They had penetrated thus far up, in their tireless search for gold, but by no means were as scantily provisioned as ourselves. As we came to their camp, a fine buck was exhibited, and soon after one of the party came in with two more, which were a complete load for his horse.—Thus, unexpectedly, we obtained all that was necessary, and if our hearts were clouded by fears, they were all dispelled by the good cheer which awaited us. We learned from our kind entertainers, that the Indians were banded together, and occupied a cañon some distance above. This was the reason we had not met any of them, though we had passed through the heart of their country. We were now near the Middle Fork, and the following morning turned homeward, bidding adieu to our friends. As we proceeded down, we met other parties coming up, induced by exaggerated reports of dry diggings worked in secret, of cañons high up, known only to the Indians, and a few adventurous whites, where the gold was inexhaustible, and fortunes could be scraped from the crevices of the rocks. The parties themselves were not willing to allow that they had been deceived, and stories gained credence which misled the unwary, and caused suffering to a fearful extent. It was almost impossible for the river miners to hear these reports, indefinite as they were, without packing up their all, and pushing onward, they knew not where, as if, when securely making their ounce a day, they had not reached the Eldorado. In this way time was lost, and the gain of months exhausted. It is true they were not always unsuccessful. Rich deposits were sometimes found, which richly paid the pioneers of these enterprises, but oftener they were total failures.

There was hardly a ravine, or cañon, in that wide extent of country, which had not been explored. It seemed incredible that human foot had ever trod those wild and desolate places; but, as

the adventurous gold-seeker is about to congratulate himself that he has discovered the promised treasure-ground, his eye falls upon a footmark in the soil—a booted heel-print—and therefore it cannot be an Indian's, and, beside, it is an excavation, made by another pick than his, and he asks himself in astonishment, "Have others been before me?"

I have descended step by step, a precipice more dangerous than the roof of a slated building, now swinging over a chasm where the water dashed a hundred feet below—now creeping, snail-like, round a jutting point, till at length the ravine below is reached—only to find the camp-fire of some prior adventurer, who came and went like a passing breath in his search for gold, smouldering at the water's edge.

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## A DEATH SONG.

BY PARK MOODY.

My spirit plumes her wings for flight,  
I can no longer see the light—  
Kind friends around my pillow stay,  
Nor grieve that I should pass away.

The earth is fair, yet fairer still  
The life beyond its ev'ry ill,—  
And sweet the joys of earthly love,  
But sweeter are the joys above.

My soul no longer clings to earth,  
Exulting in a higher birth;  
In rapture now it breaks away—  
Farewell, I can no longer stay.

She spake, and all was still—a smile  
Was on her lifeless brow the while;  
Her spirit sought its high abode—  
Thus sang the pure—thus died the good.

## H A N N A H.

BY TIRZAH F. M. CURRY.

FAR away, amid the sheltered hills of Palestine, dwelt a pious mother, whose whole earthly affections were entwined around *one* tenderly loved object—an infant son, whose lips had not yet learned to lisp the infant's prayer, or breathe the name of mother. Hitherto, her pathway had been strewed with a series of trials and crosses, unknown to *us*, who are wont to enjoy the undivided possessions of our husbands' hearts and homes. A rival, in some respects, more fortunate than herself, wearied this sorrowful woman with reproaches, on account of her want of offspring—a want which, in eastern countries, at that period, was considered a great calamity. Instead of becoming angry at this unkind treatment, the gentle Hannah betook herself to the true source of consolation, and humbly besought the Lord to look upon her affliction. A son was given her, which, in accordance with a vow previously made, she dedicated to the temple service, and named him Samuel, signifying, "I have received him of the Lord."

The sacred historian gives us no further account of the haughty Pennina or her children, and but little is said of Samuel during his infancy. The little that is recorded goes to show that Hannah was not unmindful of her vow. It is at this period, in the quiet of her home, and in the discharge of her domestic duties, that we love to contemplate the wife of Elkanah. How happy beyond expression she must have been, as she ministered to the wants of her infant son, listened to all his childish blandishments, and saw the rose of health deepening on his cheek as he played around the cottage door. Ah! were there then no withdrawals of heart from the performance of that rash vow? Did not the *mother* sometimes triumph over the *dutiful child of God*, and wish to hide in her own bosom that precious treasure which had been given in answer to prayer? No. On the contrary she seems to have hastened the fulfilment of her promise, and even sooner than our erring judgment would recommend, she carries the little Samuel up to Jerusalem to "present him to the Lord." It is simply said by the historian, that the "child was young," at

the time of this public dedication, and according to Jewish tradition, he was about three years old—a tender age at which to be separated from the maternal bosom, and consigned to the care of strangers. Probably the tender hearted mother feared that if she retained him longer, her constancy would be shaken, and the trial of parting with him increased. To the arms of good old Eli she yields him, not with willingness only, but with a song of triumph, which, for beauty and sublimity, has few parallels in sacred history. Having performed her vow, and torn from her breast the tender nursling, Hannah returns with her pious husband to their peaceful home. The void in their affections, which, perhaps, to them appeared irreparable, was soon filled, for we are told that Eli blessed Elkanah and his wife, and said, “The Lord give thee seed of this woman for the loan that is lent to the Lord.”

The increased domestic cares, occasioned by the birth of other sons and daughters, did not cause this faithful woman to forget her first-born. Although she had lent him to the Lord during life, she still felt that affection for him which had prompted her to cherish with such increasing care the first years of his existence. In proof of this, we are told, that “she made him a little coat every year, and brought it up to him when she came to the yearly sacrifice.” Now this act may to some appear trifling and scarcely worthy of being recorded; but to our mind it has ever been full of interest. On Hannah’s part, it was unnecessary; for having entered upon the temple service, it was expected that all his wants would be supplied from the public treasury, without further expense to his parents. Still it was a source of pleasure to the mother’s heart, and in the breast of the little Samuel, it served to keep alive that filial attachment and regard, which might otherwise have faded from his mind.

We who are mothers, well know with what interest the winter coats for our flaxen haired boys are prepared, while they are sporting around our firesides, or with willing footsteps hasting to do our bidding. What then must have been the emotions which thrilled in Hannah’s bosom, as she busily plied her needle, to prepare a garment for the loved and absent one, whose tread was heard only in temple courts, and whose childish glee, instead of being fostered by the approving smiles of a kind mother, we may well suppose was restrained by the venerable appearance and

solemn tones of the pious Eli. Of the fashion and texture of this garment we are ignorant. Fine linen, wool, and goat's hair were all used, in the manufacture of clothing at this period, but which of these composed Samuel's "little coat" we are not told.

From the brief history of Hannah, our sex may learn an important lesson. In the sacred writings, woman is presented to us in various attitudes and characters. At one time, we contemplate Deborah in the act of judging Israel, and even assisting Barak in leading the hosts of the Lord to battle. In the same grouping we see Jael the Kenite, putting to death the haughty Sisera, and in both cases we admire the bravery that prompted them to perform such wonderful deeds. In the sorrowing Rizpah we admire the faithful devotion to her kindred which led her to expose herself to the scorching heat of the summer sun, in order that the decaying bodies of her sons and relatives might not be torn by beasts and birds of prey. Abigail presents to the mind, in a pre-eminent degree, the picture of a prudent and faithful wife, who, notwithstanding she was united to a mean and churlish man, yet managed his affairs with so much discretion, that she secured for him the forbearance, if not the favor of the enraged David. But when we contemplate the gentle and lovely Hannah, we scarcely know which trait in her character to admire most. Her patience under provocation should teach us to avoid domestic discord and strife. Her constant attendance on the services of the sanctuary, should admonish us to be more diligent in the use of the means of grace which we enjoy. Her prudent regard for the opinions of her husband, and her attachment to him, are worthy our imitation. Her self denying care of her infant, and promptness in resuming her visits to the temple as soon as he was weaned, are evidences that she "preferred Jerusalem above her chief joy."

Soon, too soon, alas! the curtain drops, and we hear no more of the mother of the prophet Samuel. We know not whether she was gathered to her rest, among her kindred, in a good old age, or whether the hills of Ephraim echoed the wailings of her helpless orphans, deprived of her guardian care, in the spring time of their existence. Ah! it matters not how, or when, or where, the summons of death comes, to one who has so faithfully served her generation, and who had, by her consistent piety, erected so lasting a monument to her worth.

*Grand View, Ohio.*



## FAREWELL LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER ON LEAVING HOME.

BY MRS. OLIVER CRANE.\*

FAREWELL ! my dear mother, farewell !  
On earth I shall see thee no more ;  
I go among heathen to dwell,  
To die on a far distant shore.

But, mother, when far, far away,  
Though wide rolling oceans divide,  
In dreams I shall visit thee still—  
At night I shall rest by thy side.

While nature is wrapt in repose,  
When all is so tranquil and mild,  
I know you will think of me then—  
Oh, mother ! then pray for your child.

But ask not for ease or for fame,  
Or aught that the world can bestow—  
But Jesus may still prove my friend,  
His presence still cheer where I go :

That I may his Spirit possess—  
That spirit of kindness and love,  
Which prompted His visit to earth,  
Though reigning in glory above.

Like Him I would hasten away,  
And joyfully bid you adieu ;  
The daughters of Asia still cry,  
And I have their rescue in view.

Detain me not here for a day,  
For this is no longer my home,—  
I've heard the sad cry from afar,  
And the Spirit still beckons me on.

Dear mother ! then dry up your tears,  
All feelings of sadness dispel ;  
'Tis the Saviour who calls me away—  
Farewell ! dearest mother, farewell !

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\* Missionary to the Armenians of Turkey

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

AMONG the many thousands who will read these pages, there must be many sons and daughters growing up to that most interesting period of life which is expected to connect the destiny of the two sexes. We say expected, for none at the present day doubt the blessings of the institution, whatever may be the peculiarity of their own circumstances. The marriage relation is an ordinance of Providence. And yet, it is not one of those positive and unexceptionable ordinances which must be obeyed. We are left free to choose. Perhaps in youth the great mass of either party are contemplating this event sooner or later. It is said that marriage, "whatever it be to man, is that from which woman expects to derive her chief happiness." And one of the strongest arguments in its favor, we think, is derived from the fact that while the married life brings many sorrows, the single life has no joys. Those of our readers who have read Tennyson will find this thought expressed in most beautiful language in the following stanzas :

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it when I sorrowed most ;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Yes, the marriage relation has its sorrows. Sickness, disease, and even death, will enter the family group. How it breaks the heart to part with its dearest object on earth ! What strong cords, which are woven around the heart of the parent by the child, are to be broken, when death compels the parent to lay it in the grave ! And yet, "better to have loved and lost." These afflictions bind the family group together, and strengthen the cords that remain. They also make heaven more attractive. For no member of the pious family is lost, and that friendship commenced here on earth will be strengthening forever above.

But he who remains alone has no joys. What can he know about those domestic ties which bind the family together ? The

plans and prospects which enter so deeply into the hearts, and call forth so much activity and self-denial for those whose lives are bound up in the parents, are unknown to the isolated heart. These very efforts and self-denials contribute to a parent's joys. And they are most happy when sharing most of their joys and of their emoluments together. The family circle illustrates the truth forcibly, that the heart is made most happy by expansion. True happiness of the heart consists in a great measure in making others happy. And the more broadcast this seed is sown the richer the harvest. We remember to have seen the remark of a man who had accumulated great wealth for his children, who when told they would spend it, gratified himself with the remark that if they took as much pleasure in spending as he did in accumulating for them, he should be fully satisfied. But we are wandering from our subject. It was not our object to draw a comparison between the married and single life, but to suggest some thoughts which might be of use in preparing the youth for the active spheres of life.

Courtship and marriage, are always subjects of merriment and sport in the circle of the young, and often in the family circle are introduced without attributing to them the importance which they demand. No subjects pertaining to the world are of greater consequence or deserve more careful attention. The inculcation of right principles in the choice of a companion should begin early with the parents. We do not say that they should commence with their formal lectures on the subject of courtship or marriage in the early days of childhood. But they should inculcate those principles, and clearly draw out those lines of demarkation which are the necessary ingredients of true and lasting companionship. And this should commence in early life, and be followed up to its practical result. They should be so deeply impressed upon the mind, that no temptation of external show could reverse the decision.

We begin with courtship. There is such a thing as courtship. That is of one party winning the affections of the other. —This may commence accidentally, or merely in a pleasing appearance. The society of the party may be sought, and the affections cultivated, until they become mutual. There is something which, perhaps, neither party may be able to define, that binds them together in their affections, and mutual choice of each

other. Whatever others may think, or in whatever estimation they may be held by the community around, is of small consequence to them. They are all the world to each other. The breaking of this cord, breaks the heart. And whenever one party suspects this affection to exist in the heart of the other, he or she is bound by all that is sacred to form a decision in the shortest possible time, and to make no advances, and suffer none to be made, which are not seriously intended to be sustained. Any other course should sacrifice the character of the untrue, as it breaks the heart of the faithful. On this point there cannot be too much circumspection.

What, then, are the necessary ingredients which should enter into the choice of true and lasting companionship? We mention piety first, because though there may be companionship where it does not exist, yet there is no safety without it, and it is essentially necessary to strengthen and perfect the ties of affection.—It will often be called into vigorous exercise through all their journey of life. They cannot do without it in the parting hour of death. No professed Christian should dream for a moment that he, or she, can take a companion for life who is not hopefully pious. It will not avail to refer us to the many happy instances of the unconverted becoming true disciples after marriage. So, many have visited the deadly coast of Africa, and escaped with their life; but ten chances to one, if the bones of him who goes there are not left with the thousands before him, to bleach on its sands. Piety is the crowning ornament, especially to female character—it sweetens all the domestic ties, helps bear up under all the afflictions and trials incident to the domestic relation, and gives the only hope of a reunion after death. What anxiety and distress must attend the journey of life when either party is without it! Whatever allurements the world may hold out to happiness, depend on it, it cannot compensate for the want of this, nor allow his joys to be unsullied who feels that God does not smile upon the choice of his affections. It is, and must ever be felt to be, a defect in the sum total of the happiness of the conjugal relation.

Another essential ingredient which should enter into the choice of a companion for life, is a heart-felt esteem for the character of the person to be chosen. This cannot be founded on external

circumstances. Beauty and wealth are, perhaps, the two great temptations which lead the youth astray, and make shipwreck of the happiness of the married life. They present themselves in so fair a garb, and make so much display that we are apt to regard them as really connected with the character of the person, instead of mere appendages, which when separated from the person, leave the character which we so much esteemed anything but desirable. The sentiment of esteem must necessarily be founded on the intrinsic merits of the character which can be affected by no external changes or vicissitudes. And while this is true of piety and of the cultivation of the heart and intellect, it is not true of beauty or wealth. These remarks are most strikingly illustrated by the daily occurrences in the married life. Who, and what are the parties who are petitioning for bills of separation before our civil courts? The one has married a beauty—the other a millionaire. Either has got the object of his choice, and should be resigned to their folly. But neither have found happiness, for who would be wedded to a box of paint, or a lump of gold? On the other hand, we believe observation will show that the most sincere and lasting affection has been found to exist between those whose external appearance at first sight has been the most ugly and forbidding. It is the heart, in all its loveliness, and cultivation, seen and felt, without these external trappings which calls forth the lasting esteem and admiration of the truly wise. And when this conviction forms the basis of a companionship, it will remain as firm as the “everlasting hills.” No vicissitudes of life will shake it, and even the very afflictions and adversities which abate that affection which is founded on the attendant circumstances of the choice, seem to cement and strengthen the former.

Another important consideration in this choice, is a similarity of circumstances, or condition in life. It is by no means necessary that the rich should marry the rich, or the poor the poor, in order to secure happiness, but there should be a similarity of taste and education. A lady of refined taste and education should never be induced by any circumstances to connect herself with a family of the opposite character. It will prove a source of mortification through all her life, and even the very effort to conceal the fact will only show how unequally the yoke bears. This is equally true with regard to either party, and is one of the most productive

sources of wretchedness in the married life. It is neither poverty nor riches which produces this misery, but the want of a similarity of life, or of circumstances which create a common sympathy and fellow-feeling. Time was when female education was esteemed of little value—when on the whole it was thought better to bring up our daughters in ignorance, and teach them how to save money, rather than to expand their minds by giving them a superior education, and qualifying them for the higher enjoyments of life.—But these times have changed. Many have discovered that mind is superior to matter, and however large the fortune, unless accompanied by intellectual strength, all the external display will be felt to be a poor substitute. Hence the age demands intellectual culture. And where either party has the advantage of the other in this respect, the community will at once detect it. Where the rich marry the rich, and each pride themselves upon their riches, they stand, as to similarity of taste and circumstances, precisely on the same ground as when the poor marry the poor, only we think as to the prospect of true happiness the poor have the advantage. The poor by a change of circumstances may rise in the world. But woe be to the rich when, by a change of circumstances, it shall appear that all that gave them their consequence in their own eyes, and in the eyes of others, was their wealth, their splendid mansions and costly furniture, which have disappeared. It is well, then, in the choice of a companion, to make some provision against such reverses. How lovely does that woman appear, who, in the reverse of fortune, is seen with the placid brow and the gentle smile, cheerfully laying aside the tinsel trappings which may have ornamented her in the hour of prosperity, and betaking herself to the honest and praiseworthy employment of assisting her companion in restoring their ruined fortune. No man can be ruined who has such a wife—whatever else may be taken, he has a fortune left, and be assured he will never regret his choice.

We might go on to enumerate other important items which are desirable to make the choice complete, such as the proper age and equality of age, but the limited space must compel us to bring our remarks to a close.

## THE ACCOUNTANT.

BY LOIS M. SHAW.

"SHALL you be at home early this evening?" asked Mrs. E., while she was assisting her son in putting on his muffler as he was preparing to go out to his business in the morning.

"I fear not, mother," he replied, "as the European steamer leaves to-morrow, and there is much writing to be done before she sails. I believe that I am growing indolent, for I go to my business lately like a school-boy to his tasks; often lingering till the latest moment, and then going reluctantly. Your dear society, however, the attractions of my pet sis, and this pleasant parlor, are sufficient to induce me to indulge in feelings of idleness occasionally."

"I acknowledge the affectionate gallantry of your compliment, George," said Mrs. E., smiling—"and I would say in return that nothing would afford me more gratification, than to enjoy your society to-day, except that which I should derive from seeing you once more in the possession of your accustomed health. What you call indolence, I know to be debility, brought on by unremitting labor; and I cannot endure to see you thus destroying your health, which is so precious to me as well as yourself. And I would again entreat you, as I have often before done, to resign your present situation, and seek one less arduous, or one at least in which you will not be confined to the desk through the night as well as day. Your salary now is small for the duties required, yet I should be infinitely happier to have it still lessened, and your leisure increased: I am, as I have often told you, willing to do all in my power to assist you, and to make any sacrifice for your comfort. And I still think that, by economy and the aid of my industry and skill, that we might be supported very comfortably, should you seek a less arduous and lucrative situation.—Try the experiment for a time, at least, George, until your health becomes re-established, for my sake, if not your own, for wealth is nothing to me in comparison with your life."

"Oh, mother, you must not be so discouraged about me. It is true that I have not been quite as well as usual these few weeks



past, but the warm weather will soon come, when my cough will leave me, and then I shall regain my health. It is not probable that business will continue so pressing as now—consequently, I shall have more leisure, which I confess will be pleasant. As to resigning my present situation for another, that is impossible.—My salary now, with all that you do, which is all that you are able to do, affords us but the comforts of life. And then there is my sister—it is my wish to educate, and fit her to be an ornament to the circle in which I intend to place her. She must never taste the bitterness of poverty while I live. And besides this, you know it is my hope, at some not distant day, to bestow upon my dear mother the same affluence which she once possessed; and then to our beautiful home a gentle being will come to add brightness to my happiness. Ah! what care I for present deprivations, if they but ultimately reward me with the blessings I seek. My employers are honorable, upright men, and they will do me justice, so that in a short time I shall be in circumstances of independence. Therefore hinder me not, mother, for the prize I must win.”

“Ah, my son! I pray that you may have strength to run the race upon which you have entered, and reach the goal joyfully; yet I fear you will faint by the way if you run so rapidly at the onset. The gentlemen whom you are with, may be honorable and upright, but kind-hearted they certainly are not, else they would pay more regard to your comfort. I cannot imagine how they can rest quietly, while they know that you, with many others, are wasting yourselves away in the hours of night, to add to their wordly store, which is already abundant.”

“They certainly are unlike my dear father,” replied George, “in this respect, for he made it his study to lighten the duties of those in his service, as much as possible; watching over them with considerate kindness, and often in some delicate way so as not to offend pride, relieving some one whom he thought suffering from weariness, by taking if necessary the duties upon himself. Yet we will not reproach those who are not thus thoughtful; as without doubt, it is owing rather to neglect, than a want of kindness. This has been an unusual season for business, making late hours or more assistance necessary; and as the latter has not been provided, the former is imperative. They do not

know my circumstances, and they doubtless think that as I accepted the situation they offered, and continue to remain in it, discharging my duties to their satisfaction, that my strength is sufficient, and in the excitement attendant upon the extensive operations which they carry on, they would not be likely to notice if my cheek was a shade paler than usual, as you do, my careful and loving mother. I think, however, that if they did but know the fatigue consequent upon such continued exertions, they would not thus task *us*; for I am not the only one who thus suffers.— But, I repeat, that it is a pleasure even thus to toil, since in this way I am to be raised to affluence, and enabled to give happiness to those I love. But I must not stay and talk longer. I will, however, return as early as possible, and often through the day I shall wish for the time to come when I shall again be seated by this cheerful fire, chatting with you and supping my favorite cup of coffee, which I know will be waiting for me. I would rather not have you set up for me, if I do not come early; but I suppose it is useless to ask you to retire before seeing me.”

Mrs. E. with moistened eye and sinking heart, watched her son as he feebly wended his way to his place of business, who had left her with a bright smile and light step, which she knew was only feigned, to relieve her from anxiety; for she felt that his days were already numbered.

A heavy burden was that laid upon young Elloway by adversity; yet he could have borne this, for his spirit was mighty, but the means used to relieve him from this weight, prostrated his fragile physical energies, and crushed him to the earth. He was the son of a wealthy merchant, in one of the West India islands. His childhood and early youth were spent in luxury and ease; though he was not allowed to become enervated by indolence, but was judiciously trained for the emergencies of life. Having early evinced a preference for mercantile pursuits, his education was such as would best fit him for the attainment of honor in them; while the accomplishments necessary for his station in society were not neglected. And it was well that he was thus prepared to act upon the stage of life, as fortune, always fickle, soon ceased to lavish favors upon him. Through the deception and intrigue of a partner, his father became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, from which he could not extricate himself; and the anxiety

incident to such a calamity, induced disease, which speedily terminated his existence. In his dying moments blessing his son, he besought him to protect his mother with filial piety, and watch over his sister with a brother's love. Thus at the early age of seventeen, care settled down upon him, which only belongs to maturer years; and with it came the wisdom required, as if that of the father had rested upon the son. His attention was drawn to the United States as the country where his desires would most surely be realized, and his exertions rewarded. With the approbation, therefore, of friends, and the consent of his mother to accompany him, he resolved to leave the land of his nativity and seek this. Not without many struggles, however, did he come to this decision; for while duty urged him to go, inclination in a thousand forms drew him back.

The lovely isle which had been to him a home, was the scene of all his joys; and to leave it, seemed, in one respect, to exceed in misery the flight from Eden; inasmuch as he was to leave his paradise without his Eve. There was one, whom from his infancy had been his playmate, companion, and love. So kindred were they in spirit, their hearts were so blended in one, that no vows were needed for their betrothal, and they thought of none. To part with this dear being was to him a trial known only to those who as truly love, and whom fate has saddened. Honora L——, the only daughter of an affluent planter, was the object of his affections. And the parents of both blessed this union of hearts, the power of adversity having failed to place a barrier between them. This separation was Honora's first great grief.—Sorrow was a stranger to her heart, except that which the afflictions of her friend had caused; and she was unconsolable, until Hope came, with its smiles and cheer. On the evening previous to his departure, George in sadness sought his loved one, to say farewell to her, perhaps for years—Hope forced him to think it would not be forever. She met him as she was wont to do, and together they entered their favorite trysting place—a vine-clad piazza. The cool breeze of evening came, laden with the perfumed breath of sleeping flowers, as if to offer incense to beauty and to love. The moon and stars looked down indulgently, as if claiming to be guardians of the good and lovely. And all nature seemed silent, in sympathy with those sorrowing ones.—

Long they communed of their love, their hopes and fears, and all too soon came the dreaded moment when they were to say adieu. In uncontrollable emotion the last fond words were spoken—the last token of affection given ; and leaving the idol of his heart in her mother's arms, George went forth to secure the object of his exile or to die in the attempt. The next morning at an early hour he took leave of the, to him, one dear spot on earth ; but not before sending another parting token of remembrance to the friend of his soul—a little branch of the bay-tree—the sentiment of which proved in after time to have been but a prophecy. Buoyed up with bright anticipation and noble desires, he thought he deserved happiness in the future, which would outweigh all present sorrow, and he was enabled to impart cheerful courage to his mother, who was almost bowed down with grief ; and to divert the attention of his little sister, from the loss of her birds and flowers, and all the bright things of her sunny home. After a long and monotonous passage, they arrived in safety at New-York, that city, so vast in happiness and misery, wealth and poverty, virtue and vice. And “a yearning anguish was their lot,” as they stood, strangers upon this strange soil ; contrasting it with what they had left, and comparing the present with the past.—And looking forward to the unknown future with fear and trembling, they were constantly reminded that henceforth they were to deal with the stern realities of life. They endeavored, however, to dispel, as much as possible, that sadness which brooded over their spirits ; for by it, life was made dark and dreary, almost beyond endurance. They soon rented a neat house in a quiet part of the city, comparatively speaking, which though wearing an air of comfort when ready for use, was entirely destitute of that magnificence to which they had been accustomed : and little Alice grieved sadly for her beautiful birds, shedding many tears because the garden was so small, and nothing would grow in it but one uncouth grape-vine. Through the letters of introduction which had been furnished by his friends, George obtained an eligible situation in the counting-room of a merchant engaged in the West India trade. His salary—which, though small the first year, was to be increased afterwards—with the remains of their fortune, afforded a comfortable support ; though deprived of many things which they once deemed essential. And daily they were

made to taste something of the bitterness of poverty. For a year all things wore as pleasing an aspect as could be expected, and time had began to glide away quite smoothly, cheered as it was by the society of a small circle of acquaintances they had formed, and the fond tidings frequently received from those they had left. But clouds will often obscure the brightest sky—and their horizon was suddenly darkened by the bankruptcy of the house in which George was employed, depriving him of his situation. The prospect now seemed almost rayless, for his funds were all expended. He had, it was true, authority to draw largely on the father of Honora, but his pride forbade him to take advantage of this generous kindness, except in the most urgent necessity. And, if ever, this was the time for despair to take possession of his soul. In circumstances similar to these, many a noble spirit has been led into temptation, crime, and misery,—yet he rose superior to the force which would draw him down, and looking upward, he could ever say, “In thee, oh God, do I put my trust,” and he faltered not.

After a few weeks of trial to his faith and patience, a vacancy in a large mercantile house was offered to him, in which his services were required as a bookkeeper. With gratitude to God, he accepted the situation without hesitation. With zeal and ardor he entered upon his duties, feeling that honor and wealth were his, if he but performed them faithfully. Yet he was not selfish in his aims, for the interests of his employers were as his own—the honor of the house was his honor, and it was his pride to aid in causing this great mercantile machinery to move in perfect order. But while his spirit was thus willing, the flesh was too weak for the onerous or rather ceaseless duties required. It was night—Alice had cried herself to sleep because she could not see her brother, refusing to be comforted even with the promise of seeing him in the morning. Mrs. Elloway sat plying her needle, and with nervous anxiety listened for the footsteps of her son, but not until long after midnight did she hear the welcome sound, and when heard, they caused her to sigh, so feeble and weak did they seem. He came chilled with the cold air of night, and wearied to excess. Falling languidly into the arm chair which stood ready for him, he was a fit subject for all the tender care which a mother so well knows how to bestow; yet with all that care, two hours passed away before he could obtain repose; and then, his slumbers were

disturbed and unquiet. Such scenes had long been of constant occurrence. But nature could not always thus endure.

One day he came home ere the sun had gone to rest. His sister, overjoyed, sprang to meet him, but started back in childish alarm, exclaiming, "Dear brother, what ails you? How pale and sad you are!" Without replying, he gently kissed her, and in a tone never to be forgotten, so full was it of meaning, he sadly said, "Mother, my work is done." Mrs. E. felt that it was even so, and her heart throbbed with the wildest anguish as the fearful truth burst upon her in all its reality. Yet conscious that this was the time for the fulfilment of a woman's mission, she controlled her emotion with a powerful effort of the mind, and with cheerful words she endeavored to raise the sinking spirits of her doomed one. Physicians were called, but they brought no encouragement; as, requested by the sufferer, they told the whole truth, that life was ebbing slowly yet surely, and that it was beyond their power to stay its tide. This was to him the knell of his earthly hopes and happiness; but he listened calmly, though not yet could he say, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." A brief yet agonizing struggle was that which his soul was to endure, while endeavoring to loosen the fetters which bound him so strongly to earth, that he might soar to joys on high. The victory was however won. In faith and hope he yielded up the pleasures of time, for the engagements of eternity; and he could henceforth calmly view the glittering things of earth pass by, for the promises of heaven were his. He mourned only for those he was to leave, as he knew that sorrow would fall on their hearts with a blighting power; but this anxiety was checked when he thought God was to be their protector, father, and friend. As yet, Honora was unconscious of his situation, as he had not in his letters spoken of his declining health; and he now felt the bitterness of death in thus rending her heart by the information of his illness, and taking a final leave of her. He wrote long and much, and wrote with all the emotion of one who was permitted to say but a few words, ere his life should be sealed by death.

In one part of his letter he thus writes: "Beloved, my strength fails me; I can say but little more at present, and though these may be my last words, my thoughts of thee will not cease, till



memory fail. Oh ! happy thought—I shall remember thee in the world to which I go. I had fondly dreamed that in a few brief months we should meet and enjoy happiness as pure as earth could afford ; but I now know that we shall soon meet to part no more forever, when bliss will be ours without alloy. Had I thought that my days were to be so soon ended, I should have hastened to thee ; that the close of life might be made bright by thy dear presence ; but it is now too late. I may not see thee on earth, and I must die with one wish ungratified,—that of seeing thee, my own, my loved one. That you will ever love, and remember me, I know ; and the thought makes me happy beyond expression. Yet, beloved, mourn not hopelessly at my departure—think of me as waiting for thee in the land to which I hasten—as often being with thee in spirit—think too that I may be permitted to minister to thee in thy loneliness, pouring balm of consolation into thy sorrowing heart. Ah ! can it be that I must now say farewell ? that I never shall again greet thee on earth—never tread with thee the loved haunts of our childhood ? Yes, it is even so. I must leave thee for a time, yet in heaven we shall soon be reunited. Methinks my happiness could not be perfect even in that pure and bright abode unless thou also wert there, my dear one. Life is fleeting, love ; therefore despair not, since we are joined in a spiritual covenant, which is eternal in its nature.”

This letter had hardly left his hands, before one was received from Honora, in which she says : “ Do you believe, dearest, that tokens are ever sent to warn us of any danger that may be lurking around those we love ? If not, you will smile, perhaps, at what you may consider superstition, though I know you would not ridicule my fears. I have, it is true, but slight occasion for apprehension ; yet I have fearful forebodings that all is not well with you, and they have been increased by the fact, that the little token of affection that you sent just as you sailed, and which I planted to be to me an omen for good or evil concerning you, has begun to fade, and all my care fails to restore it. I should grieve to see it thus wither, viewed only as a gift from you, but its decay brings the conviction that some evil has befallen you, and my distress at the thought is agony. Besides this, a lone turtle-dove, has come twice to our loved retreat, and poured forth such plain-



tive moans that it seemed but a messenger of woe, making me faint with fear—fear for thee, beloved. My parents, while they endeavor to dissipate these fears, request me to say, that if there is the least truth in them, you must not hesitate a moment in letting us know all, whether the evil presents itself in the form of adversity in business, or sickness : perhaps the clime of your new home may not have proved congenial to your health,—if so, they would urge you to come to us immediately, where, amid the scenes of your youth, you may become invigorated. Do come, dearest, to the home and hearts of those who love you.”

Thus, in the most tender language, did the ardent Honora pour forth her love and anxiety. George had thought that he was immediately to be removed from earth. Daily he expected the summons, and though apparently fully prepared for his departure, for some wise though hidden purpose death tarried ; and he was made yet longer to suffer the discipline of life. Wearisome days and nights were appointed him ; pain and debility were his portion : yet uncomplainingly he endured all God’s holy will. All, however, that could cheer his passage to the tomb was his ; friends were around him—friends whom his own worth had raised from among strangers, vying with each other in acts of attention.—And they, too, in whose service he had too quickly spent his energies, appreciating his worth, were to him like brothers in their kindness ; which, though a gratifying mark of esteem, failed to repair that ruin which their want of care had accomplished.—Summer came and went, bringing the melancholy autumn : still he lingered. One bright clear morning he felt unwonted strength, such vigor as is often experienced by those from whom life is about to depart. The door of his apartment was open to admit the fresh air, and as he drank it in, life seemed to course more joyously in his veins. Seated in his arm chair, which for many weeks previous had been vacated, he conversed cheerfully with his mother, and chatted with his sister. At this moment the hall door opened. A voice reached his ear, awaking all the emotions of his soul, and he exclaimed, “Honora ! My God, I thank thee !” And in this he was not deceived, for in a few moments she was in his arms. Language would fail to describe the varying extacies of joy and sorrow in that meeting. On receiving tidings of the illness of George, Mr. L. — made immediate preparations to

visit him, with his wife and daughter; intending, if possible, to remove him to a warmer climate, that his life might be prolonged, if he could not be entirely restored. But he found it was too late, that death had claimed him for his own. Yet Honora could not believe that it was so: unused to disease, she looked upon the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek now radiant with happiness, as evidences of returning health, and she talked to him in hope's own glowing language, of the joy which would be theirs, when again in their native home—while he gently checked her false expectations, by reminding her of the time when they should meet in heaven, and the bliss of that happy place. The day passed in fond and holy communings. The twilight came, and, alas! with it came the angel of death. The sufferer felt his approach—a chill and darkness was upon him—and with a parting word—a convulsive embrace with his loved ones—a sigh—and he departed with his guide to the spirit world. With the fading leaf, the falling flower, he passed away. That dark messenger from the hidden world, in his upward flight with that pure soul, set his seal also upon the brow of the devoted Honora. Her spirit acknowledged the sign, and from that moment she drooped like some tender plant touched by the early frost. Ere twelve months had flown, her grave was made beside that of her friend, in an orange bower, which graces

"A land of delight, which rests  
Far off in the breezy main;"

and her spirit had found a home with her beloved in the skies. Mrs. Elloway and her daughter make their dwelling with those friends who are equal sharers with her in grief; and in her prayers she remembers such, as, goaded by adversity and allured by ambition, are bowed to the earth by labor. And her petitions arise, that sympathetic kindness may fill the hearts of those requiring the services of these care-worn, toiling ones.

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People who make a point of pleasing every body, seldom have a heart for any one. The love of self is the secret of their desire to please, and their temper is generally fickle and insincere.

## REFORM.

A METRICAL DIALOGUE FOR TWO VOICES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

FIRST VOICE.

See yon star above us, throwing  
 O'er the world its softened light—  
 Far and near beneath its glowing,  
 Sink the spectral shades of night.

SECOND VOICE.

Sister, 'tis the silent breaking  
 Of a new and glorious day;  
 Earth, and sea, and air are waking  
 To the grandeur of its ray.

FIRST VOICE.

Bright upon yon mount 'tis falling,  
 Lighting up the ruin'd pile—  
 And a voice of hope is calling  
 Through the dim and cloistered aisle.

SECOND VOICE.

Lo! in triumph hath it risen  
 On the prayer, and thought, and deed,  
 On the workshop and the prison,  
 On the old familiar creed.

BOTH VOICES.

Lo! in triumph hath it risen,  
 Glorious in its place above,—  
 With an angel's smile of glory  
 Cometh it to hearts of love.

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It is not enough that we know the truths of religion; we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by them.

## FALCONRY.

SEE ENGRAVING

A VERY picturesque, romantic scene the painter has "bodied forth" in this illustration; one that carries the observer back to olden times, when even the more timid sex indulged in robust exercises, and had their recompense in well-developed forms, vigorous health and buoyant animal spirits. Falconry was the favorite field sport of the middle ages, among the kings, princes, and nobles of England. It was revived in that country a few years ago, we believe, by the Duke of St. Albans, but is not followed to any considerable extent. A train of well-mounted ladies and gentlemen, riding forth on a clear bright morning, from some of the ancient homes of England's nobility, bent upon enjoying the sport, attended by their falconers, each with his hawk upon his wrist, must be a goodly sight.

The training of falcons was at one time a very important business, and more laborious, perhaps, than the reader would imagine. The falcon family were alone employed for the purposes of sport, they being the only birds of prey that possessed the requisite docility. Of these the falcon proper and the ger-falcon were in highest request of the long-winged, and the gos-hawk and sparrow-hawk of the short-winged kinds. Species called the hobby, the kestrel, the marlin and the buzzard, were next in request. The female bird was alone employed. We need not here explain the manner of training these birds, as the reader will find full information upon that subject in almost any book of English sports.

As our hawking party are "at rest," it is somewhat difficult to decide upon which branch of the sport they have been engaged. From the fact of their having dogs with them, and apparently too of the "pointer" breed, it is probable that partridge-hawking has been their employment, though the ground is scarcely favorable for such sport, and would suggest "brook-hawking." Heron-hawking is generally esteemed the finest sport and most exciting. In the first of these one hawk only is "cast off;" in brook-hawking one or more, according to the nature of the game; but in heron-hawking three are always cast off as soon as the quarry is

seen. When the heron perceives its foes, it immediately disgorges any fish it may have secured, and strives to rise above the hawks. In this it rarely succeeds, and the hawks getting the upper station, one of them makes its stoop. Sometimes the heron receives the first on its sharp bill, and the second is evaded by a sudden change of position. This, however, only prolongs the conflict; they all rise higher and higher in the air; finally the successful stoop is made, and the heron becomes the prey of its pursuers.

When the gentlemen of the party are "gallant cavaliers," other pleasures doubtless wait upon the party than merely that afforded by the chase; and in that respect the engraving is perhaps slightly defective.

W.

### Literary Notices.

"CRUMBS FROM THE LAND O'CAKES."—By John Knox. pp. 192. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1851.

An interesting little volume, with its quaint and felicitous title, simple and graphic in its descriptions, and replete with love for "Caledonia stern and wild." Though the writer says modestly in his preface, that "authorship is a profession to which he makes no pretensions," yet the "trifle," as he is pleased to designate the volume, is not destitute of some touches of enthusiasm and imagination.

After commencing its perusal, it will be found difficult to lay it aside till the last word is achieved, especially if the reader shall happen to have been a visitant of its chosen localities. The few scenes in England and France that are brought forward, are well depicted. In the selections from lions in London, St. Paul's is particularly well described in a few sentences. But the strength and life of the book is, of course, reserved for Scotland. The doctrines of the author are distinctly apparent, as might be expected from his sobriquet of "John Knox;" but a good and earnest spirit of piety, as well as of patriotism, pervades the whole.

"THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT of the Controller of the Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia. pp. 243. Octavo. Cressy & Markley, Minor st., Philadelphia.

In these days, when education is felt to be pre-eminently the safe-guard of the nation, a publication of this nature assumes ten-fold importance. It affords convincing testimony that the schools for the people in the beautiful city of Brotherly Love and its vicinity, are methodically organized and liberally sustained.

But the essence of the volume is the Report of the Central High School, consisting of more than 100 pages, replete with practical details and the results of experience. This Institution comprises more than 500 boys, under the care of twelve Professors and assistants. Its examination of candidates for admission, its established discipline, and thorough course of study attest the superiority of the system. Its salutary influence seems also to extend far beyond its own precincts.

"The privileges of the High School are held forth to the pupil as the reward of successful exertion in the lower schools. They are kept constantly and distinctly in his view, and operate as a constant and abiding stimulus to exertion, through all the successive stages of promotion, from the lowest division of the Primary, to the highest class in the Grammar School."

According to its established routine, the responsibilities of the Principal are unusually arduous. His requisitions might seem almost to surpass the limits of finite effort. Yet, by the present principal, not only are these faithfully discharged, but those incidental to the Editorship of one of our most prominent monthly serials, as well as an exquisite annual, and the composition of many articles of a high literary standard. We should like ourselves to become the scholars of Professor John S. Hart in the occult and divine science of numbering hours, and applying them to wisdom.

We recommend this document to the perusal of all who realize the importance of training the young mind, who believe a right education of more value to this model republic than the Californian mines, and consider those who conduct it, wisely, as benefactors of the human race.

## THE VAUDOIS WIFE.\*

FROM THE ORATORIO OF "THE WALDENSEE."

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Music by ASAHEL ABBOT.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Thy voice is in my ear, beloved, Thy look is in my heart; Thy bosom is my resting place, And yet I must depart. Earth".

Thy voice is in my

ear, beloved, Thy look is in my heart; Thy bo - som is my

rest - ing place, And yet I must de - part. Earth

\* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in an attack upon their village by the Papists, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

on my - soul is strong, too strong, Too precious is its chain, All

wov - en of thy love, dear friend, Yet vain, tho' might - y

vain.

2 Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved !  
 Thou seest my life-blood flow ;  
 Bow to the Chastener silently,  
 And calmly let me go !  
 A little while between our hearts  
 The shadowy gulf must lie ;  
 Yet have we for communion sweet  
 A long eternity.

3 Then hear and bear thee on, my love,  
 Aye, joyously endure ;  
 Our mountains must be altars yet,  
 Inviolat and pure.  
 Here must our God be worshiped still,  
 With the worship of the free :  
 Farewell ! there's but one pang in death,  
 One only—leaving thee.







Painted by C. C. Ingram

Engraved by J. B. Forrest

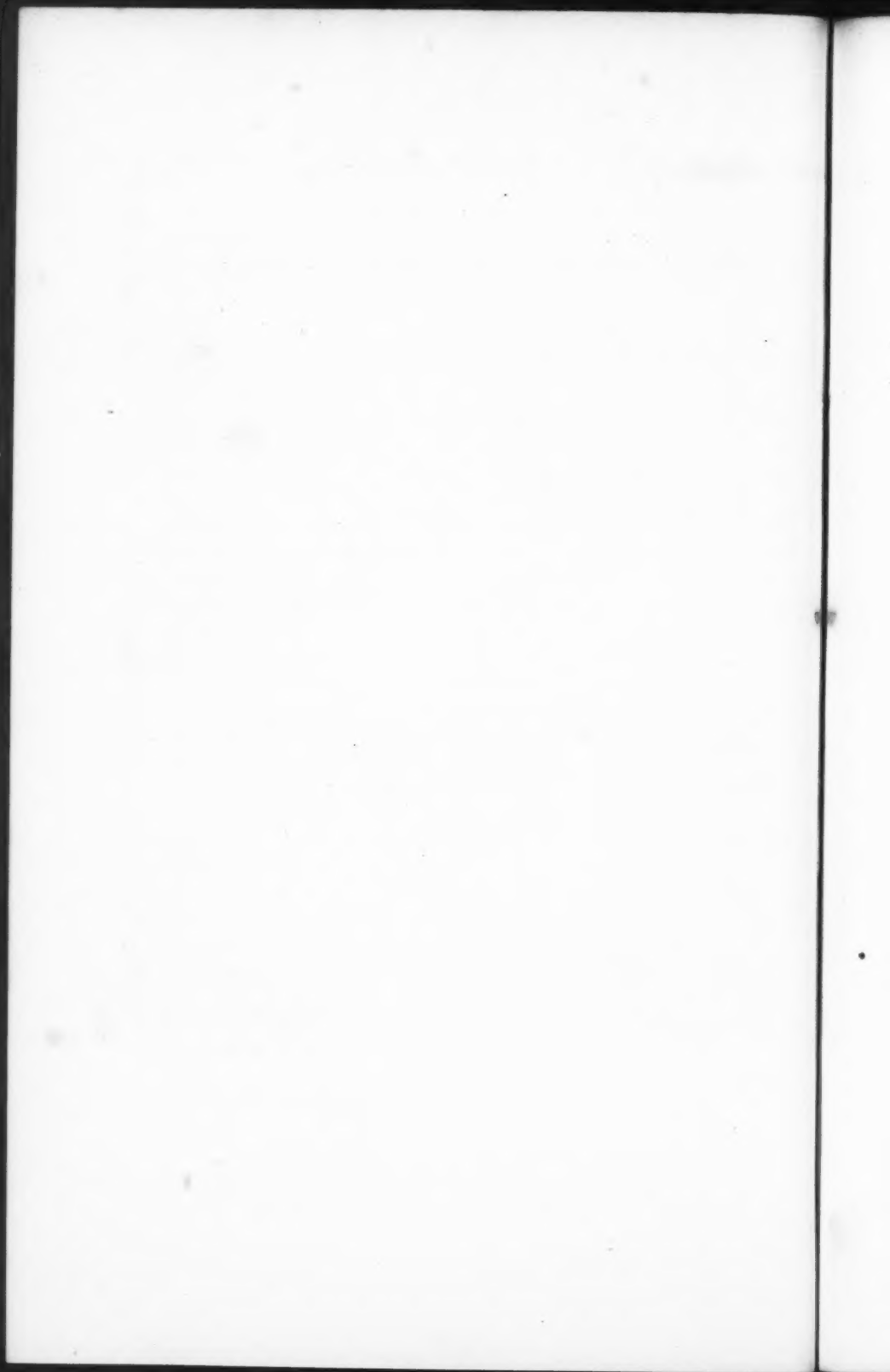
*Handwritten signature or inscription, possibly "H. B. Forrest".*







American Woodbine.



## PERSONALITIES AND PREJUDGMENTS.

BY W. A. SLEEPER.

"JAMES, what kind of a change has come over you? When you lived here you was considered one of the gayest among the gay, but now you maintain such a constant seriousness that one who did not know you would think that you never smiled; especially is that the case in company, and I have heard many of your old friends complain of your reserve at the social gathering the other evening!"

This inquiry was addressed by Mrs. Semple to her husband's brother, who was visiting her and the place where he had formerly resided.

"I was not aware, Helen," he replied, "that I merited the character for gravity which you have ascribed to me, and if I *look* as sober as you have represented, I assure you I do not *feel* so, but I admit that I have changed some, and I hope for the better."

"I do not know about that—vivacity and cheerfulness do a great deal towards promoting human happiness."

"Certainly, and no one likes a lively disposition better than myself, but there is a wide difference between that and a vein of humor which consists principally in improper personalities, or a liveliness which consists mostly in the hasty and dogmatical expression of opinions upon subjects of which people are almost wholly ignorant."

"In other words, my worthy brother James would say, 'people laugh at each other too much, therefore I will not laugh at all, and people pass too many hasty judgments, therefore I will say nothing.'"

"You have expressed a part admirably, but your conclusions are too strong; still I think it better to remain silent and inactive than to be a mere participant in such a mode of social intercourse."

"Well, to be serious, I admit there is much truth in what you say, but are not these almost wholly the faults of those who are quite young and comparatively ignorant of life?"

"As far as my observation and experience extend, I regret to say that they are not—why, one can scarcely go into any company



without hearing some old gentleman whose reading extends perhaps to a weekly chapter in the Bible, and an occasional perusal of a party paper and his almanac, dispose in a very few minutes of all the important political and national questions of the day—questions which the intellects of our wisest and best statesmen have been unable to solve satisfactorily. And in another group, an old lady, while arranging her cap string, will consign all moral philosophy and scientific deductions to oblivion, and with the ease of an off-hand penman, cast the severest stigmas upon some of the fairest characters, simply because all of their actions do not harmonize with her limited moral perceptions.”

“I do not know what kind of society you have been placed in to witness such foolish exhibitions of ignorance, and such a want of propriety; but I am certain you could not have seen any thing of the kind the other evening, for every one whom I have heard speak of it has called it one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season, and I have regretted that I was unable to attend.”

“Your conclusion is a wrong one, for I *did* see much of it there, and, though publicly the occasion has been highly spoken of, you may rely upon it that in private there have been a great many bitter feelings harbored which were engendered by some sarcastic remark made then, and which are being nursed into a fit condition to make as keen a retort on the first opportunity; and if the truth could be known, not a few domestic bickerings have occurred since, the origin of which could be traced to injudicious railery displayed there.”

“Well, as your descriptive powers are good, please give me an account of your observations.”

“If you would like to hear them I will do so, and as you are quite fond of having things in order, I will commence with the first thing which I noticed; and that was a little scene in which Mrs. Western was the principal actor. Her husband was a little late, and when he entered the room where his wife was, she was surrounded by a company of merry companions, one of whom rallied him on his tardiness: he immediately apologised, and said the reason of his being detained was to congratulate a bride, an old acquaintance of his. ‘And, pray, how was she dressed?’ eagerly enquired Mrs. Western. ‘Well, really, I do not know,’ he replied, ‘I paid but little attention to that, but I believe her

dress was silk, and that she had on a straw bonnet with some kind of light trimming.' 'Ha! ha! ha!' exclaimed Mrs. Western, 'described just like any man—I knew you would make a bungling piece of it, and that was what I asked you for.' Mr. Western is a very sensitive man, and though he said nothing, his countenance plainly indicated that his happiness was destroyed for a part of the evening at least."

"A very wrong course, certainly; but go on."

"I stood conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Taft, and several others, respecting the different dispositions of children, when he spoke up loud enough for all to hear, 'Well, our little Fred has temper enough for two or three children, but how he came by it I do not see, for his mother has not lost any of hers.' Mrs. Taft, you are aware, has an almost uncontrollable disposition, and the effect of such a withering sarcasm at such a time, can be better imagined than described. Another little affair, comparatively trifling in itself, still under the circumstances wrong, was an attempt on the part of Mrs. Center to be witty. The subject of gold digging was mentioned, and some one asked Mr. Center why he did not try his fortune at it, but before he had time to reply his wife exclaimed, 'I have been trying my best for a long time to have him go, but he has not courage enough, so I suppose I shall always have to keep him by my apron-string.' And she looked around upon the company with an air of complacency which seemed to say, 'I have said a *very* smart thing.' Mr. Center is very easily excited, and nothing disturbs him more than ridicule; how then must he have felt, knowing too that she would not have him go for the world!"

"Proceed, I am all attention, though the subject is an unpleasant one."

"There was one young man there who was too conspicuous to escape observation. The ladies showed him a great deal of favor, and in many things seemed to regard him as a kind of oracle, and not without some apparent reason, for he gave his opinion respecting passing events with such a readiness and so much positiveness, that I presume many had begun to think that he had an intuitive perception of what it takes others some time to reason out, when unfortunately for him he mentioned the increase of foreign travel, and with a condescending air remarked, 'I shall

take a tour myself soon—I shall go to Europe first, and from there proceed to France !”

“Are you not getting tired of my descriptions of the party which you have heard praised so much ?”

“No, no, if you heard anything more tell it to me, do.”

“In the course of the evening, a little group got to discussing the basis of congressional representation, and among them was the same Mrs. Western, who had taken so much pains in the early part of the evening to show her husband’s ignorance about a trifling matter ; well, in time the debate became a little warm, and she participating in it, in answer to a remark made by a gentleman, earnestly exclaimed, ‘What, the little State of Rhode Island send as many senators to the House of Representatives as New-York sends ! that is very unjust, and I do not believe that the next governor of New-York will allow it !’ When the refreshments were being served, a lady chanced to express a preference for some kinds of food in the morning which are usually served at night. At the mention of such a choice nearly every one who heard it dropping the knife, exclaimed, ‘Why, how can you ? I never heard of such a thing before in my life !’ Now a little better sense of propriety and less hastiness of judgment would have saved that lady many unpleasant feelings, for of course such exclamations must annoy her, but the reason of her peculiarity, if it ought to be called that, was ill health. In another part of the room a gentleman let a knife slip while removing the peel of an apple, and made a slight wound in his finger—at the sight of the blood which flowed, a beautiful young lady, who was sitting near him, manifested the liveliest sympathy and readily offered to bind it up for him, during which she frequently enquired if it pained him, and bestowed upon him all of those little attentions which a woman only can bestow—well, in less than ten minutes after that, on his saying that the old style of pointed toed boots bid fair to be worn again soon, (and being himself engaged in the boot business he ought to know,) she gave him a look of mingled contempt and ridicule, and replied, ‘Oh, fiddle de dee ! it is no such thing, it can’t be possible I know !’ There was a nice distinction between that lady’s sympathy for a sore finger, and her respect for a man’s feelings, which I am unable to appreciate.”

“Well, go on.”

"There was a little incident in which Mrs. Ladd appeared somewhat conspicuous. Mr. Ladd is of a grave, sedate cast of mind, a man with whom people never feel like trifling or being too familiar. He was giving a description of a place which they had visited, and made a mistake in regard to a certain locality, when she interrupted him with an air and a tone which every one could see was intended to show that *she* was not afraid to trifle with him—'Do let me describe that, for your blunders will drive off half of your listeners, and your prosiness the other half, if you talk much longer!' And yet that same lady, whose abilities are of such a superior character, before they left their seats, enquired of her husband if the Indians did not raise the saffron which we have! I saw one woman whose advantages ought to have placed her far above any thing of the kind, direct attention to a very modest and amiable young lady, and remark, 'I wonder how it is that she is able to wear such nice silks.—She certainly does not earn any more than many others who I *know* cannot afford to dress so.' And there was a curl of her lip which conveyed an impression any thing but favorable. The truth of the matter was, the dress was presented to her by her brother. Another occurrence, perhaps worth mentioning, was an amusing blunder made by Mr. Kemp. He is always ready to give his opinion as soon as he can get an opportunity, fearing that the world will lose the benefit of his sage reflections. A well-informed and courteous gentleman, who had been speaking of the advantages of our republican institutions, observed that some had considered them almost in danger, on account of the shock which the federal government had received. 'Good enough for them,' warmly exclaimed Mr. Kemp, 'the Federalists have no business with the government in any way, and every man ought to unite to put them down.'

"There, Helen, I have told you enough about the party, and I will stop with the hope that by others' faults you and I may correct our own; and always have respect enough for others and ourselves, not to laugh at every little error which may be committed, and not to pass a final judgment upon a subject till we are sufficiently informed about it, and at least to converse respectfully. Public ridicule is almost ever the resort of small and narrow minds, because they find it so much easier to laugh a thing

down than to reason about it ; and many a reputation as pure as was ever sustained, has been for a time sadly tarnished in the eyes of some, because an individual who chanced to have some influence, viewing it only on one side, passed a fiat of condemnation against it."

### I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD.

BY MARY SCOTT.

I would not be again a child,  
Life's rugged path anew begin ;  
Retrace my steps through dangers wild,  
Or linger at the fount of sin.

I would not dare again to brave  
The fearful storms of early years ;  
To stand beside the open grave,  
And bathe the earth with scalding tears.

While father, brother, sister, all  
Like forest trees have passed away ;  
And know that we who watched their fall  
Are hasting to a sure decay.

I would not see my mother weep  
As she has wept, in days gone by,  
Her spirit wrung with anguish deep,  
Till e'en the fount of grief was dry.

I would not see a cherished dream  
Vanish, like castle built in air  
Upon the bank of life's dark stream,  
To leave a trace of ruin there.

This heart would fear again to brook  
The withering scorn of fortune's heir—  
The cruel slight, the haughty look,  
'Tis hard in life's young morn to bear.

'Tis hard to learn the bitter truth,  
That nought of earth is worth our care—  
Each pleasure transient as our youth,  
And dark the sky that promised fair.

Mendham, Jan. 1851.

## FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. G. D'ARTIGUES.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Toward the close of the month of January, 1828, a numerous band of men of all classes, and dressed in every variety of costume, were assembled in a large kitchen of a farm house, which stood about two leagues from Carhaix, in Brittany. The day had not yet dawned; the apartment, lighted only by a slender candle of yellow wax, which was fastened to a hook against the wall, was illuminated, from time to time, with a sudden glare, when one of their number stirred the turf, which lay smouldering on the hearth. This gloomy and flickering light fell upon a strange medley of forms and faces—visages embrowned by toil and exposure, contrasted with the fair and delicate features of the youths from the neighboring cities; vestments of goat-skins, mingled with the fashions of Paris, and the weapons of the peasantry of the province, piled up with the most elegant and highly finished fowling pieces.

Most certainly, had a stranger entered this apartment, he would have been greatly perplexed in forming an opinion of so singular an assemblage; he might as readily have imagined that he had fallen amid a band of Chouans, as amid a company of joyous guests, invited to a wolf hunt. All were eating, drinking or smoking, and still, without resigning the charms of these delightful occupations, each one found means to shout louder than his neighbor; accordingly, the din was like that of Babel; the fine coats tried to comprehend the dialect of the goat-skins; the latter took, laughing, and without ceremony, from the stores of tobacco brought by the city gentry, and when the fingers of a rude peasant lighted upon a cigar, he crammed it into his mouth, like a quid, and chewed it with as much delight as a child would devour a piece of sugar candy.

In the mean while the snow fell in dense flakes, so as to prevent the rays of the sun from piercing the obscurity which still



lay upon the wretched roads of the neighborhood. The vast desert which surrounded the farm house, was undisturbed by the slightest sound ; nature seemed to repose in death-like slumber, from which the faint light that rose upon the horizon was unable to arouse her. In the midst of this gloomy solitude, where every living creature was silent, a practised eye could have discovered, far off, upon a hollow path, two foot passengers, toiling onward in the direction of the farm. It was evident from their costume that they were two poor sons of ancient Armorica ; the difference in their height, and their strong resemblance in all other respects, together with the affectionate glances which the taller of the two cast upon his young companion, at every obstacle in their path, indicated, with sufficient clearness, the fraternal tie which united them, and which is so sacred in these wretched districts.

"Wherefore," said the elder, "wherefore not leave me now, brother ? You are already wearied. Come, return to our mother, and tell Jeanne to recite an ave for every wolf's head that she wishes me to bring home."

"Listen, Pierre !" replied the lad, to whom these words were addressed, and who appeared to be about fifteen years of age—"listen," he said, with an air of resolution, "I will not deceive you any longer ; you might as well know it at once—there is no help for it—I will not leave you this day."

"How ? During the hunt——"

"During the hunt I will be at your side with my hedging bill. Look, how sharp it is !" And the lad drew from beneath his coat of skins, the weapon which he had thus far kept carefully concealed.

"Why, boy, would you have me miss the hunt ?" replied the elder, startled at his brother's determination ; "how can I strike down the wolves, if I have to busy myself with taking care of you ? I might as well have brought Jeanne with me."

"Let me follow you, Pierre, and I tell you the day's work will be good."

"Follow me ! If you take a step farther, I will give up wolves, Jeanne, and all, and as long as you live you will have to reproach yourself for having prevented me from purchasing a substitute. You will see me set out for the regiment, leaving Jeanne and mother in despair ; and one day you will hear that I have died



in some hospital. Come then, Rene, my little fellow, leave me here, and think no more of the matter."

"Pierre, you do not understand the business; listen to me!—Alone by yourself, you will be very lucky if you bring home two heads; while with me you will get three. Then, you will receive ninety francs from his worship the mayor, and with a little more, which we will easily get together, you will make up the hundred, which are necessary to purchase a substitute. That is the reason why I wish to accompany you to the hunt; I love you too dearly to let you go for a soldier—do you hear? and then, who will take care of mother when you are away? Father is old and sickly, and Jeanne, the poor thing, is no richer than we are. So, it is all settled, I will go to the hunt with you."

Pierre tried in vain to dissuade Rene from his project; the little fellow had settled it in his head and in his heart, that he would aid his brother, and the proverb "obstinate as a Breton" proved true in his case. Stubborn as the independent animal in whose skin he was clothed, he threatened to go alone to the hunt, and the latter had no hope, but in the idea of having him shut up in the farm house, which they reached when the hunters were upon the point of setting out.

The new comers were received with acclamations which spoke very favorably for Pierre's courage, but several voices were raised against his brother's participation in dangers which grown men alone had the strength and the coolness to encounter. Pierre, delighted by this support, begged the hunters to assist him in confining Rene in the farm house, taking them to witness that it would be downright murder to permit a lad in no wise practised in the hunt to participate in its perils. Still, an old wolf hunter, whose youthful remembrances had been aroused by the lad's courage, declared that he was a brave little fellow, and that they must take him with them, notwithstanding his inexperience; whereupon he related how he had slain his first wolf at the age of fourteen years; but this rash counsel was overruled. Rene was confined in a hay loft, where they left him at liberty to make a warm nest for himself, and to sleep away the time until the return of the band.

When each one had armed himself with his musket or his pitchfork, the older huntsmen gave the signal for their departure.

Their first steps in the snow were accompanied by various ludicrous accidents, which provoked the loud laughter of the peasants at the expense of the city novices ; but, after an hour's march, they all grew more serious, as the guides declared that, to judge from the recent and numerous tracks imprinted upon the snow, the wolves were in strength in the forest. They divined, with great sagacity, that their enemies must be united in a single band, an occurrence which happened only when they were pressed by devouring hunger, and pushed, by a sort of madness, to the most desperate enterprises. The old wolf hunter, whose words exercised a legitimate authority over his comrades, in consequence of numerous conflicts with these animals, in which he had been the hero, discovered, as he advanced, so many infallible signs of the dangers to which they would be exposed, that it was thought necessary to halt, in order to settle upon a plan of battle. In a short and energetic address, he gave the city gentry very clearly to understand, that the affair had ceased to be a party of pleasure ; that he and his comrades were resolved, at all hazards, to destroy the wolves, because they were paid for them by the head, and, besides, because their droves of horses were sadly thinned by these rapacious enemies ; but that the people from the city would do much better, in his opinion, to return and keep warm at the farm house, or, at least, to obey his directions strictly, otherwise they must make up their minds to leave some shreds of their hides in the forest.

We cannot affirm that the courage of some of the party was not shaken by these interesting admonitions ; this is certain, however, no one turned back, but all gave the utmost attention to the wolf hunter's directions. Of about forty hunters, the neighboring mansions had furnished a score of young men, well equipped and armed with muskets, and furnished with bayonets. The peasants, about twenty in number, expecting that they would have to deal with adversaries, who, at this season, would not fly, had disdained the use of fire arms, and had provided themselves with pitchforks or pikes, to which they had added, as a measure of precaution, their terrible hedging bills, an instrument of great weight, rather short, and slightly curved at the point.

" We must separate here," cried the general of this little army, " we must surround the forest as well as we can ; you will ad-

vance, two by two only, for if you are men of heart, two of you can defend yourselves against four wolves. Besides, it is not likely that you will have to deal with so many enemies at once, because by arriving from all sides at the same time, we shall give them employment. If you would not bring the whole troop upon you, do not utter a word above your breath, and do not fire until you are sure of your aim ; lastly, let each one who is provided with a pike or pitchfork, take a musketeer for a companion, and all will go well."

The hunters paired themselves in haste and at random, and they advanced noiselessly toward the little forest in which the wolves had taken refuge. Pierre had a young fashionable from a neighboring city for his companion ; our young Breton, however, occupied as he was, with the idea of carrying home a rich booty, did not bestow much attention upon him ; but any other in his place, would have been struck by the elegance of his attire and equipments ; he was dressed in a hunting suit, trimmed with costly furs, and his fowling piece, inlaid with silver, was of the most exquisite workmanship. Pierre led the way at a quick pace, scarcely answering the repeated questions which his companion addressed to him. They were soon interrupted by a prolonged and discordant howl, which seemed to produce a very different impression upon the stranger from that which was manifested in the ardent glances of the young peasant. They advanced, however, with more rapidity ; but the silence was now troubled only by the forest echoes, which replied in the distance, like well arranged signals.

"Faster, my friend !" said Pierre, at last, with considerable impatience. "We shall have much work to do, I think, and the days are short. So, let us lose no time."

"Why, my young lad, you talk quite at your ease ! But there is no use in being in such a hurry."

At this moment they reached the border of the forest : the howlings now grew more frightful, and seemed to be concentrated in a single spot. At intervals, a prolonged cry, which rose loud above all the rest, reechoed in so wild a tone, that it seemed impossible that the sound could come from the throat of a terrestrial creature ; but Pierre's practised ear knew, at once, that it proceeded from some horses surrounded by wolves, and that the latter de-

ferred their attack until their numbers should give them the certainty of victory.

It is not uncommon in Brittany, in those districts which are thinly inhabited, to hear at a distance the sounds of these furious combats. The breeders of horses are in the habit of turning loose the numerous droves which they are unable to stable in their too scanty out-houses; in the market season they drive them into an enclosed field, and by certain marks each proprietor recognizes those which he turned loose, the number generally augmented by several foals, and often also diminished by the victims which have been unable to escape the rapacity of the wolves.

All the hunters had heard the cries of alarm uttered by the horses, and coming up from twenty different directions, they had reached a narrow clearing, where a most strange and fearful spectacle awaited them. Pierre, retarded by the hesitating progress of his companion, was among the last to reach the spot, and stood, like the rest, motionless, until all were in readiness for the attack.

Let the reader picture to himself, in the centre of the open glade, a dozen mares with their colts, crowded close together, and displaying every sign of the most deadly terror. In a circle around them, and as near as possible, an equal number of noble horses, whose glaring eyes and bristling mane gave evidence of the fear which had seized them. Backed against the group in their midst, their fore legs rigid as bars of iron, they awaited, uttering melancholy cries, the attack of the wolves, which hemmed them in on every side. The latter, with angry growls, and displaying their long white teeth, at times crept towards them sideways, then stopped suddenly, held in awe by the horses, whose feet were quickly raised to strike the aggressors. Already one wolf, more impatient than the rest, had made a leap at the breast of an aged horse, which with a single stroke from his hoof had dashed his head in pieces. The carcase, stretched motionless at the feet of the vanquisher, seemed to warn the assailants that the victory would cost them dear.

The oldest and most practised hunters were at a loss how to bring aid to the drove; to rush upon the wolves would throw the horses into disorder, and these were indebted for their safety solely to their determined attitude. A discharge of musketry was as

likely to destroy as many horses as wolves. In this embarrassing situation, Pierre made a sign to his companions that he was about to begin the engagement ; a general howl was suddenly heard, and before they had time to look around after the cause, three huntsmen were hurled to the ground by the headlong passage of a reinforcement of eight or ten wolves, which, without pausing, dashed with a single bound into the midst of the group of terrified animals. From this moment the combat became a horrible slaughter, in which the horses quickly lost the advantage. Soon they began to disperse, and the fugitives, dashing on in all directions at once, scarcely gave the hunters time to glide behind the trees, to avoid being trampled under their feet.

As may be imagined, those of the city gentry, who were present for the first time at such a spectacle, had judged it prudent, some to retake the road to the farm house, others to clamber up the trees, and to remain passive spectators of the combat ; but the sole thought of the peasants was to profit by the chances of the battle, and to their great joy, the greater part of their enemies had remained in the glade, busied in despatching a few colts, which had fallen at the first onset. The old wolf hunter now advanced coolly toward the centre of the glade, calling out to the hunters from the city to approach, and fire at as close a distance as possible. Pierre turned to repeat this advice to his companion, but far as his eye could reach, he saw no signs of him, except a velvet cap suspended from a bush.

So eager were the wolves in devouring their prey, that they were not diverted from it until they had received a dozen musket shots, aimed with considerable accuracy. Attacked at the same moment by the pikes and bills of the peasants, they turned furiously upon their assailants, and forced them to retire as far as the trees, which the latter had severally selected as a protection for their backs. Thus the strife was continued in separate groups, each man defending himself against two or three adversaries.— Pierre had just plunged his weapon into the breast of the wolf nearest him, and was preparing to renew the attack, when, suddenly, he felt the teeth of another enter his left shoulder ; he tried to grasp his hedging bill with his right hand, but his arm was seized by a second enemy, which he vainly endeavored to shake off.

" Help, my comrades !" he cried, in accents of despair, " help !"

"Hold firm for a moment," replied the old wolf hunter, in a voice of thunder—"there, that fellow is finished!"

The old wolf hunter, in truth, had just despatched his third victim, but he could not come up in time to his assistance; the terrible shocks which Pierre, in vain, endeavored to resist, exhausted his strength; he fell upon one knee, and seized by the throat by the wolf which had lacerated his shoulder, he panted, breathless, beneath the strong jaws which throttled him. "Jeanne! my mother!" murmured the poor fellow, as a shock more terrible than the preceding ones, hurled him roughly to the ground. But to his great surprise, his enemy relaxed his hold; Pierre unclosed his eyes, and beheld his ferocious adversary stretched at his feet, his head split asunder, while at the same moment, the one which had fastened upon his arm, loosened his grasp, and fled, howling fearfully.

Pierre needed but a second to recognize his preserver, and fell into his arms. "Rene, my lad!" he cried, and then sank into a swoon, while the blood poured in streams from his neck.

Three hours after, the spot where this fearful scene had occurred showed not a trace of any uncommon event. The snow had fallen so fast that the footprints of the combatants and the stains of blood were entirely concealed, and the headless carcasses of the wolves were fast disappearing beneath its flakes. A gloomy silence had succeeded to the clamors of the morning; the branches of the trees were motionless, and the wild forest seemed to have been abandoned by bird and beast as a place of horror. Nothing is so painful, at times, as the insensibility of nature in the face of events that rack the heart of man. Who has not reproached the flowers of the garden, or the still smiling fields, for their tranquil and unruffled vegetation, when, the evening before, we have interred a beloved friend; all passes on the morrow as it passed even before the birth of the friend whom we have lost, and now that he is no more, it seems as if he had never been.

Although the wolves had been driven from the district by this memorable hunt, and although there was nothing likely for some time to attract a peasant into the glade, yet about noon on the very day of this expedition, a young lad advanced along a difficult path, with every sign of lassitude and despair. His face was bathed in tears, his garments were rent and bloody, and netwith-



standing his efforts to run onward for a few steps, he was forced, at every instant, to resume his ordinary pace. He at last reached the edge of the wood, and then collecting himself for a moment, he glanced around for a particular spot in the clearing. As soon as he had discovered it, he ran thitherward, and having stirred up the snow with his feet, he commenced an active search, the object of which, doubtless, was of great importance to him, for, from time to time, he uttered exclamations and groans, apparently caused by the ill success of his efforts. Suddenly the sight of two wolves, lying headless, side by side, excited a burst of savage rage in the bosom of the young peasant; he grasped his bill, and hacked them furiously, although they were no longer to be feared; but soon this anger ceased, as if by enchantment, when pushing aside one of the two carcasses, he perceived a spotted handkerchief, folded in the form of a cravat. To seize it, to raise it in the air, to cry "here it is!" as if some one were near to hear him, was the work of a moment, then retracing his steps with fresh vigor, he soon disappeared in the depths of the forest.

What then had passed since morning, and why had Rene, for it was he, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, made a second excursion to the forest, merely to find this spotted handkerchief?

The reader will remember that Pierre had confined his brother in a hay loft, persuaded that he had placed him beyond the reach of the dangers of the hunt; but Rene had not given up his purpose. After having allowed the band of hunters to depart to such a distance from the farm, that he no longer feared to be disturbed in his projects, he hastily plaited a cord of straw of sufficient strength to support a weight double his own. By this means he reached the court-yard, the gate of which was never closed, and walking briskly onward, he had reached the glade in time to bring aid to his brother, whose enemies he had destroyed at the moment when they were upon the point of devouring him.

Unfortunately, the wound which Pierre had received in his throat, and which immediate care might have rendered less dangerous, had been merely bandaged, on their way to the farm house, and when there, it was evident that nothing short of a miracle could save the life of the courageous peasant. The wolf's teeth had penetrated so deeply that the bones of the back part of the head were almost crushed. The wounded man had been



seized with delirium, a violent fever had ensued, and no one at the farm possessed either the skill or the remedies requisite in such an emergency.

Amid all his pain, Pierre was disturbed by a single thought, which tormented him far more than his physical suffering. On starting for the hunt, he had wound about his neck a handkerchief which had been given to him by his betrothed. It was the only present which he had ever received from her, and feeling that he was about to die, without embracing his beloved Jeanne, the poor fellow asked with tears, for the handkerchief as a last consolation. Every one about him had attributed this request to his delirium, but when Rene, who had gone to seek the pastor of the nearest village, returned, he comprehended his brother's desire; he did not hesitate for a moment, although he was already overcome with fatigue, but departed and returned, weeping all the way, with the pledge of Jeanne's love.

It was time. Pierre had scarcely strength left to press his lips to the cherished handkerchief; he sank backward, making a sign to Rene to pass it about his neck, murmured a few words in his brother's ear, then a stream of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he expired!

Five years afterward, Rene had grown to manhood. A child of nature, like the trees of the forest, like the flowers and birds of the fields, he accomplished his destiny upon the earth, while Pierre and his memory lay buried in the tomb. Jeanne, the orphan girl, had come to live with the mother of the young lad, to soothe her grief, and to assist her in the labors of the household; she was an excellent girl, pretty, healthy and active as a young fawn; she had reached her twenty-second year. As for Rene, he had grown to be one of the bravest and comeliest lads in the country. Exempted, by his father's death, from the terrible conscription, he could devote his life to the support of the only beings who were dear to him, Jeanne and his aged mother. He earned for them their daily bread, and received in exchange the sweetest caresses, the most fervent blessings. He, at last, began to look upon Jeanne with emotions different from those of a brother, and in course of time he begged the pastor to speak to the young girl, and ask her hand for him in marriage.

Pierre's betrothed confessed that she would be very happy as

Rene's wife, but that she durst not break the vows of her first love. Rene, who, with his ear placed against the door, listened to her reply, then made his appearance, and declared that his brother's last words had been the following: "My little Rene, do not forsake Jeanne, and if the time should ever come when you love her, take her for a wife."

"The time has come," said the pastor, "has it not, Rene?"

They were soon joined in marriage, and God blessed them with such happiness that they often reproached themselves when they called to mind how seldom they thought of a brother whom both had loved with an affection almost without bounds.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SISTER! through many a long and lingering year  
 A path of constant pain was by thee trod,—  
 But now are ended all thy sufferings here,  
 Thy soul has risen on high, to dwell with God.  
 Thy frame inanimate, beneath the sod  
 Shall rest, disturbed by nought of human woes,  
 In peaceful slumber rest, until each clod  
 Shall yield its precious charge, when at the close  
 Of time, the archangel's trump shall break their long repose.

Oh, how each angry word, each act unkind,  
 Though long forgotten, rises now to view,—  
 How dire remorse, with tortures racks my mind,  
 As faithful memory, with her pencil true,  
 Paints every action—gives to each its due  
 Degree of space, shades careful every part,  
 E'en to that last heart-rending long adieu,  
 With tints so vivid that they make me start,  
 And the whole picture seems engraven on my heart.

If thy pure spirit in those realms of love,  
 Can know our thoughts below, as some believe,  
 Oh, then look down upon me from above,  
 Forgive those acts for which I often grieve.  
 Oh, how such knowledge would my mind relieve.  
 And may we one and all, who heaved the sigh  
 And shed the tear when death did us bereave  
 Of our dear parent, meet him in the sky,  
 And there together spend a blessed eternity.

## AMERICAN WOODBINE.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE beautiful colored engraving that embellishes our present number, represents the *Azalea nudiflora*. In common language, it is called by different names, as Pink Azalea, American Woodbine, Early Honeysuckle, and Pinxter Blomachée. Other species are called Swamp Pink, White Honeysuckle, Fragrant Honeysuckle, &c., in reference to some circumstance relative to the flower or situation of the shrub. This class of shrubs is rather difficult of cultivation, owing, probably, to the peculiarity of the soil it chooses for nourishment; but when the florist is successful, he is richly rewarded for all his efforts. The soil proper for most of the species is decayed wood and leaves, mixed with a small portion of sand. Although some of them grow in the midst of swamps, even there it will almost invariably be found that they spring up from a dry knoll, or perhaps from a decayed stump of a tree. It is met with in some parts of Asia, is common in North and South America, and also in Europe.

## TO MRS. OTIS.

SEE PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

|                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| THEY told me beauty, o'er thy face,<br>Had breathed her rarest, richest spell,<br>And lightly twined an airy grace<br>In every curl that round it fell.       | { Hast thou, within thy bosom, hid<br>The charmed flower from Erin's shore,<br>Which some fond fairy found amid<br>Her blooming fields, and hither bore?      |
| We met—and 'neath the veil of light<br>And bloom that beauty round thee flung,<br>I found a charm of holier might,<br>For love had tuned thy silver tongue.   | { Ah, no! within those dark blue eyes,<br>Those graceful words, that winning smile,<br>A deeply sweet enchantment lies,<br>Beyond the spell from Erin's isle! |
| 'Tis said in Erin's sunny isle,<br>That they who wear the shamrock leaf,<br>A blessing bring where'er they smile,<br>That lights and warms the wildest grief. | { Thou dost not need the charmed flower.<br>Thou dost not need the fairy's art;<br>In feeling dwells thy magic power,<br>The leaf of love is in thy heart!    |

## THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY PARK MOODY.

IN a seaport town in one of the New England States, lived a widow, the relict of a coasting skipper, who was lost with his vessel in one of those December gales which leave widows and orphans to mourn the wreck of hopes and property. Besides his vessel he had nothing, and the loss of this, uninsured, left his widow and only son penniless. The son, Henry, at this time was eight years of age, too young to take his father's loss much at heart, but his mother was inconsolable. She had married under adverse circumstances, and together they had struggled through trials and adversity, till at length the sun of prosperity dawned, and the brightness of the future bid fair to compensate for the past. The happiness of a secure and independent home, with the means of educating her child, and the unabated attachment of him with whom she had exchanged her early vows, were hers, when this unexpected blow checked the current of her hopes, and shrouded her in grief. Time had not tempered this severe affliction, ere the encroachments of poverty became apparent, and, as if more was wanted to add to the severity of her reverses, her child was taken sick with a fever, which only her unwearied attentions saved from the grave. On his recovery, he became her sole care and constant thought, and for him she plied the needle when others slept, or tilled her little garden with wearied limbs when others would have rested. The mother's love was not lost upon the son. Morning and night would he set by her, listening to instruction from her lips, or follow her with bounding step when necessity called her to the village. It was her delight to have him always near, and with a mother's watchfulness she guarded the influences to which he became exposed, and led him gently in the paths of peace and wisdom. It was remarked by the villagers with what respect and love he yielded his mother obedience. In one instance, when insulted for the poverty of his garb, his forbearance rose to heroism.

As he grew older, their reduced circumstances became apparent to him, and with tears he besought her to find something for him to do which would lighten her burdens. She could only direct him to be industrious with his little spade in the plot of ground from which came most of their subsistence. He sometimes went to the sea-side, and obtained a basket of clams, and in one of these excursions he assisted some fishermen to mend their nets, and spread them to dry in the sun, for which he received a half dollar. But this could not supply their growing necessities. The cold and long winter nights came on, and the snow blew in clouds around their cottage, burying the walls and fences under it, as well as the little supply of wood which had hitherto kept them warm. With trembling hands they searched out the scattered sticks, lest each one drawn from beneath the snow should be the last. Henry was now twelve years old. He had been taught to read and write, and when the kindness of a neighbor procured them an interesting book, or when the eye of the son followed the mother's pencil as she explained to him some difficult sum in arithmetic, he seemed perfectly happy. But soon their poverty presented itself in appalling colors. There was but one way in which it seemed possible for him to remedy it, and that was to go to sea. But how could he break this subject to his mother? He would encourage her with a hundred ways in which he meant to supply their wants, but uppermost in his thoughts was the idea of shipping as cabin-boy. What could he do in the village to earn money? It was a community of sea-farers, depending entirely upon commerce for support, and what other places presented he knew not, for he had never been ten miles beyond the limits of his native town. He had seen other boys of his own age return from sea, not rich to be sure, but with enough to add materially to the comforts of their homes, and in the mean time he would be no burden to his mother, and would be growing older and better able to earn more. These were his thoughts, and though he wished his mother might become acquainted with them, he could not break them to her. At first he hinted vaguely the thoughts which swelled his heart, but to these the widow shook her head, for they awoke unpleasant memories. She would suffer any privation rather than her son should meet the fate of his father. But the winter came on more severe; want overshadowed

them by day, and kept them chill by night. It became necessary that something should be done, and in this emergency, Henry pressed boldly his plans. It was a trying time for both; the means of sustaining life were nearly exhausted. The arguments of Henry were backed by graphic pictures of the happiness they would enjoy on his return, which would be in a few months. The thought of his leaving home, and at that season too, the most dangerous, filled her with anguish, as well it might. But the necessity seemed imperative. Rather than to beg she would give her consent.

Previous to dismissing him to his comfortless attic on the evening of these reflections, she gave him permission to enquire at the village the next day concerning the brig Antonia, which was getting ready to sail. This vessel was commanded by an old friend of her husband's, and was reported the safest that went from that port. In this she thought her son would be better cared for than with strangers, and if, after conversing with Capt. Norcross, he should take an interest in the son of his old friend, she decided to let him go. Henry reported the next day that the Antonia would sail the last of the month, and that the voyage would not be a long one. Capt. Norcross had none of the widow's fears, and in his interview with her partly dispelled hers. Henry was shipped, and parted from his mother with a hopeful heart, though his eyes were full of tears. With her head bowed, she wended her way back to the cottage, now more lonely and comfortless than ever before, but in the belief that her son was well cared for, she bore her own troubles without a murmur. The spring-time soon came round, the time when she might expect some tidings from him. She enquired at the village, but the vessel had not been spoken. The weather had become warm, and by untiring industry she saw her prospects brightening. How would her son rejoice to find her well, and the cottage once more cheerful now that it was summer. The time had arrived when she might expect him, and though her fears were never idle, she could not believe but his smiling face would soon gladden her home. She had fixed the very day of his arrival, and determined to have some delicacy in store for him. There were anxious eyes besides hers watching for the arrival of the brig Antonia. Every white speck in the distance was regarded with intense interest, but the Antonia came

not. The week of her anticipated arrival had passed, but no Henry came. The longest possible time allotted for a safe voyage had elapsed, and the fears of the timorous were communicated to all. At length a sail was seen on the distant waves. It gave hope. Nearer and nearer it approached, discovering at last to the eager spectators the long-looked-for Antonia. The widow flew to the water-side, as did the other villagers, and saluted the first boat's crew which landed with innumerable questions. Relative met relative as they stepped upon the beach; the heartfelt welcome was extended, and all were joyous—all save the widow, for among them all she saw not her son. Another boat was seen to leave the vessel, and towards this her eyes were directed. In the excitement attending the first landing, her questions were evaded or unanswered, and with trembling, she awaited the arrival of the other boat. Her heart misgave her, as nearer and nearer it drew, and among those who filled it she saw not her son. It landed, and one after another stepped upon the beach, but *he* was not there. In an agony of grief she sprang towards the captain, and implored him to tell her of her son—to say that he was well, and that no accident had befallen him. His evasive replies, and unconcealed look of sorrow were an answer. She entreated him to tell her all, and in his blunt way he related how, on their passage out, they experienced rough weather, and he was lost overboard. As might be anticipated, this filled her cup of sorrow to overflowing. She was borne to her cottage helpless as a child, and from the severe stroke never recovered. The dreary winter came round again, but the assistance of neighbors kept her from want, and once more the summer spread its mantle of green upon the hill-side and along the flowing streams, but when the leaves became withered by the autumn frosts, they fell upon the widow's grave.

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TRUE greatness beams from a lowly lot all the more nobly.—The reason of this is, that in our vulgar thoughts we are so apt to associate it with certain external advantages. Hence the surprise and pleasure we feel on seeing it where we had not been accustomed to look for it.



## HOPE.

BY REV. S. D. LOUGHEED

THIS is a sweet word, so considered by all, but particularly so to the Christian. It is said to be made up of expectation and desire, and is therefore the awakening of an expectation in the mind of a future good, with a desire for its attainment. Hope spreads its dove-like wings over the cradle of the infant, and gladdens the mother's heart in anticipation of the future. It plays about the path of the child, and dances his heart with joy as he approaches manhood ; it is the constant attendant of his riper years, whether at home or abroad, asleep or awake. Hope dwells in the habitation of prosperity, and is found in the abode of adversity ; it spreads the rich fields of wealth before the view of the ambitious, and fills the imagination of the pursuer of pleasure with scenes of indescribable delight.

Hope animated the patriarchs' hearts under the darker dispensation, as they looked into the future. It cheered the souls of prophets, while from Zion's walls they heralded the coming of Messiah. It pointed them through the vista of succeeding ages to the star which would rise on Bethlehem, and for a short space sit on Calvary, but the lustre of which would not in the least diminish till eternity should lose itself in its own vastness.

Hope cheered the desponding disciples while their Lord slept in the tomb, and strengthened their expectation of his triumph over death. It saw the first opening in the veil of eternity as the light of immortality fresh from the throne broke the gloom surrounding the sepulchre.

Hope sojourned with the apostles and martyrs during their exiles, imprisonments, banishments ; it lit up their gloomy dungeons, quenched the violence of the kindling fagot, and sat in the language of holy triumph on their lips as the curling flames chased their spirits up to God.

Hope is the Christian's solace under the trying circumstances peculiar to his passage through the world ; it hushes the din of worldly commotion, and 'calms the waves of life's rough sea'

about his bark. It is a soother of sorrows, a comforter in trouble, a friend to all in every rank and condition. It shows equal respect to savage and civilized, rich and poor, beggar and king.— It strews many flowers along the pathway of human life, and cheers the Christian traveler in view of death. It guides the rising youth, and supports declining old age. It lingers about the bed of sickness, nor deserts its subject till the body drops into the tomb. Thus, it is indescribable in value while living, and if sanctified, anchors the soul when loosing itself from mortality; sheds around it a clear, constant light as it approaches and passes the dark valley; conducts it safely through its dangers and gloom, and ascending the shining pathway, introduces it among the enraptured company of saints and angels.

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### THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A BABE, who like some opening bud,  
Grew fairer every day,  
Made friendship with the simple flowers  
That grew beside his way,—  
And though full many a gorgeous plant  
Allur'd his infant sight,  
Yet with the meek Forget-me-Not,  
He took his chief delight.

From mantel-vase, or rich bouquet,  
He cull'd this favorite gem,  
Well pleas'd its lowly lips to kiss,  
Or lightly clasp its stem;  
So, when in dreamless rest he sank,  
For soon he was to fade,  
That darling friend, Forget-me-Not,  
In his white shroud was laid.

And when beside the mother's couch  
Who weepeth for his sake,  
Some vision of his heavenly joy  
Doth midnight darkness break,  
He cometh with a cherub smile,  
In garments of the blest,  
And weareth a Forget-me-Not  
Upon his sinless breast.

## THE WONDERFUL PHIALS,

OR IDLENESS CURED.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY ANNA.

ALINE was about ten years old ; she possessed many excellent traits of character, but she testified an insurmountable aversion for study.

“ Ah !” she exclaimed one day to her mother, “ I wish I had lived in the time of fairies, and had had one of them for a god-mother.”

“ Why, my child ?” replied Madame Saint Hilaire, smiling.

“ Why, mamma ? Because she could with a slight touch of her wand make me know every thing without my taking the least trouble to learn it.”

“ You would not be so happy, my dear child. How would you manage to pass the day, if you did not spend some portion of it in studying your lessons ?”

“ I would find it very difficult indeed !” replied her daughter, bursting into a loud and merry laugh. “ Why, mamma, I would play, I would walk ; in fact I would amuse myself in a thousand different ways.”

“ You are mistaken, Aline. If your recreations give you so much pleasure, it is only because they follow after labor. By ceasing to occupy yourself usefully, the plays that you enjoy the most now, would, after a while, become exceedingly tiresome to you. You would soon begin to suffer from *ennui*, that most unpleasant of all feelings.”

“ And do I not suffer from it every time when I am yawning over that awful grammar ?”

“ No, my child, you only experience a little feeling of idleness, and if you would but conquer that weakness, the effort would give you the sweetest satisfaction. I mean to say, you would be contented with yourself ; then, little by little, you would succeed in entirely overcoming those bad inclinations to which we are all more or less subject, and which can only be eradicated during

childhood ; in a word, you would become, one day, the pride of your parents."

The respect that Aline felt for her mother, restrained her from opposing her farther, but Madame Saint Hilaire perceived with sorrow that her daughter was not convinced of the truth of her remarks.

"I regret, my child," she continued, "that I have not succeeded in persuading you to view the matter in its true light. However, if you persist in the wish of acquiring instruction without taking any trouble, there is a way by which to accomplish it, although we do not live in the time of fairies."

"Ah, dearest mother !" exclaimed the astonished and delighted Aline, "can that be possible ?"

"Yes, my child, there are learned men who work these wonders every day. If you desire it, I will conduct you to-morrow to the dwelling of a certain physician whose wonderful powers every body praises."

"Dear, dear mamma, take me to him to-day."

"No, no ! to-morrow morning will be quite soon enough."

It was with the greatest impatience that Aline awaited the arrival of the following day. She arose very early, quite contrary to her ordinary custom, dressed herself, and entered her mother's apartment just as the latter awoke.

"What, up and dressed already ?" exclaimed Madame Saint Hilaire.

Yielding to her daughter's impatience, as soon as they had finished their breakfast, Madame Saint Hilaire and Aline entered a carriage, and drove to the residence of the physician before alluded to. His venerable aspect, his white beard, long robe, and grave deportment, quite intimidated our poor Aline. As soon as she had been presented by her mother to the old man, the latter scanned her attentively, and then said—

"My child, I can read your wish in your features. You have come to demand of me the gift of knowledge. But do you know the price by which alone it can be obtained ? Many have asked for it, but as yet, not one has had courage sufficient to persevere until the end was gained."

"What is necessary to be done ?" replied Aline, greatly astonished.

"What is necessary to be done? Why, nothing, nothing at all," said the old man and Madame Saint Hilaire in one voice.

"But I do not understand you, sir," continued the little girl in the utmost surprise.

"Yes, nothing, absolutely nothing. You see," he added, "this small chest: it contains fifteen phials. Pour out, daily, the contents of each of them, according as they are numbered, and, in the meanwhile, you must entirely abstain from all study. I forbid you to draw, to practice your piano, or even to read; in a word, all that I can permit you to do, is to partake of the exercise of walking, and to amuse yourself."

"Ah, the delightful command!" murmured Aline in a low voice, "who would not be happy in obeying it? What a pleasure!"

Then the old man smiled and added—

"Perhaps, my child, you may become fatigued of this pleasure sooner than you think; but, in any case, at the end of fifteen days, visit me again, bringing with you the chest."

"Yes, sir," replied Aline, "and be assured that I shall not weary of play. If mamma will permit me, I will commence this very day, and I assure you that I will follow your directions in every respect."

Madame Saint Hilaire readily assented to her daughter's request. Then the old man placed the little chest in Aline's hands, who seized it with an expression of delight. She then renewed the promise that she had just made; and with a light and happy heart, followed her mother into the carriage.

The first and second day all passed off well. Aline played from morning till night without becoming in the least tired. The third day she enjoyed herself a little less; the fourth her toys and doll scarcely afforded her any amusement; the fifth, owing to a walk which she had taken the evening before, and which seemed to her long and fatiguing, she was sick from a slight fever, which confined her to the house for the day.

Madame Saint Hilaire therefore invited some of her daughter's young friends to spend the afternoon with her, and in consequence this day passed quite happily. But on the sixth it was another thing. Aline, tired and weary, one moment would yawn, the next she would imagine that she was hungry, and ask for something to eat, then, on being told that it was not yet luncheon time, she would become impatient, and speak in a cross and angry tone.

The following day Aline's little friends came again to see her, but she was, if possible, still more out of humor than on the previous one. She fretted, she wept, she became vexed at trifles, while her young companions could not account for the change in her disposition. But especially when they spoke of their music lessons, of their embroidery, and of their numerous studies, in which they seemed deeply interested, all prohibited pleasures to our poor Aline, it was too much for her, and she gave way to such a burst of passionate emotion, that her young visitors gazed at her in astonishment, and looked in vain for their once good and amiable Aline.

But the eighth day it was still worse. Being no longer able to bear the task which had been imposed upon her, she ran to her mother, and with tears in her eyes, entreated her to accompany her at once to the abode of the physician, that she might request permission to resume her studies, and at the same time return him his chest.

"The hateful phials!" she exclaimed. "I should die if I had to pass such another week as the last."

On hearing her daughter speak thus earnestly, Madame Saint Hilaire's face brightened; she arose, ordered the carriage, and in a short time Aline found herself in the presence of the old man. As soon as he perceived her, he exclaimed—"Ah, my little girl, what brings you here so soon?"

Our poor Aline burst into tears, but unable to reply, she extended the chest towards him. The aged man took it, opened it, and taking up each phial, held them towards the light, and examined them carefully. When he had reached the ninth, he turned and exclaimed—"Why, my child, have you wearied of play already?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Aline, "I am tired to death of it! Formerly, if I sometimes became fatigued with my lessons, I always enjoyed play afterwards. I am cured of my idleness. Only let me resume my studies, and I will never again complain of the difficulty of acquiring them!"

"You have learned a useful lesson, dear Aline," said the physician, with a kind smile, "and remember always that we enjoy true pleasure in accomplishing our duties, and, above all, that we can only obtain useful information by the aid of patience and persevering industry."

## THE LAST VISIT.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN ESTEEMED YOUNG LADY.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing so beautiful and true as those figures in the Bible which set forth the brevity and uncertainty of human life. In one place we read, "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth : the wind passeth over him and he is gone, and the place thereof shall know him no more." And in the unexpected illness and sudden decease of the lady we now chronicle for the Wreath, we have the fearful truth declared in this portion of holy Scripture forcibly illustrated.

There are but few who have left the circle of cherished friends for the lonely regions of the dead, more lamented than the youthful and esteemed Miss Catherine B——, and but for the blessed consolation that she sleeps in Jesus, this dispensation of divine providence would have been too intolerable to be borne.

Being blessed with pious parents, the most judicious measures were adopted, and that too at an early period, to qualify their daughter for any sphere in which she might be called to move, and especially to impress her young heart, ere it should be hardened by a long course of sinning, favorably toward the religion of the blessed Jesus. Nor were their endeavors in vain—for although the parents had not the satisfaction of seeing their daughter publicly profess an interest in Christ, and a hope of eternal life, before she was so suddenly brought down upon a sick bed, still they had that kind of satisfaction which arises from a development of those graces which so greatly adorn, and are so peculiarly distinguishing to the female character.

Miss Catherine was naturally amiable in her disposition—her sweetness of spirit, and agreeable demeanor, was observed by all who mingled in her society—and what contributed in a great measure to elevate her in the estimation of all, was the respect she always manifested towards religion and its professors, and especially the deep interest she manifested in behalf of the Sabbath school. Here she appeared at home, and nothing delighted



her more than to meet her class of smiling girls, regularly as the Sabbath morning dawned. As a teacher she was held in high estimation, not only by those who were benefitted by her instructions, but by all the officers of the school. But notwithstanding all her accomplishments, her sweetness of spirit, her respect for religion, her love for the Sabbath school, and the high estimation in which she was held—still, “she passed away”—away from the home of her youth, and the circle of her family—away from probationary life and the scenes peculiar thereto—away to that bourne from whence the traveler ne’er returns. The circumstances of her illness and death were peculiar.

Toward the latter part of the summer of 1850, while the fields remained clad in their summer robes, and the trees were still adorned in their loveliest attire—for several days in succession, as the morning dawned and departed, there was one all activity in preparing for a visit among her friends in the city of H—. At length arrangements were effected, and the time of leaving appointed—the mother and sister kindly assisting in the adjustment of every article of clothing she might need during her absence. And how high were the anticipations of the fair girl—how redolent flew her winged hours away—how lightly did care hang upon that fond young maiden heart—and how little did she imagine that this her anticipated visit would be her last! She called upon some of her friends before leaving: the writer was among the number, and I can still see the pleasant smile she gave us, when she said “good bye”—and then the lively manner in which she tript away, evidencing the absence of every thing like care from her mind. The rose of health seemed to blush upon her cheek—her heart beat with sprightliness and vigor, and there seemed an overflowing of the spirit and buoyancy of youth.—The time of leaving arrived. ’Twas morning, fair and cloudless. She took her leave of home, and reached her friends in safety. But the lapse of only a few days brought back sad intelligence to R—. The fair one is seized with a serious and dangerous illness. The parents without delay hasten to the place, and as they enter the house, they are informed that Catherine is very low. They are conducted to her room—but, alas! how changed, and that too in a few days. Still they hope there will soon be an alteration for the better. They cannot allow themselves to think

otherwise. The hours fly away, but there is no abatement of the disease. The best medical skill, and the unceasing kindness and attention of friends is all unavailing. There is no alteration for the better discoverable, but on the other hand a gradual sinking. At length the symptoms of the disease become of such a character, that all are forced to the conclusion that Catherine cannot recover. But how hard the thought—how can it be endured! It is common for wrinkled brows and hoary locks to go down to the grave; but when youthful loveliness is made the prey of disease, and is doomed to waste in the tomb, how reluctantly we give our assent. The father, now satisfied that his daughter is to depart, feels anxious to know the state of her mind. Oh! 'twas a solemn hour—that immortal spirit was soon to appear in the presence of its God, and yet unprepared—unfit for heaven. The father, with suppressed feelings, inquires—“Catherine, how do you feel in view of dying?” “Oh!” said she, “I cannot die, because I am unprepared. How I wish I had my life to live over again—I would pursue a different course.” “But as that cannot be,” added the father, “try and compose your mind, and ask the Lord to prepare you for your change.” “Oh, father!” she replied, “I cannot die because I am unhappy.” Those portions of scripture which were appropriate were breathed in the ear of the dying girl, and applied by the Spirit to her heart—she wept—she prayed. The father knelt by her bed, and as he had often done before, he now offered his child upon the arms of faith and prayer to God,—and prayer prevailed in Catherine’s behalf, for while she sought she found. The Saviour in great mercy appeared to her heart—and in a moment lamentation was changed to praise. “Now, father,” said she, “I can die: the Lord has blessed me—he has pardoned all my sins.” She then added, “I wish I could but live about six weeks to go back home and be useful—to persuade my young associates to seek the Lord, and be faithful in the Sabbath school.” Shortly after this her articulation failed, and for over half an hour she lay without any appearance of life. She then revived again, and conversed sweetly of Jesus and heaven. Jesus was the source of all her joys—her “fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely”—and of heaven, its enjoyments, employments and society, she conversed in a most astonishing manner. Death had lost its sting, and the grave was robbed of its victory.

Her sun was now rapidly sinking to rest. The silver chord was fast breaking—the world was receding, and eternity dawning upon the vision of her spirit—and while thus evidently on the margin of the invisible world, she looks back for a last time to earth and weeping friends. She called all to her bed-side, took the parting hand, imprinted the farewell kiss, and obtained from each the promise to meet her in heaven; and then added, "Tell all my young associates not to delay seeking the Lord until brought down to a bed of sickness and death. Tell them that my dying request to all is—meet me in heaven." She then lost sight of earth and weeping friends, while the realities of a blissful eternity caught her view. The angel convoy were in waiting—their rapturous strains fall upon her ear—she saw, she heard the same. She exclaims with uplifted eye, and hand and faltering tongue—"Father, don't you see them! Don't you hear them sing! They are coming nearer, and they say they have come for me." So saying, she closed her eyes, and bade the scenes of earth a long adieu. 'Twas true—she was now gone—forever gone. She left us, not after the frosts of successive winters had whitened her fair brow for the grave: 'twas in the morning of youthful loveliness. But she's gone to bloom in immortal youth, with all the holy and good before the throne.

This dispensation of divine providence, which has resulted in the removal of this youthful lady, is not without design. Gentle reader, regard this as a call from the spirit world, to "Be ye also ready." Have you health? so had she. Have you flattering prospects for life? so had she. Are your youthful associates numerous? so were hers. Have you kind parents and affectionate brothers and sisters? so had she. Have you the good of this world at your command? so had she. But all availed her nothing—all was lost sight of, and forgotten, when eternity was appearing—and be assured there is nothing but an interest in Christ that will prepare you for death, for the judgment, or invest you with a meetness for heaven.

JANE.

*Ramapo Valley, Jan. 1851.*

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Constant activity to make others happy is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.





MUSICIANS AT THE ASIAN VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

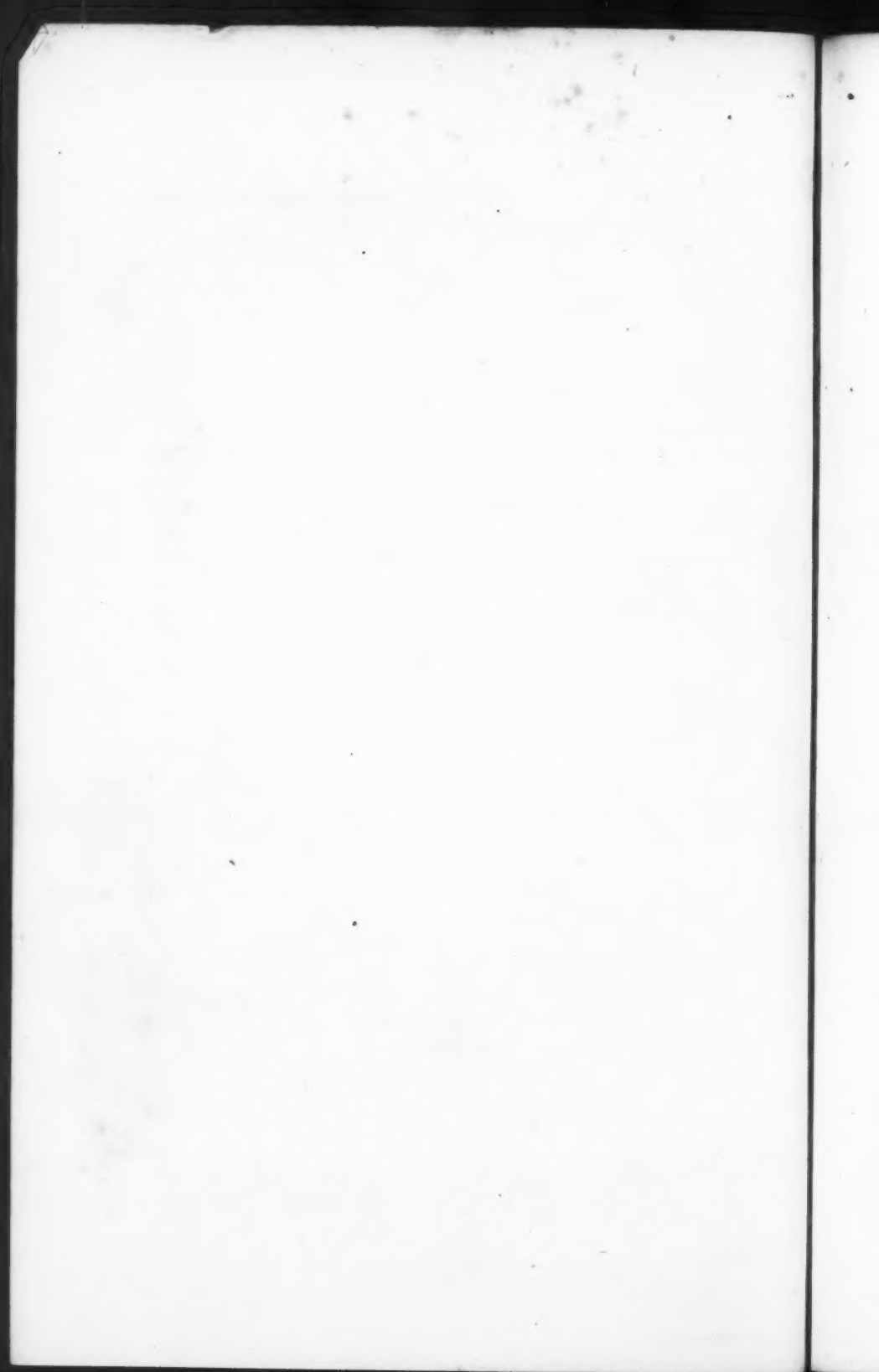
PLANTS AT THE ASIAN VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.







Lily of the Valley.



## THE BALL ROOM:

OR, A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY TIRZAH F. M. CURRY.

It was a cold evening in December. The shutters were closed, and warm fires were lighted on every hearth in the stately mansion of Mr. Wentworth, in the busy, bustling city of D—. The old town clock had just struck six, and in an upper room of the mansion just referred to, with her chair drawn close to the blazing grate, sat the young and gifted Rose Somers. Her head rested on her hand, and her brows were knit, as if in deep thought. On a sofa beside her was outspread a new and elegant ball-dress, which had been prepared for a grand entertainment to be given that evening, in honor of the birthday of one of her "particular friends."

Thoughts, deep, strong and moving, were agitating her bosom. She thought of her destiny as a rational and immortal being—she thought of "the gay, the light, the changeful scenes," through which she had passed, during the last three years of her life—she thought of the future, when she should be called to lay down the gilded trappings of youth, and pass into the "sere and yellow leaf" of old age—she thought of eternity—and here she paused. Her fancy refused to sketch the portrait of a gay and thoughtless inmate of a ball-room, surprised by the messenger of death, and summoned into eternity. Suddenly her brow lost its compression, a smile lighted up her face, and springing to her feet, she said with energy—"No! I cannot go to this ball. Hereafter I will try to live as a candidate for an immortal existence." She fell upon her knees, and in the fullness of her heart, she supplicated a throne of grace, for strength to keep her resolution, which she feared would meet with much opposition.

Rose Somers was not a native of the gay city in which she now resided. About fifty miles distant, in a quiet secluded valley, was the snug little cottage in which her parents had lived and loved, until she was six years old. At that period, Mr. Somers was prostrated by disease, and in a fortnight after his attack his wife was called to follow him to the grave. Mrs. Somers was possess-

ed of a mind in the highest degree energetic and decisive. This fatal blow to her earthly happiness, however, for a time quite overcame her. Not only the kind guardian of her person, but the sweet counselor, in whose society she had enjoyed so long a period of almost uninterrupted happiness, was gone. She was not, however, left alone to buffet with the storms of an unfriendly world. Her unassuming manners, her gentle disposition, and unaffected piety, had won for her many friends even among strangers.

She had a sister living in fashionable style in the city of D—, but since her own marriage, she had not seen her. Contented with possessing the affections of a man of intelligence and worth, her life had been one smooth stream, and the mere competence which had been earned by the labor of their hands, was to her sweeter far than the hoarded wealth of the thousands who, in cities' crowded mart, toil for riches and a name. At the head of the valley in which they lived, stood a neat white church, surrounded with oaks and maples, which threw over the building, and the adjacent burying-ground, a still and solemn shadow.—Thither this little family had for years regularly gone to perform their vows, and in a sheltered corner of the church-yard, under a spreading crab-apple, in the month of blossoms, had Mr. Somers been laid to rest. No wonder then that the scene with its associations were dear to the hearts of his wife and daughter, and that here they chose to remain, rather than to seek an asylum among their relatives. To the training of little Rose, the mother now devoted herself with unwearied diligence. She opened a small school for girls, and in this way not only rendered herself useful to those around her, but also obtained a comfortable subsistence. Sometimes, when the weather was pleasant, she would take her pupils out to some shady spot, and when they had recited their lessons, watch their innocent gambols on the green turf, and by thus unbending her mind to their juvenile sports, she secured for herself a high, almost a mother's place, in their affections.

Thus passed away several years, until one morning, when the little group assembled as usual, they did not meet the pleasant smile of their kind teacher. Little Rose met them at the gate, and told them that her mother was sick in bed—that she had a burning fever, and would not be able to attend to their lessons that day. They dispersed with sad hearts, and the following morning

they again sought the house ; but the shutters were closed, and even little Rose was not to be seen. One of their number ascended the steps, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a strange lady, who, with tears in her eyes, told them that their dear friend was fast passing away, and that there was now no hope of her recovery. They begged to be permitted to see her, a request which could not be denied. She extended to each her already wasted hand, and committed them to the care of the "children's friend." They then, one by one, drowned in tears, silently kissed her feverish brow, and withdrew from the room.

The strange lady was Mrs. Wentworth—Mrs. Somers' sister—who has already been spoken of as residing in the city of D—. She had accidentally arrived at her sister's on the first day of her illness, and to the mind of Mrs. Somers her arrival gave great relief. She had now one with her, to whom she could commit her child, without anxiety. She lingered a few days, and then without a fear, she quietly passed to "the land of the blest." It was a pleasant afternoon, early in the month of May, when they committed her body to the earth. Many and sincere were the mourners, for there were few hearts in the community, in which the gentle and lovely widow Somers had not a place. The sun was descending in the west, when Mrs. Wentworth led little Rose out of the church-yard, and the gentle breeze that scarcely disturbed the branches of the tall oaks and maples, seemed to nestle in the lowly crab-apple, and strewed the newly-made grave with a garniture of its fading blossoms.

In a few days, every thing was settled for the departure to the city of the little orphan and her kind aunt, to whom she seemed to cling with intuitive fondness. She was now twelve years of age, a period at which impressions, and especially those of a melancholy nature, are not very permanent. The youthful mind is apt to gild the future with bright images and fancied joys, and the past, however painful, is soon forgotten. There was, however, aside from this, another important reason why Rose Somers did not brood in sorrow over the death of her dear parent. This was the calm and cheerful manner in which the latter had been wont to converse with her daughter on the subject of her anticipated removal from the world. She had even spoken of it as a pleasant release, from the pains and ills of life, a joyful entrance into ever-

lasting habitations, and a happy reunion with the partner of her joys and sorrows. Oh ! could Christians, always, thus divest death of its gloom, what pleasant memories would linger around their names, and with what fond delight would their children stand around the grassy mound which conceals only the perishable part of those who, in life, were so dear—and as the eye of faith, directed far beyond this changing scene, would view their nobler part in the possession of immortal joys, every regret would be changed to rejoicing.

Mr. Wentworth, whom we have already introduced to our readers, was a man of note in his native city ; and being possessed of an ample fortune, he had it in his power to gratify every wish of his wife, who, although a kind and amiable friend, was very fond of splendor and fashion. When Rose Somers first took a survey of her new home, she was lost in wonder at the number and elegance of the apartments, and the richness of the furniture. And tears filled her eyes when she thought of her mother's little cottage, with its trellissed front, its simple furniture, and its neat little garden filled with vegetables. Her two cousins, Charles and Ellen, were already grown up. The former assisted his father in the counting-house, and the latter was married a few weeks after Rose took up her residence in D——. Our little heroine consequently became the sole companion of her aunt. Her winning manners and amiable disposition soon caused her to be quite a favorite in the family. Winter was approaching, and Mrs. Wentworth, in the joy and pride of her heart, contemplated sending the beautiful little Rose to a dancing school, in order that she might acquire that *polish* which would render her an ornament to the elevated circle in which, as *her* niece, she would be called to move. She had already secured for her teachers in the more solid departments, and she wished to leave nothing undone which could in any wise contribute to render her accomplished and lovely.—When the proposition to attend dancing school was made to her, she modestly hung her head, and said—

“Do you think my mother would approve of such a course, if she were alive ? I remember, she used to tell me how much more profitably my time was spent, when assisting her in her domestic labors, or mending my own clothing, or working in the little garden, than if I were indulging in the frivolous amusements of the fashionable and wealthy.”

Mrs. W. smiled, and said, "My dear child, your mother would have felt very differently if she had lived in the midst of fashionable society. Difference of circumstances, brings us under different obligations;" and with these and other arguments, she so calmed the mind of the innocent girl, that she entered with spirit upon her new exercise. Every succeeding winter brought a return of the same employment, until she entered her seventeenth year, when it was thought by her aunt that it was time for her to make her *debut* into society. This she was able to do with more than ordinary applause; for to a personal appearance in every way agreeable, if not beautiful, were added the charms of a well cultivated mind. It matters not that we should tell our readers whether her eyes were blue or black or hazel, whether her hair was brown or chestnut or fair, or whether her stature was above or below mediocrity. This belongs not to our present purpose.—Certain it is, that she was gifted with a noble and aspiring genius, and that the long hours spent in acquiring an education, had been to her an intellectual feast—a banquet, in which the various powers of her mind had reveled. Aye! and there were times too when the overflowings of her young and innocent heart found vent in song, and when the rich tones of her voice, gushing forth in some wild melody which she had herself composed, held the listener enraptured, and when "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" welled up in her bosom, and found utterance in language which her kind aunt, with a shake of the head, pronounced "far beyond her years."

But the scene changed, and soon amid the splendors of the ball room or the gay cotillion party, Rose Somers became a changed being. Little wonder, if the admiration of all, and the adulatory praise lavished upon her by the other sex, should, in a short time, cause her to forget the lessons of her early childhood, and to believe that in fashionable amusements there *was* indeed a secret charm. Intellectual pursuits lost their former relish, and frivolous romances were resorted to during the hours not occupied in the society of her gay companions. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth contemplated her brilliant career with parental fondness. Strangers to that religion which would have taught them to care for the spiritual welfare of their niece, they thought only of seeing her the centre, around which fond admirers would love to linger and pay tribute to her grace and loveliness.



There were times, however, when Rose Somers was not the gay happy creature which she appeared to be. Often when the triumph of her beauty seemed complete, and when the spell by which she held the gay throng in mute admiration was deepest, a mother's restraining hand was laid upon her arm, and a mother's sainted voice whispered in her ear, "What doest thou here, my daughter?" Oh! at such a time, how sweet it would have been to have sought the stillness of her own chamber, and held communion with that angel spirit which was still permitted to watch over her erring steps.

Ah! there is a secret influence at work in the mind of the child of a pious mother, which is irresistible. Despair not, fond parent! The seeds which you are now sowing, may long lie buried ere they are called into life. Your own head may be laid low in the silent tomb, and other and distant scenes may witness the first dawnings of repentance in the heart of your child—but rest assured your labor is not in vain.

For three years did Rose Somers alternately listen to and disregard the kind remonstrances of conscience. At the close of this period, she attended a series of balls and social parties, given by the gay inhabitants of D——, to welcome the approach of winter. Morning after morning, she had sought her pillow for repose, just as day was kindling in the east, instead of being then ready, with a grateful heart, to leave her couch, and engage in the duties of devotion. For more than a fortnight she had not once murmured a prayer to her heavenly Father, and although crimson blushes, and gentle smiles, still held their dominion on her fair face, yet her heart was not at peace with itself. To her aunt she dared not to unburden her bosom, for there, she feared, she would meet with no sympathy.

The evening on which our story commences, found her alone, struggling with feelings too painful to be communicated to any one. Her resolution has already been told. At eight o'clock, a postillion reined up before Mr. Wentworth's mansion, but Miss Somers was not in readiness. Mrs. W. hastened up to her apartment, to learn what could possibly have detained her. Rose received her with one of her sweetest smiles, and invited her to be seated near the fire.

"But what do you mean, child? Mrs. G's. carriage is at the door, and you are not ready!"

"Be so kind, my good aunt, as to dismiss the postillion, and then come up here, and I will tell you all about it."

Mrs. W., lost in wonder, obeyed, and again sought her niece.

"Do be quick, and tell me what has happened, for really I am very much puzzled."

"In the first place, aunt, and to come to the point at once, I am resolved to attend no more balls, which, without rendering any equivalent, waste precious time, ruin health, poison the mind, and unfit the immortal spirit to hold communion with its great Author."

"But you do not mean," said her aunt, attempting to conceal her displeasure, "that these consequences follow the course which I have laid out for you? And beside, is it not ungrateful in you to take your present course, after all the pains and expense we have lavished upon you, in order that you might be qualified to adorn the society in which you move? What will cheer my home? What will render my house an agreeable resort, when it is known that Miss Somers is no longer the star of my domestic circle?"

This last appeal to her better feelings deeply affected Rose, though it did not for a moment cause her to waver in her determination.

"My dear aunt, I hope you will not think me ungrateful, for I acknowledge your *mistaken* kindness in devoting much pains and expense to my perfection in an art, which has well nigh proved my ruin. And, oh! when I think of the three past years of my life, that have been not a *blank*—but a *blot* on the brief page of my life, I tremble, and I trust I feel grateful that I have not been cut off in the midst of my sinful course! Oh, aunt!" and her voice trembled as she said it, "I had a mother once, who taught my infant heart to pray, who laid me to rest at night, murmuring blessings on my head, and who, in faith, gave me away to her Saviour. She has passed away to a brighter world, but her spirit still lingers near, and whispers of pardon and peace, if I will yet return. Do not fear that your home will be rendered less joyous than it has been, or that the evening of your days will be clouded with gloom or neglect. To minister to the happiness of my nearest earthly friends, will now be my only care, and, by my kind attentions to them, I hope to repay, at least in some measure, their early care for me."

She ended, and for a time there was a struggle in Mrs. Wentworth's bosom. She thought of the sister who had shared her early home, to whose gentle bosom she had been wont to confide all her joys and sorrows. Then she thought of her last sad interview with that beloved one, when, with confiding tenderness, she had committed her darling child to her care, with the simple and trusting words, "Watch over her." Conscience told her that her lessons had not been of that healthful restraining nature, with those that the sweet child would have received from her own parent. A new world of feeling seemed to open upon her. She folded her niece to her breast, and as the warm tears fell from her eyes, she murmured—

"My own, my sweet Rose ! may Heaven bless you, and make the years to come more happy than those that are past. Forgive my ill-directed affection for you, and hereafter let one feeling actuate us in our conduct—love to each other, and love to God."

That hitherto splendid and fashionable mansion, now became the abode of solid happiness and peace, and when two years afterwards, Mrs. Wentworth sank in the arms of death, her head was pillowed on the gentle bosom of the lovely Rose Somers, and the bereaved husband found in his affectionate niece a staff for his declining footsteps.

There is a chapter in the annals of the Wentworth family which tells of a clergyman's home, far away in the west, which is cheered by the presence of a refined and cultivated woman—of a cottage, over whose white front the sweet brier and jasmine are carefully trained—of the soft tones of a piano and guitar, which are wont to greet the passer-by in the still evening time—and of the busy hum of children's voices which arise from the grassy yard in the rear of the cottage. There then has Rose Somers found a home, and there in the employments of peaceful industry and virtue, her life passes serenely away. "Her children rise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

*Grand View, Ohio.*

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IF society made it a point to take no notice of those who make it a point to attract notice, pretenders would be as rare as the virtues they lay claim to.

## AGE.

BY CELIA.

DREAD is the creeping chill that overspreads  
 The brow at thy approach, thou wintry Age!  
 And the dark shadow of thy coming sheds  
 A fearful gloom upon the closing page  
 Of man's brief volume—when uncheered by bright  
 And heavenly-pencilled light!

Lo! how the spirits that have bowed to earth  
 With rigid earnestness and strange devotion,  
 Through all the blessed years since Manhood's birth  
 Unsealed the heart's deep fountains of emotion,  
 Cower at thy slow advance, and seek to flee  
 From thy dread mastery!

Pale grows the quivering lip, and darkness fills  
 The eye that gloated on the world's frail treasure—  
 And vacant agony the bosom thrills,  
 That sought its only hope and lasting pleasure  
 Among the gorgeous gems, and glittering toys  
 Of sublunary joys;—

Grim Terror spreads apace his heavy pall  
 O'er all the Future—once so brightly wooing—  
 And messengers of Memory gather all  
 The secrets direful of the soul's undoing,  
 And bring them forth—a ghastly pale display  
 In strangely dread array!

He sees the deeds, and trembles as he sees—  
 That blackened all his soul in years gone by—  
 He hears his own inhuman mockeries  
 Of orphan's helpless woe, and widow's sigh—  
 All the derision stern of mad Oppression,  
 Athirst for wide Possession!

He sees the fragrant buddings of his heart  
 By fire terrific of Ambition seared;  
 It bade each kindly feeling of his soul depart,  
 And in their genial occupancy reared  
 The gilded images of Wealth and Fame,  
 Of reverential name.

Lo! how the weight of iron years has crushed  
 With tread malignant, all the flowers of life!  
 And now his summons to the Tomb has hushed  
 And quelled for aye his soul's ignoble strife—  
 In powerless terror and dark rage he cries,  
     Then, deeply shuddering, dies!

Turn we with sickening heart from scenes so fearful—  
     Alas! that such our beauteous earth should mar!  
 Alas! that Age should bring a pale and tearful  
     Summons to a wrathful Judge's bar!  
 Is there no hope beyond the Tomb, for those  
     Who linger at Life's close?

Age comes not *ever* with a dark revealing,  
     Clouding the spirit with its awful gloom—  
 But, as a smiling angel, comes, unsealing,  
     With gentle hand, the portals of the Tomb—  
 Leading the weary feet of mortals frail  
     Adown the shadowy vale.

Behold the Christian father's hallowed peace,  
     As the white angel lays his hand upon  
 His scattered locks, and whispers sweet release  
     From all the earthly suffering he has known,  
 And opens to his vision glad, the dawning  
     Of new and glorious Morning!

Oh! sweetly to his heart does Memory bring  
     Her treasured flowers of the eventful Past!  
 Their fragrance, like the balminess of Spring,  
     Revives his fainting spirit—and the fast  
 Flowing of his joyful tears is given  
     In gratitude to Heaven!

He sees the kindly Hand that ever led him  
     Safely on through every dangerous way—  
 The ever bounteous Providence that fed him  
     Through his long pilgrimage—his day  
 Of mingled shadow and serenest light—  
     Now setting calm and bright.

He hears again the loved familiar voices,  
     Whose echoes long ago had died away  
 In Death's deep silence—and his heart rejoices  
     As their glad music tells him of the Day  
 To which he hastens—where farewells shall sever  
     The heart no more forever!

Yet brighter beams the heaven of his eye,  
 As earthly visions vanish from his sight—  
 And his rapt ear is filled with minstrelsy  
 Of spirit-land—and in their vestments bright  
 Fair messengers, with peace and mercy shod,  
 Conduct him home to God!

Oh! should *we* linger here 'till frosty Age  
 Has blasted all the beauty of our Youth;  
 May still upon our *heart's* unwithered page  
 Be writ the language of Eternal Truth—  
 And our glad spirits hail the flitting even  
 That wafts the soul to Heaven!

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TO A BABE, FOUR MONTHS OLD.

BY MRS. D. W. HOLT.

SWEET bud of innocence! thy tiny form  
 Awakes emotions in my bosom warm  
 Of melting tenderness, while from thine eye  
 Beams forth the light of helpless infancy.

Slowly, thy intellectual leaves unfold,  
 And every month new features I behold;  
 Thy lamp of life burns brighter, and the glow  
 Of health is clearer on thine infant brow.

Thy mind expands—the vacant look is gone—  
 And animation sparkles from its throne!  
 Reflecting light on objects all around,  
 Waking thine eye to form, thine ear to sound.

I love to see thy smile—it charms away  
 Moments of sadness in a wintry day;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy heart concealed,  
 The present only is to thee revealed.

Should years their changeful breezes o'er thee roll,  
 And happy culture elevate thy soul,  
 May every germ implanted in thy breast,  
 Spring forth with Purity and Truth impress'd.

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

THERE is no place in the world more joyful and quiet than a farmer's home. Talk not of palaces built and inhabited by merchant princes, nor of rich men's country-seats, for they will not compare with the old homestead, for gentle joys and peaceful comforts! In the one, you may tread on finer carpets, and gaze into more splendid mirrors, or listen to more fashionable music from costly pianos; but in the other you can hear the sweet voice of the farmer's daughter singing happy songs, artless but beautiful; and there are springs of water, clear as chrystal, over which, when you bend down in their chaste depths, you can see your face.—And then, while too often in the rich man's house there are jealousies and heart-burnings, in the farm-house there is happiness and content.

How foolish are they that pine for wealth and grandeur!—Neither bring happiness, nor love, nor contentment. Money will not purchase a single worthy heart, nor all the grandeur in the world secure true friendship or love. If you would be happy, do right—be content with a home full of simple joys and loves—never struggle for great wealth or fame: chase not such meteors, such false stars—oh, never, if you would live a life of peace and joy!

There was once, in the little village of S——, a farmer's home, which was one of the happiest in the world. The village lay a few miles from the beautiful Connecticut river, in a valley of great beauty. Ranges of lofty mountains stretched far away to the north and south on either hand, while in the valley there ran a beautiful stream, called by the Indians years before the Tunxis. Squire Neil, the owner of the farm, was a true type of the New England farmer. He was generous and yet careful, heartily attached to his church and religion, but not uncourteous to those belonging to other sects; independent as a lord, but plain and kind. He was himself a hard working man, and had received only a common-school education; yet from careful observation and a studious turn of mind, he had stored his mind with a great



deal of useful knowledge, so that with his strong native powers, notwithstanding his sun-burnt complexion and his hard, rough hands, he was better fitted to take his seat among strong-minded men of intellect than many a man who has received all the education to be got at schools and colleges.

His farm was not a very large one, but was well-tilled, and looked very beautiful in the summer time. There were acres of old woods on it, where the drum of the partridge was heard and the chirp of the squirrel and songs of many birds. There were acres too of corn and oats and rye waving in the wind, and fields of unmown grass—could any thing be more beautiful?

His wife was all kindness and gentleness, and was blessed by all those who were in distress for miles around. She had two children—Edward who was twenty, and Alice who was eighteen. And my pen falters when I try to describe the farmer's daughter—gentle Alice Neil. Her form was slight and very graceful, her face was the very picture of quiet love, and her eyes, though blue as the sky over her head, would sometimes sparkle so and look so full of glee, gentle and slight and tenderly fair as she was, that a stranger would say that she had wit and strong intellect as well as gentle-heartedness. And she had, but her kindness and love were stronger than any thing else. Her heart was even stronger than her head.

It was a Sunday in the last week of June, and the bells of the village church were ringing pleasantly, holily out upon the summer air. The morning was hot, but the odor of roses and flowers was in the air, and the mountain sides were green with the leaves of the trees, and the grass was ready to be mowed in the fields, and the grain looked yellow as gold, while the corn-leaves trembled in the soft south wind. The farmer lived not far from church, and set out with his family on foot to attend upon the worship of God. Never did Alice Neil look sweeter than when, on a pleasant Sabbath morning, dressed in simple white, and with her little hymn-book in her hand, she walked to church. She always sang in the choir, and any one could see that when the old Squire looked up at her from his seat down in the body of the house, his eyes seemed to moisten with love and tenderness.

The minister who preached that day was a young man, with less heart than his old pastor had, (he had died a few months be-

fore,) but with many graces of oratory. He was not so plain as the old minister, but he used finer language and made better gestures, though he did not with all his rhetoric touch the hearts of his hearers. But the old pastor, with his gray hairs and tremulous voice, was eloquent, and often caused the tears to flow from the eyes of those around him. When he spoke of the grave, there was a touching tenderness and awe in his voice as if he felt that it was soon to be his own home; and when he talked of heaven it was with such tears of joy that the audience wept, too, like children.

The old pastor loved Alice Neil, for he had baptized her and led her gently along into the arms of the church, and it seemed to him a sight of wondrous beauty—to see so fair and sweet a girl offer up her life to be devoted to God. But death had stricken the old man, and his wife and child were left without money or lands. The house they lived in was their own, and that was all that Mrs. Parsons and her daughter Ellen possessed, and the mother lay very ill.

But if the villagers mourned the old pastor as they listened to the sermon of the new one, (who was only preaching “on probation”) there was one family, that of Mr. Withers, which was pleased. He was a wealthy retired merchant, from New-York, where he had made his money rapidly in speculations, and had come back to his native town, built himself a splendid house, bought many acres of land, and set up for a proud gentleman.—His two daughters, Miss Sarah and Miss Anne, were well pleased with the young Rev. Mr. Applegate, and liked his polite bows better than the humble demeanor of the old Mr. Parsons.

In their slip at church they had a stranger to-day, and they seemed very proud of his acquaintance. He was indeed a noble-looking young man, with dark hair and eyes, and a brow of great beauty, and a figure such as is not often met. And any one could see that he was a real gentleman, for he was modest, and seemed to respect the simple villagers around him as much as he would the richest man in the world. He was the son of an old family in New-York, and of great wealth, but that family was not one devoted to fashion merely, for it prized goodness above all things. Charles Davenport was the only son of parents who loved him, and his mother had given him pious counsels, and he

had profited by them. He had come to spend a few weeks in the little village of S——, at the earnest request of Henry Withers, who had once saved his life in New-York, and whom he had ever after loved, though he was in many things unworthy of his love. The Misses Withers were of course in ecstasies over his arrival, and were very proud to think that the wealthy Charles Davenport was their guest.

When the meeting was over, and they had returned to their fine mansion, they discussed, as was their custom, the merits of the new pastor, and lauded him highly. Charles heard them in silence, for he was not pleased with the cold sentences of the preacher, but ventured to ask "who that young lady was who sung in the choir, with auburn hair and blue eyes."

"Oh," replied Anne Withers, "it was Alice Neil—the daughter of old farmer Neil. They have a small farm a little to the other side of the village."

"And she is the prettiest girl in town," added Henry Withers, who delighted in vexing his proud sisters.

"I am sure she is not *beautiful*," replied Anne, "and if she were, her ignorance and vulgar manners would not allow her to go into good society."

"Alice Neil ignorant and vulgar!" said Henry. "Has she not been always at school, and is she not as graceful as beautiful?"

Charles Davenport heard in silence all that was said, and excusing himself, went up to his chamber to see the sun set, and to witness the close of the holy day alone and away from the conversation of the sisters. The sun went slowly down behind the western range of mountains, and the clouds in the west grew crimson and golden and gorgeous, and then the tints faded slowly, and at last the evening star came out. The next day was as fair and glorious a one as the Sabbath had been, only it was not so quiet and still and holy.

Mrs. Parsons lay ill, very ill, upon her couch, and it seemed to her at times almost as if God had deserted the family,—for her husband was dead, and they were poor, and now she was sick—if she should die, what would become of Ellen? There was the old and ever faithful servant Betsey, who clung to them in their sorrow and poverty, but she could not support her gentle girl. As she thought of all this, the tears ran down her pale cheeks and while she was weeping, Ellen entered.

"Dear mother! why do you weep?"

"Do not ask, my child. I am not so strong now as I used to be, and I weep almost without cause."

"But you are in pain, mother. I know that you suffer—let me do something for you!"

She was only fourteen years of age, and there was upon her young face a sorrowfulness which many said betokened an early grave. But she was exquisitely beautiful, too fair and gentle and sweet to live where there is sorrow and trouble. Her hair was light, her face very pale, and her eyes of soft blue. The tears started to them at once when she saw her mother weep, and she put her soft arms about her neck and said—

"Do not weep, mother—why should you be unhappy? Is not father in heaven, and should we wish him back here?"

It seemed strange that so young a girl should speak words of consolation to her mother, and the stricken woman looked up at her at first as if she thought it was an angel comforting her instead of her Ellen.

"No," said she, "I do not wish him back—but if—Ellen if—I should die——"

"You—you will not die, mother!" replied the young girl, bursting into tears as the thought struck her that it might be true.

"Yes, my child—it is that—I do not fear death, but what will become of you—where will you go?" and she sobbed upon her pillow with Ellen's arm around her neck. For a moment Ellen was overcome with sorrow, but shortly dried her tears, and said, with a sweet calmness—"God will take care of me, mother."

Just then there was a slight knock at the chamber-door, and the faithful nurse entered and said—"Alice Neil has come," and Ellen sprang up and was soon in the arms of her dear friend.

"How kind of you, Alice, to come so often, and to bring so many things; and mother loves you I do believe as well as me—come and comfort her, for she is sad to-day!"

And the farmer's daughter sat down by the sick bed, and unfolded the delicacies she had brought for the old pastor's wife; and as she pressed them upon her, she talked to her so gently and kindly and with such cheerfulness, that the sick woman's tears dried away. For days she had come and sat there, until her voice and presence seemed necessary to the poor widow, and

she wept with Ellen and then made her smile—it might have been a sorrowful smile, but it was one of resignation. She was an angel to both—both loved her, and one leaned upon her.—Ellen left the sick room a little while, and then Mrs. Parsons said :

“ Alice, I feel that it is very doubtful if I ever get well, and if I do not, what will become of my poor child ?”

“ Do not talk so,” replied Alice. “ You will live yet for a long time to gladden us all—but if ——” She could not speak the words—it seemed too dreadful for her to talk of her death.

“ If I should die,” said the widow, as if in supplication—

“ Then be sure as long as Alice Neil has a home, Ellen shall share it. She shall share my joys, and I will love her like a sister. I have no other in the world.”

“ Bless you for those words—God bless you !” cried Mrs. Parsons.

When Alice left the room, Ellen followed her out into the yard and said softly—

“ Alice, do you think that mother——,” the tears gushed from her eyes, but she continued, “ do you think she must—*must die* ?” and when she had uttered the words she laid her head upon Alice’s bosom, and cried as if her heart would break. It was some time before Alice spoke, but Ellen raised her eyes to hers so mournfully that she answered, “ I hope not, Ellen,” but the look that accompanied the words said more—her gentle heart was stricken with the truth, and she whispered, “ Good bye, Alice—when *she* is gone *you* will love me—will you not—good bye !” and she ran back to her mother’s side.

Alice had not walked far before she met the stranger whom she had seen the day before. He stopped and said—

“ Will you excuse my rudeness, Miss Neil ?”

At first she was going to run away, but he looked so earnest and kind, and his whole bearing was so gentlemanly, that she stopped and raised her eyes to his, but blushed and quickly dropped them again.

“ If you will pardon me for stopping a stranger,” said he in soft tones, “ I want to ask about the widow at the parsonage. I have heard all about her and her sorrows, and—and your kindness to them.”

“ She is very ill, sir,” replied Alice tremblingly.

“ And she is very poor—is she not ?” he asked.

"She is—but she has friends who love her and will never see her suffer," replied Alice, moving on.

"Stay a moment, Miss Neil," he said. "You would think more kindly of me if you knew my heart towards the poor woman. I am rich—here, take her this money—give it to the sick woman, and say to her that ten times this is hers whenever she wants it, and that it comes from a stranger who will never let her or hers suffer."

In a moment he was gone—she looked at the bills he had forced into her little basket—they amounted to fifty dollars. She wept for joy, for she knew it would cheer the heart of the sick widow, and that night, as she lay upon her pillow, for the first time her rest was broken and her dreams were feverish. It was not strange, for few young men possess the attractions that Charles Davenport possessed, and he was good as well as fair, and there is a fascination in a noble spirit for the gentle and loving. Alice could not forget his fair face and noble brow, nor his generous spirit—but had a person told her she was in love, she would have sincerely denied it.

The next morning Alice rose early, and while the dew yet sparkled on the grass, went to the old parsonage. She asked the nurse as she entered the house how was Mrs. Parsons, and was pained to learn that she had passed a bad night. In a few moments she entered the sick room. Mrs. Parsons did indeed look worse—her face had almost the hue of death, and there was a look in her eyes which was unearthly. Ellen was bending over her mother like an angel of patience, and it was difficult to say which face was palest—the mother's or the daughter's. It was evident that she had not slept any that night, and there was a sorrow on her young face which it was sad to look upon. When Alice entered, she sprang up and put her arms around her neck, and kissed her, and then took her place again at the bedside without speaking. Her heart was too full of sorrow to speak.

"God bless you for coming here!" said the sick woman, "the sight of your face does me good."

"Ellen should go and rest," said Alice kindly: "let me take her place awhile."

"No! no! dear mother—let me stay here—I could not sleep were I away."



"But you will be ill too if you do not," urged Alice. "Go, that you may have renewed strength to nurse your mother."

At length she consented to leave the room, and when she was gone, Alice gave the money to Mrs. Parsons which Charles Davenport had crowded into her little basket, and told her all that he had said. The tears ran down the poor, sick woman's cheeks as she said—

"For Ellen's sake I take it—and tell him, Alice, that God will bless him for his kindness."

Alice staid awhile, and promising to return shortly and spend the whole day, walked back to her home. What was her surprise to find Henry Withers and Charles Davenport there. The former introduced the latter, and Alice blushed beautifully as he took her hand. Pretty soon old farmer Neil came in, and said—

"Well, Ally, how did you find Mrs. Parsons?"

"Very badly, father. I fear she will not live long."

"Poor woman!" said the farmer with a sigh: "and there is little Ellen—'twill kill the gentle thing."

"She watched by her mother's side all last night," said Alice, and she looks pale and sick already—and I promised to go right back as soon as I had told you and mother."

"Just like you, Ally. Your mother was just saying she should watch with her to-night; so go as quick as you can back again."

"Here is a carriage at the door," said Charles Davenport: "I will walk back to Mr. Withers, and Henry shall drive you to the parsonage."

"Oh, no!" replied Alice, "I can walk."

"You have walked there and back already," said her father, "and you had better accept the offer."

"She shall do so," said Henry Withers, "only I will walk home and Charles shall drive her to Mrs. Parsons'."

Charles made no objections, nor did Alice, and soon they were riding towards the cottage. She told him all that the sick woman had said about his kind-hearted gift, and he asked—

"Would she let me come once to her bedside as you have done? I would like to tell her with my own lips never to fear that herself or her daughter shall come to want."

"I will ask her," replied Alice. The rest of the way neither spoke: Alice was too modest, and Charles from some cause was



silent. The carriage stopped before the door, he helped her out, and she ran in. After he had tied his horse, he entered the little and pretty sitting-room, and as no one was there, drew himself a chair and sat down. In a few minutes Alice came out from the sick room. It seemed to him that he had never seen such beauty before, and her kindness and grace were touching. As she entered a slight blush crimsoned her cheek, and she said—

"Mrs. Parsons will see you now—she wishes it."

She held out her hand to him, as if to lead him gently to the room, involuntarily, and he took it respectfully, but his heart beat faster than before when he felt her soft trembling hand within his. As he approached the bedside, the widow held out her hand to him, and thanked him with a naivete which started the tears from his eyes.

"You are very kind and noble," she said, "and Alice too—God bless you both!"

A thrill ran through his heart as she said, 'God bless you both!' And he told her that she should never suffer—that Ellen should not while he had a dollar, and that he had wealth, and what was wealth good for if not to help the deserving! As he said this Ellen entered the room. She had been trying to sleep, but looked sadder than ever.

"And this is Ellen," said Charles softly and respectfully. "She shall with yourself always have friends and happiness."

She looked up sadly at him, as if to say—"No! no more happiness." Her pathetic face almost startled him, and he bade them all adieu, for tears were running down his cheeks. When he had entered the parlor at Mr. Withers', the Misses Anne and Sarah accosted him as to his ride and the state of Mrs. Parsons.

"She is very ill—poor woman," he replied, and that was all. He did not feel in the mood for idle talk.

"And Alice Neil—how did you fancy her?" asked Anne with a slight tone of sarcasm.

"She is very good to Mrs. Parsons and Ellen," he replied.

"Some people make a great show of doing good for the name of the thing," replied Anne.

"And other folks," said Henry Withers, just entering the room, "and other folks neither make the show nor the reality—never do any good nor pretend to do so!"

It was in vain that Anne and Sarah questioned Charles—he had the good sense not to betray the state of his heart to them. Almost every day he met Alice, either at the parsonage or at her father's, and gradually he discovered the wealth of pure love that lay in her heart. Gradually they became intimate, and learned to love each other, but not a word had been spoken of love, nor was there a person in the village of S—— who thought them lovers—nor did they think themselves so.

One beautiful July morning, as Charles came down into the breakfast room at Mr. Withers', Henry said :

"Mrs. Parsons is dead, Charles."

"Dead !" he replied with sorrow and astonishment, "dead !—when did she die ?"

"Last night, at about midnight."

"Alas, for poor, poor Ellen !" he said, and the tears ran fast from his eyes.

"She has no money, nor friends—where will she go?" said Anne.

"She is rich in friends," said Charles, indignantly ; "and as for money, I will share mine with her before she shall suffer !"

The proud Anne was discomfited to hear him talk so, for she had set her heart upon winning the elegant, wealthy and noble Charles Davenport, and at once softened her heart towards the orphan-child of the old pastor.

After breakfast, Charles rode over to the house of death. It was a fair, still, beautiful morning, yet the very birds were silent. The parsonage, as he stopped before it, seemed deserted. He entered the drawing-room : no one was there, but in a moment Alice came in with her face pale and anxious, and tears standing in her sweet blue eyes.

"Dead !" he said with sorrow as he rose and took her hand : "and poor Ellen !"

There is something in sorrow which makes young hearts yearn to love each other stronger than before ; and Alice trembled, but did not start away when he kissed her forehead and said :

"It shall be ours to love Ellen and to cheer her stricken heart ! And where is she?" he asked.

"She is asleep, poor thing ! I thought it would kill her to see her mother die—it did almost. You know how for nights she has not slept, and now all is over, from mere exhaustion she is in a deep, almost too deep, sleep."

"And do you think she will survive her mother long? Does she not already look as if she must soon die?"

"I fear so, at times," replied Alice; "but she is young and—perhaps you will think me an egotist, but I think she loves me very much, and if I love her like a sister and watch over her, she may live and be happy yet."

Two days after, and the whole village followed the remains of the old pastor's widow to the grave. Every body had loved her while alive, and mourned her now that she was dead.

There is always something peculiarly touching about a country funeral, where all the neighbors gather together and follow the corpse to its final home, while the solemn village bell tolls mournfully, but *this* scene was sadder than any the villagers had witnessed since the old pastor's death.

It was the custom then and is now in that place to open the coffin-lid at the grave, and let all present take a last look, and last of all the relations gaze upon the face of the departed, and the dearest friend of the deceased folds down the muslin over the dead face, and shuts it away from human sight forever. The custom is a strange, almost cruel one, but is still a custom in many parts of New England. When the coffin rested beside the open grave, the lid was raised, and one by one the villagers looked upon the widow's face, some with tears and sobs, some with sighs, and some without any visible emotion, though they were few.

Charles Davenport stood not far from Ellen, who was leaning upon Alice in a state of wild sorrow. He walked up to the coffin with Anne Withers upon his arm; she gazed down upon that placid face, for through all the sorrow of the countenance there gleamed a look of holy happiness, without a tear. But Charles burst into a flood of tears as he looked upon the touchingly beautiful face before him, and thought of her suffering and Ellen's bitter sorrow.

Ellen came last, leaning upon the farmer's daughter, kind Alice, who would not let her go up alone to take the last—*last* look. Her face was very pale and sorrowful, and as she reached the coffin-side, she sank upon her knees. There was a look of agony intense and bitter upon her face, and the tears ran down like rain from her eyes. She kissed the white forehead, and stretched out her trembling hand to replace the muslin over her mother's face.

It was more than she could bear, for throwing herself into Alice's arms and whispering, "I cannot! I cannot!" she fainted away. Charles was at her side in an instant, and covering up that sorrowful yet sweet dead face, bore Ellen away to fresh air and cool water. The lid was shut, and the coffin lowered into the grave; a few remarks, which sounded strangely cold, were made by the fashionable young clergyman, and the people turned away to their homes.

It was in vain that Anne Withers waited for Charles: he and Alice had borne Ellen to the farmer's home, and were doing all that they could to soften her agonizing sorrow. In the evening he came back to Mr. Withers', but started the next day for New-York, promising to return again, however, in a few days. He told his father and mother all that had happened while he was gone, and with all the enthusiasm of his nature pictured Alice Neil to them, with her beauty and grace and education too, and more than all her love and kindness.

"And you love, Alice, Charles?" said his mother. He said nothing, but blushed scarlet.

"Go and win her if you can," said his father: "we shall love her for her gentle virtues and herself, as well as for your sake. She may be humbly born, but she is nobler and far more worthy than those rich and fashionable women who live but to ride in their carriages and look coldly down upon the virtuous poor!"

When Charles was again in the village of S——, he went at once to farmer Neils. Alice and Ellen were together in the parlor, the former looking sweetly beautiful, and the latter, though sad, yet more cheerful than he had ever seen her. As if guessing the object of his visit, Ellen arose in a little while to go out. The color crimsoned the cheeks of Alice as she tried but tried in vain to detain her—and they were alone.

I will not describe what followed. A half hour afterwards, Charles left the farm house the happiest fellow in S——; and Alice, with her cheeks very red and her eyes full of happy tears, entered the kitchen in search of Ellen.

"What is the matter, Ally?" asked her father. "Has young Davenport been making love to you? He should have better manners than to try to rob me of my bird!"

Her cheeks flushed redder than ever, and she looked almost

pained. Ellen sprang to her side, and looked beseechingly up into the old farmer's face, and he added—

"Ally, I am joking—you may love whom you please, and I shall never complain."

"But, father—if—if—I loved *him*?" said Alice, softly and tremblingly.

"Why, you would love a noble fellow—and if he loved you, the world would say you had married very high; but good and noble as he is, Ally, you are worthy of him!"

The next day Charles explained all to the farmer.

Months passed away, and they were married; and now Alice is the mistress of a beautiful home which she graces more beautifully than ever Anne or Sarah Withers could do. She is loved by old Mr. and Mrs. Davenport. She and Charles spend the warm dog-days always with her father in S—, and all are happy. And Ellen is with them like a sister, growing daily more beautiful, though there is a sadness in her blue eyes, at times, which only makes her beauty the more touching to see. She is a favorite with many wealthy people, but her gentleness makes her also loved by the poor. She remembers the kindness of friends when she was poor—old Mr. Davenport has made her wealthy, and is kind always to those who are as she once was.

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#### EVENING.—A SONNET.

Oh! give me this—the tranquil vesper hour,  
 And let me study Nature's changeful face;  
 Her teachings learn, and feel her holiest power,  
 And in each charm my Father's finger trace.  
 As sinks to quiet rest the faithful sun,  
 So, sweeter *my* repose when duty's done.  
 As gently fades the light of heaven away,  
 I learn that soon will close life's transient day.  
 While dimmer grows the vision on my sight,  
 So earthly joys should cease to tempt my soul;  
 And the bright orbs, that o'er me nightly roll,  
 Promise a fairer world, which knows no night.  
 How sweet if, when life's toilsome journey's o'er,  
 Mine is the sleep from which I wake to weep no more.

## CLARA AND LUCY,

OR ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

(CONCLUDED.)

THREE months passed away, and still Mrs. Edmonds came not. Gladly would the sweet sisters have exchanged the gaieties of the city and the circle of admiring friends of which they formed the centre, for a place by the sick-bed of that beloved mother in their island home, but it might not be. It was her own earnest wish to rejoin them in B., and to this hope she clung with a tenacity that seemed to resist the encroachments of disease and death itself. Every letter spoke of bright anticipations and fond hopes, to those cherished ones for whom alone she wished to live, but they saw not the death-like exhaustion that followed these efforts of maternal love, or the tears that fell like raindrops, as the conviction forced itself upon her, that they must soon be left to the guardian care of others. All was gay and smiling about them, and no presentiment of coming evil had as yet cast its shadow across their way.

Often as I met the sisters with their inseparable companion, Raymond St. John, in general society, and still more frequently in the privacy of home, I could never ascertain to my own satisfaction where the dart of the mischievous little god had actually been planted. It was evident that the young Englishman was chained to their side by some irresistible fascination; and in the face of our guileless Lucy, a whole volume of bright and happy thoughts might be traced, of whose source she was utterly unconscious.— Her yielding, trusting nature and her truly feminine loveliness, seemed just fitted to inspire affection in one like Raymond—proud, and self-centered, yet withal, ardent and impulsive, but just as I had reached the comfortable conclusion that therefore he must love the elder sister, my conjectures would be all overthrown by the development of some noble trait in my favorite Clara, whose character seemed so nearly akin to that of the young man, that I thought such congenial natures must surely mingle into one.

But Clara herself—our arch, mischief-loving, generous, darling Clara, what was the state of her heart all this while? If indeed she were not still "fancy free," not a look or word betrayed the secret, unless it might be read in the unwonted gravity that sometimes shaded her brow, the subdued tone that had taken the place of her ringing, bird-like laugh, or the timidity with which her downcast eyes sought the shelter of their deeply fringed lids, when his glance was casually bent upon her. Mrs. Wharton,



engrossed with the numberless duties and cares of a large establishment, failed to interpret these signs aright, and in my inexperience, I too translated them amiss, but an incident served effectually to dispel all doubt on the subject.

The time for my return-home had arrived, and on the day previous, an equestrian party was planned, to visit a beautiful lake in the vicinity of B. It was in the merry spring time, and one of those bright and balmy days when the denizens of air and earth seem alike revelling in the consciousness of a renewed existence, and the heart bounds joyously without caring to analyze or understand its own sensations. Lucy Edmonds looked so exquisitely lovely in her closely fitting blue habit, and the long plume that drooped over her damask cheek, and partially shaded her laughing eye, that I did not wonder at the lingering look of admiration and tenderness bestowed upon her by Raymond as he placed her in the saddle, carefully examining her equipments to see that all was safe ere he turned to assist the younger sister. Unlike the rest of the party, and quite unlike her former self, Clara alone was serious, almost sad, on that pleasant morning, and when playfully rallied on her changed manner, referred almost petulantly to the illness of her mother as a sufficient cause for her depression. The color instantly deepened on the fair cheek of Lucy, and her tearful eye and quivering lip spoke the ready sympathy with which her heart responded to Clara's allusion, but I felt it to be ill timed, and silently wondered what had thus transformed the fair sisters.

Our pic-nic was a delightful one—the wooded shores of the lake were quite as romantic as we could desire, and we had rambled and chatted to our heart's content, when, as we were about to return to the city, Raymond St. John left us to explore a dark ravine, which looked like a fitting abode for the fairies and dryads of the olden time. He had been during the day so constantly by the side of Lucy Edmonds, so devoted to her in word and look, that my enigma seemed at length fairly solved—and I was whispering my congratulations into the ear of the blushing girl, when a loud shriek from one of the party attracted our attention. We hastily turned and saw the horse of the young Englishman madly dashing by, without his rider, the stirrup broken, and the bridle hanging loosely over his neck. A cry of horror and dismay burst from all present save Clara only, who gazed for an instant on the fearful sight, and then with a face from which every vestige of color had departed, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets, flew with the speed of a startled fawn into the recesses of the ravine. We followed hastily, but soon lost sight of her flying footsteps amid the tangled thickets, and as I was compelled to accommodate my pace to that of the half fainting Lucy, some little time elapsed ere we discovered the object of our search.

"See there!" said my trembling companion in a sharp whisper,



eagerly grasping my arm, as she pointed to a spot where the foot-path made a short and steep descent to the margin of a little stream that rippled quietly over its pebbly bed. Poor girl! the very life blood seemed to forsake her heart, as she looked and listened, for there lay Raymond St. John apparently lifeless, and at his side sat Clara Edmonds, utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her. She had raised the head of the young man, and was supporting it on her knee, pressing kisses on the cold damp brow, and lavishing on the senseless form every possible epithet of endearment. On seeing us she started, and exclaimed wildly—"Away—away—you shall not take him from me. He is mine—all mine in death. Oh, my Raymond, would to God I had died with thee!"

I was stupefied with amazement at this sudden outbreak of passion, but controlling my own emotions, endeavored to soothe and calm the excited girl, until the arrival of the rest of our little party made it possible to remove the sufferer to the nearest house. Animation was suspended, but happily no severe injuries had been received, and as medical aid was immediately procured, it was not long before Raymond declared himself quite able to return to B., though his pallid countenance contradicted his laughing assertion that our alarm had been entirely gratuitous.

During the whole of this painful scene, Lucy Edmonds had not once spoken, but the look of tearless agony with which she gazed alternately at Raymond and at Clara, was more eloquent than words. "Dear Lucy," I said to her as she mechanically followed the sad procession—"be comforted, I am certain he will recover." She shrank from my caress, as though it were painful to her, but no sound escaped her lips. And when after some moments of agonizing suspense, consciousness was again restored, and a fervent "thank God!" burst from the lips of all present, Lucy alone was silent. In the midst of the general confusion and anxiety, the demeanor of the sisters was unmarked save by myself, but as I looked on the burning cheek and flashing eye of Clara, and remembered the revelation she had unconsciously made, I knew full well what it was that had wrought so sudden and terrible a transformation in my sweet Lucy, and trembled for the future happiness of these lonely and cherished beings.

I left B. the next morning, without again seeing the sisters, and several weeks elapsed before I heard from them—but at the end of that time I received a letter from Clara, from which the following is an extract—

"Rejoice with me, my friend, for the first and dearest wish of my heart is fulfilled, and I am happy, unspeakably happy. Only last evening, with no witnesses but the bright stars that seemed like holy watchers above us, did Raymond St. John avow his love, and ask me, unworthy as I am of the blessedness, to be his forever. I fear I must have appeared to him too easily won—

that he may have thought me unmaidenly in my illy repressed delight; but dear S., what could I do? My heart was in his keeping long before—and the treacherous thing refused to make even a show of resistance, but yielded at once, and without parleying, to its conqueror. Are not you, as well as myself, surprised, dearest, to find that your poor Clara, instead of her peerless sister has won the prize? I have always supposed he must of course prefer Lucy, infinitely superior as she is to me in all lovely and loveable endowments. Even now I can hardly understand how two beings so entirely suited to each other as Raymond and my gentle sister, could fail to have been mutually attracted; and not until repeatedly assured by Lucy, that he could never be to her more than the dear friend he had hitherto been, did I dare to believe in my own happiness. Dear, darling Lucy—she is very pale and still, and though she tries to conceal her depression, and smiles sweetly on us all, it is a wintry smile, that has no heart warmth in it. Our beloved mother has been very ill, and this intelligence, together with the anxiety it awakens, has stolen the roses from her cheek, and robbed her eye of its wonted brilliancy."

I read this letter with many sad misgivings, for I knew full well the true state of Lucy Edmond's affections, and I knew too that while the ardent and impulsive nature of Clara would rise under the pressure of misfortune, with an elastic rebound, her sister would turn away with the arrow in her heart, to bleed and die in silence. But what was I to think of Raymond St. John? I could have staked my life on the fact of his love for Lucy, so unequivocal had been his manifestation of preference, on the day of our unfortunate excursion, and his love was certainly returned—why then this offer of heart and hand to the younger sister? I could make nothing of it, and was compelled to await in anxious suspense the promised visit of the sisters, to solve the provoking enigma.

Lucy came at length, but alone, and for a night only, on her way to Georgia, attended by a confidential servant who had been in the family from childhood. Mrs. Edmonds had reached Savannah on her way to the North, when a sudden and alarming attack of her disease prostrated her, and left scarcely a hope of her recovery. Her daughters had been summoned in haste to the dying bed of their beloved parent, but Clara was absent from the city, in company with Mrs. Wharton and Raymond St. John, and Lucy dared not wait for her return, so urgent was the message sent by the attending physician of Mrs. Edmonds.

"Indeed it seemed cruel," she said to me, when in the privacy of my own apartment, I asked for her sister, "to mar the perfect happiness of Clara by a separation from her betrothed, and as his presence at such a time was a thing not to be thought of, I deemed it best to leave B. before her return."

It was not a time to talk of love, but I could not forbear hinting my disappointment on the reception of Clara's letter, and my confident expectation of a different announcement.

"It is better as it is," was her brief reply, but the words evidently cost her a painful effort, and she instantly led the way to another

subject. My heart ached as I saw the change which a few short months had effected in that sweet face, once so radiant with the light of hope and joy. It was not the pallor of disease that now rested on that fair cheek—it was not sickness that had quenched the brilliancy of those laughing eyes—the shadow of some deep sorrow evidently enshrouded her, but the proud reserve, so foreign to her nature, with which she turned away from human sympathy, rendered vain all attempts at consolation. It was with an aching heart I bade her farewell, as she left us to pursue her hurried journey, and I was unjust enough to feel almost indignant at Clara's happiness, while my gentle Lucy was suffering in silence.

Soon after the departure of my friend, I left home on a tour to the lakes, which occupied the remainder of the summer, and it was not until the autumn was far advanced, that I found myself in B. on my way to my native village. Mrs. Wharton was not in town, but from a mutual friend, I gathered tidings of the sisters which filled me with amazement. Lucy Edmonds had not returned to the North since the death of her mother, but immediately after that event, a sealed packet was received by Clara, the contents of which deprived the poor girl of reason, and almost of life. For many weeks she lay upon the verge of the grave in a raging brain fever calling in delirious agony alternately upon the mother whose ear was closed in death, and the sister who was herself prostrated by disease in a far distant city, unable to respond to the affecting appeal. Raymond St. John was a kind and untiring watcher by the sick bed of his betrothed, but words were spoken there in the ravings of insanity, which blanched the cheek of the strong man, and made his heart throb almost audibly in his bosom. What was their full import, none knew but the parties concerned, but certain it was, that as soon as Clara became convalescent, a separation took place by mutual consent, and while the poor invalid, a mere shadow of her former self, joined her sister in Savannah, the young Englishman departed ostensibly on a visit to his estates in the West Indies. There was abundant food for conjecture, but to all the various theories started, my heart refused assent, for they all implied blame some where, and this I was unwilling to admit. A letter from Lucy arrived at last, which I shall lay before my readers as a solution of the mystery.

"You will have heard before this reaches you, of the death of my beloved mother, of the change in the circumstances and prospects of my darling sister, and of our reunion in this land of strangers. We are detained here by the pressure of business consequent on assuming the management of our own little property, but as soon as this is arranged, we shall go back to the home of our hearts, that dear New England which is to us both more desirable as a residence, than any spot of earth beside. There we have been happy—too happy for beings whom death could reach, and there too we have known sorrow—a sorrow that has almost dethroned reason, and washed out life itself. When last we met, you saw my unhappiness, but though your looks and words ex-

pressed the deepest sympathy with my affliction, my lips were sealed, and a hand of ice seemed congealing my very heart. I longed to tell you all I had felt and suffered, but dared not unlock the flood-gates of feeling, by an allusion to the past, lest my pent up emotions should burst forth, and bid defiance to control. Now I am more calm, and can bless God for all the discipline through which I have passed, needful as I have found it, to teach me the vanity of earth.

I know your affection for Clara and myself, makes you deeply interested in all that concerns us, and therefore shall offer no apology for giving you a brief narrative of the events that have transpired since our last meeting. I found my beloved mother low indeed, so low, that it was with great difficulty she could speak to bid me welcome. The next day after my arrival, however, she revived partially, and then for the first time asked for my sister. She was dreadfully agitated when I gave her my reasons for leaving Clara at B., and in her weakness of mind and body, uttered many incoherent sentences that were to me then perfectly incomprehensible. Towards evening she became composed, and though evidently sinking, gave directions with clearness and precision, both to our friend Mr. H. and to me. Once, when no one but myself was standing at her bedside, she reached out her wasted, trembling hand, and taking mine, said to me with an air and tone of anxiety and tenderness, which can never be forgotten:

'Lucy, my beloved, I have one thing to say, which is of far more importance to me than this poor remnant of life which is yet mine. In the private drawer of my dressing table, you will find a small packet addressed to your sister, to Clara—see that it is forwarded to her immediately after my departure. It has been written at intervals, as my failing strength would admit, and but for this sudden attack, would have been sent to her many weeks since. And now, my child, my own Lucy, promise me by all the love I have borne you, by all your duty and affection for me, and by your hopes of meeting me hereafter, that whatever may occur you will always love and cherish our darling Clara as the dearest, truest of sisters, that nothing shall ever come between you to weaken the mutual affection, which has so long gladdened my heart. I cannot die without this promise.'

Deeply affected by this mysterious address, I readily gave the required promise, but could not forbear saying—'Dearest mother, why does the mention of my sister's name thus agitate and distress you?'

'I cannot tell you now,' she said earnestly. 'I have not breath for the necessary explanation. The letter will make all plain, too plain, alas! for the peace of my beloved child. Would to heaven I might guiltlessly have carried the secret with me to the grave.'

These were almost the last words uttered by that blessed mother, and before morning, I was left alone, a desolate orphan in a land of strangers. My first thought, when I could think, after her death, was of the letter to which such an affecting allusion had been made, and with a foreboding heart, I mailed it to the address of my poor unconscious sister. I had been borne up thus far by strong mental excitement, but when all was over, and I had seen the remains of the dear departed one deposited in the silent tomb, I sank under the pressure of fatigue and sorrow, and was for many weeks insensible to all that passed around me. As soon as I became convalescent, the kind friends whom a gracious Providence had raised up for me in this time of trouble, took me to their island home, and sought in every way to soothe and alleviate my sorrow. But with returning strength, memory also came back to me, and I thought of that dear absent sister with a pang of apprehension that ran like an ice bolt through my veins. Not one line had been received from her through my long illness, not one word of reply to the agonized appeal sent from my sick bed, the moment I was able to hold my pen. This silence was intolerable, and nothing but absolute inability to travel, prevented me from setting out at once and alone, to learn its cause. At length, just as I had formed the determination to start for the

North on the succeeding day, my sister came to me—but oh! how changed from her former self! How unlike the bright, buoyant being I had left in B, a few months previous? Now she was pale and thin, almost shadowy, in her external appearance, but there was an expression of deep peace, a reflection of the soul's light, beaming through those eloquent features, which made her face almost like the face of an angel. We wept long and silently together before either of us alluded to the past, and even then, though the mysterious packet was a subject of intense interest to me, an undefined dread prevented me from speaking of it, and it was not until several days had elapsed, that I became acquainted with the following particulars, which I shall give you as briefly as possible.

Rumors, it seems, of an attachment existing between Raymond St. John and one of the West India sisters, had reached my mother before leaving home, and it was this which decided her on coming to us immediately. Her health was benefitted by the voyage, but on reaching Savannah, letters were put into her hands containing the intelligence of Clara's engagement. The consequence was a fatal relapse, which soon carried her to the grave, but not until the strong energies of devoted affection had enabled her to write the long communication, to which reference has repeatedly been made. This letter contained the astounding information of the real birth of Clara—that she was the child of my mother's adoption—of her love, but not of her blood. Her mother was the school companion and intimate friend of my lamented parent—a beauty and an heiress, who in a moment of childish folly, and without the consent of a widowed mother, privately married a young Englishman, after an acquaintance of a few weeks only, and immediately left the island. She returned to it again a deserted wife and mother, only to find her home desolate, and to weep over the grave of the parent whose heart had been broken by her filial disobedience. The villain whom she had trusted, intended to delude her by a mock marriage, but his accomplice in crime, to subserve his own mercenary purposes, procured a real priest, by whom the ceremony was legally performed. The fortune of the poor girl was all at which her pretended lover really aimed—and having obtained possession of that, he grew weary of the restraints imposed by her presence, and deserted her, with her helpless babe, and returned to his own country, from whence tidings of his previous marriage with another, soon reached the unfortunate victim of his treachery. She inherited the consumptive tendency of her mother, and her fragile constitution gave way under this accumulation of woes. With her dying breath she gave her infant to my dear mother, and received from her the solemn promise to love and cherish and train it as her own. How well, how faithfully this pledge has been redeemed, all who knew her can bear testimony. My father had been for some time intending to leave Tobago, having purchased a plantation on an island at a considerable distance, and as I was then two years of age, and the little Clara more than a year my junior, my mother resolved that in her new home, none should ever know the real parentage of her adopted child. In this she succeeded so perfectly, that not a suspicion of the real state of things was ever excited in the breast of any individual, while the sweetness, the brilliant promise, and the filial devotion of the adopted one, made her, equally with myself, a sharer in the warmest affection of our beloved parents. It was not until after the death of our father, and when we were about leaving home for a residence in the United States, that our mother felt any misgiving about the wisdom of the course she had pursued, but though there were times when the internal struggle almost deprived her of reason, she could not resolve on rending with her own hands the tie that united mother and child, when no necessity for such a revelation might ever exist. But there came a time when every letter from her absent children filled her with anxious dread, until thought became agony, and she resolved, invalid as she was, on coming to us, with the fond hope that in her maternal arms we might be shielded from every danger and sorrow. When I tell you that the real name of my sweet sister is Clara



St. John, you will understand at once the source of my mother's anxiety and anguish. The result you know. When she found her worst fears realized, in the engagement of my sister, she was prostrated by the blow, and went down to the grave with the agonizing conviction that her very love and tenderness had been the means of destroying the peace of her child.

The consequences of such a communication to the ardent and sensitive Clara, in the very spring-tide of her happiness, may easily be imagined. Her life was long despaired of, or if that were saved, her physician feared insanity for life. But it was the hand of infinite Love that had afflicted her, and that hand was outstretched to guide her safely through the storm. She is now able to bless God for the trials which have brought her to a knowledge of herself, of Him who died on the cross for our redemption, and with smiles gleaming through her tears, can speak of her distant brother, with only a sister's calm and disinterested affection. Between Clara and myself, the only effect of these events has been to draw more closely the ties which sixteen years of mutual love have cemented, and which never seemed to us more precious, or more indissoluble than now. We have formed no plans for the future, only that nothing but the hand of God shall henceforth separate us."

Do my readers wish to know the *denouement* of my simple tale? It is written in legible characters on the face of a happy home in one of the pleasant villages of New England, where the lovely West Indian sisters reside, an ornament and blessing to the community in which they live, and the select circle of friends by whom they have long been known and loved. But they are not alone. In the face of the husband and brother, that noble and intellectual countenance, on which the eyes of both sisters are so fondly bent, we recognize an acquaintance of yore. Raymond St. John was not faithless or fickle, in his temporary engagement to Clara. He loved Lucy truly and fervently, but before he had told her so, she learned by the accident I have related, the state of her sister's heart, and having promised her mother on leaving home that the happiness of that sister should be her special care, she resolved on sacrificing her own affection to that of Clara.—Raymond was rejected by her firmly, almost sternly, and as he could not be ignorant of the sentiments of Clara in his favor, he was induced by the skilful management of Mrs. Wharton, to lay at the feet of the younger sister the offering which the elder had refused. But it was a wounded and preoccupied heart which he had to offer, and though the placid, brotherly love which alone he felt for Clara, satisfied her, absorbed as she was in her own emotions, it was with a sensation of deep gratitude only, to that God who had saved them both from remediless misery, that he learned the contents of Mrs. Edmond's communication. Many months passed away ere he heard through Clara, who had drawn the confession from her sister, the real cause of his rejection by Lucy.

A second application was more successful, and no emotion but that of unmingled joy filled the heart of Clara as she whispered to the blushing bride of her beloved brother—"Now, my Lucy, we are indeed and in truth *sisters*, both for time and eternity."

